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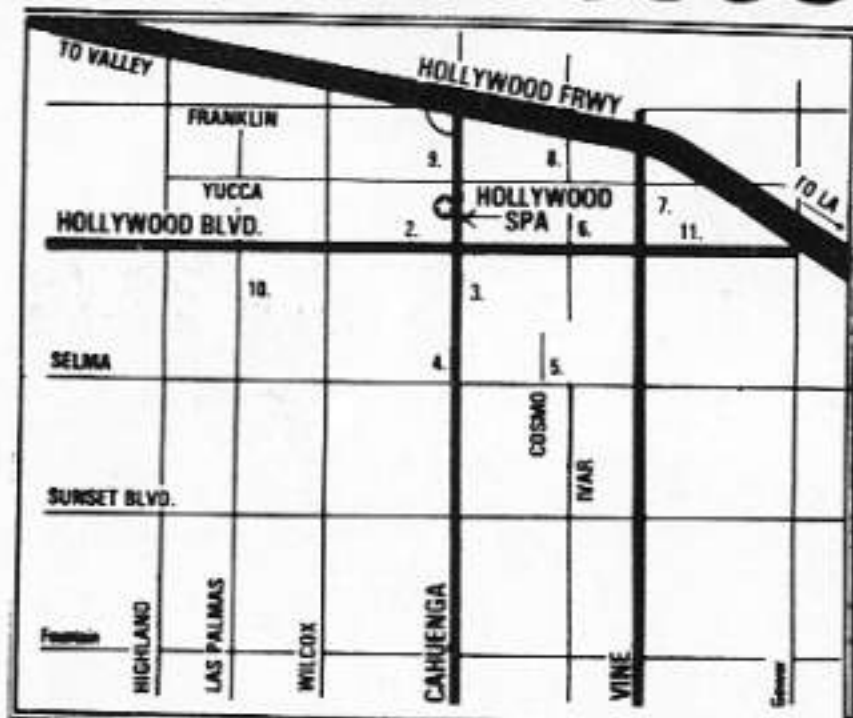
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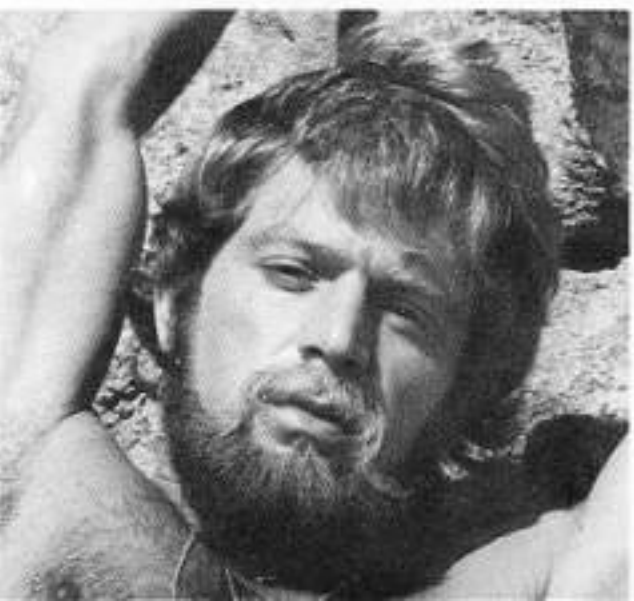
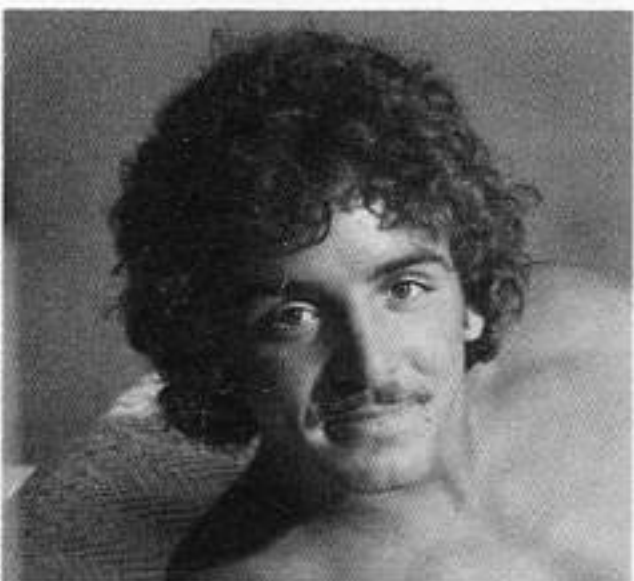
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IN TOUCH



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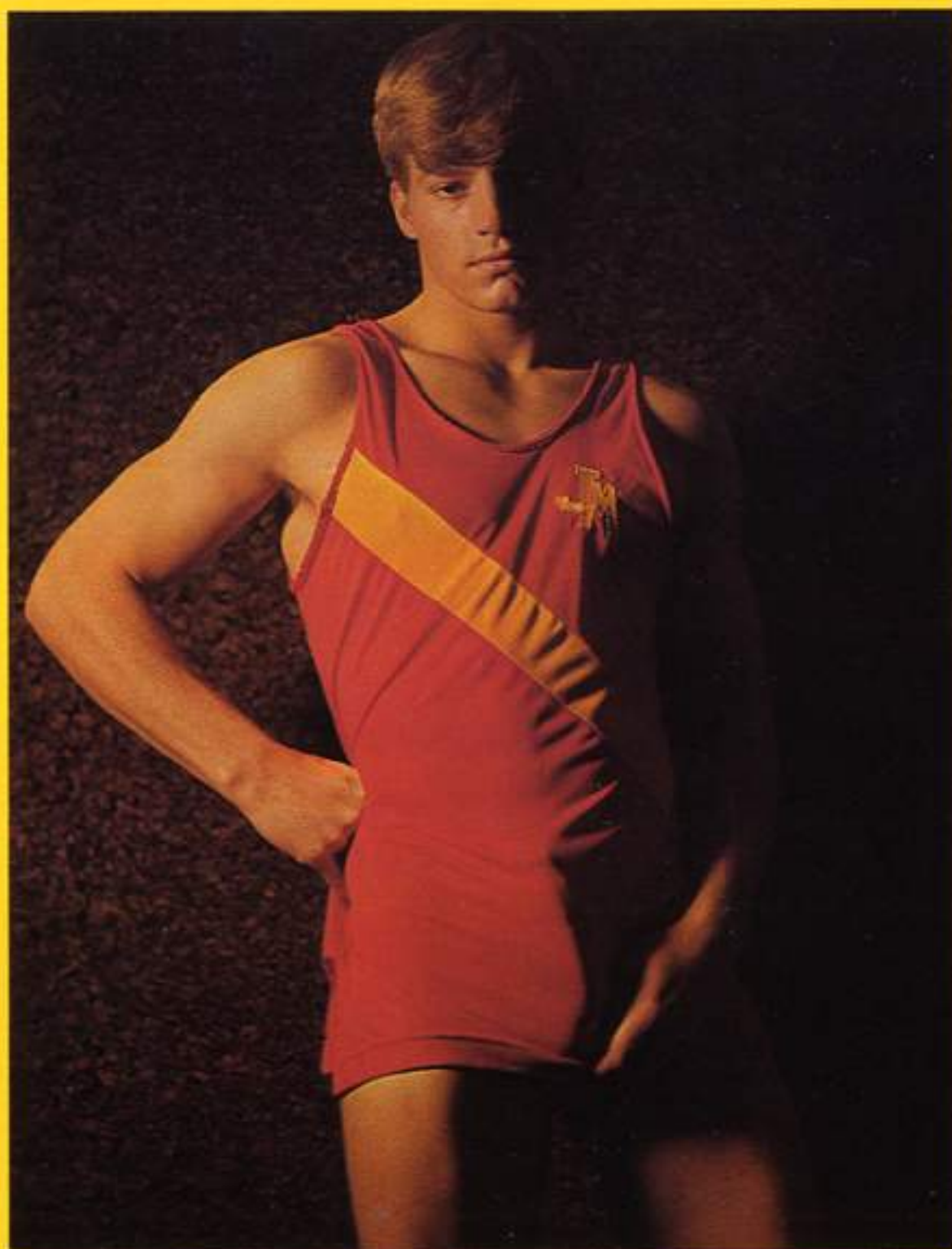
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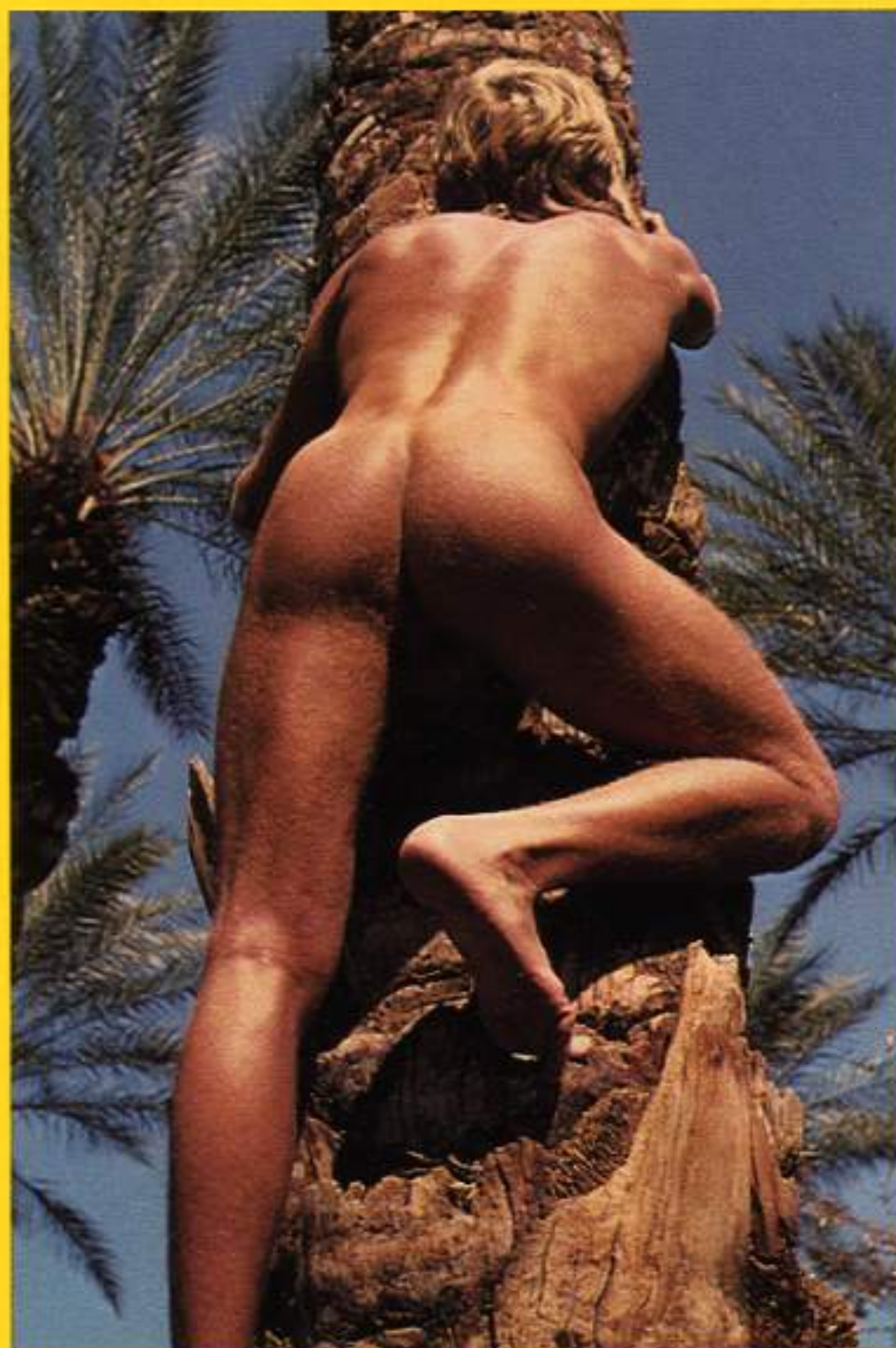
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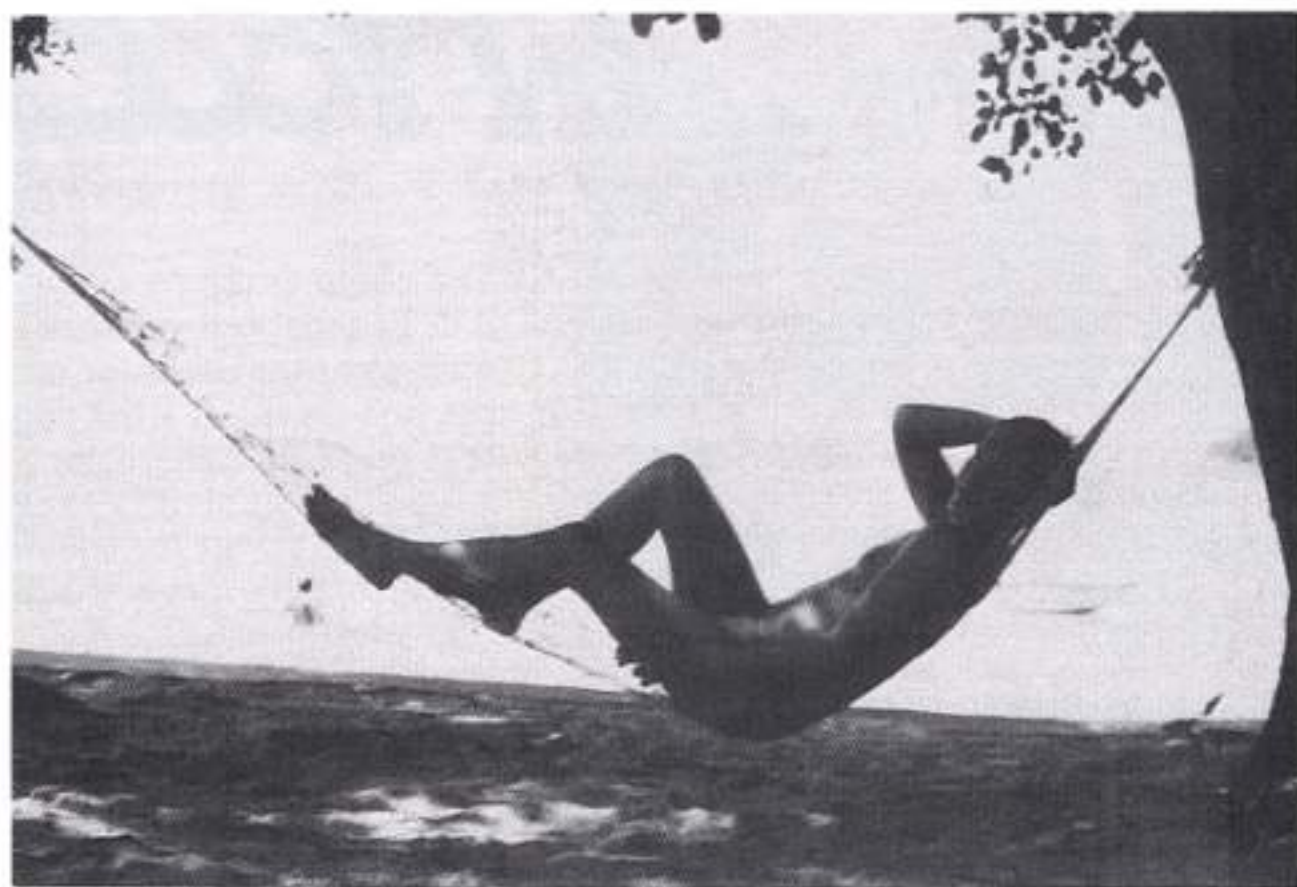
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KEEPING

In Touch

Dear Editor:

Concerning the article by Brian McNaught: "My Church . . . Stands Accused" (I.T. issue 16), I found it a welcome addition to his appearance on the Lou Gordon Show. Unfortunately so much of what we say carries as much weight as the breath it takes to speak it, but when we put it in writing there's the added dimension of allowing others to weigh each word over and over again. For me, the weight of his words — both spoken and written — bears out nothing but maturity, wisdom and a deep sense of spirituality. I find it sad, at best, that others who are supposedly blessed with the gift of leadership and vision cannot share his insight.

Needless to say, I find him a credit to the Gay Community in general and the Catholic Church in particular. In my estimation, he personifies an interesting fact of history in that homosexuals have always been singled out by their societies as shamans or holy people. Thanks for making it proof positive by raising sexuality from the level of animality.

Hoping that his wish for "gay" and "happy" to mean the same is again realized, I remain
Fraternally,
Rev. Robert Darow
Western Springs, Ill.

Dear Editor:

As I look over my collection of I.T., I am moved to write you. I consider myself fortunate to have discovered it two years ago. I.T. does so much for me. No other publication, entertains, teaches, informs, with words, drawings and photos and so much more.

I work as an Equity stage manager and as a company manager. No other publication informs me so thoroughly as to what's happening on the west coast.

It is the case that I love the work of your photographers. I wish I could purchase all of their works.

The photo-essay on David Miller is A-1. I cannot tell you thru interstate mail what that does for me. And it's not just David, it's the photography that presents him. Superb! I do not have any complaints except to say that I can't wait for the next issue. More nudes! More words! More! And more power to you and your staff.

Best regards,
Terry Dieterle

Dear Terry,

Hope you've gotten a good grip on yourself by the time this issue reaches you. If it affects you the way our past issues have, we suggest you have an ambulance standing by.

Dear Editor:

First a note of acknowledgement telling you how much I enjoy receiving and reading I.T. If your editors continue to maintain the interesting content and high quality of the articles, I.T. should surpass our eastern After Dark in both circulation and readership.

As a Broadway and Off-Broadway producer, your magazine provides me with some of the most up to date and important news I can get regarding the Rialto there on the West Coast. Without I.T., such news becomes old news that I get second or third hand.

Again, I hope I.T. gains in popularity and that you can get squared away on the circulation, as it will encourage the best word of mouth you can get.

Very sincerely yours,
Michael A. Hoover
New York

We of course share your sentiments about increasing our circulation, altho we're not too sure how A.D. would feel. Thanks for the good wishes. Read on and enjoy, I.T.'s made with you in mind.

Dear Friends of IN TOUCH,

I would like to tell you how much IN TOUCH means to me. I feel it's important (and gratifying) for you to know this, for my guess is that my situation is not unique. I believe that your magazine means a great deal to a sizable number of your readers for the same reason.

My home for thirty years has been in a small town, which in my case happens to be in northern Michigan. I am not complaining, for I like a smaller town and it has been my choice to live here.

IN TOUCH bolsters my knowledge that our gay outlook is not narrowed to just a few. This makes me feel less frustrated and lonely. Because some of us live in "closet" situations, we live and experience things vicariously through your magazine. Many of us cannot travel or live where we can openly be ourselves.

Then too, I am older in years, which also generally causes more frustration, for my longings are toward younger, masculine, but understanding men. That is why your revealing pictures and prose bring to life the fellows in your Interview and Discovery stories. Because these are well-written and expertly photographed, the men featured become closer and more real.

I would agree with others who have expressed the wish that whenever possible the picture or prose subject would tell his honest feelings toward gayness. I would assume, of course, that he is not terribly averse to the idea, for otherwise he probably wouldn't agree to appear in the magazine "with a different point of view." But needless to say, those who have in your past issues said that they have experienced and believe in gay relationships, these have seemed real and truly important to us fellow-gays. . . .

I enjoyed very much the photography and poetry of "Journey" in the latest issue No. 16.

Excuse my wordiness, but I hope I have adequately expressed and explained my appreciation for IN TOUCH. Please keep the issues coming, even though they will be two months apart now.

Very sincerely,
Ross Stoaks
Petoskey, Michigan

Commemorating Stonewall

Frank Golovitz

During this month of preparing to commemorate the sixth anniversary of Stonewall, I've been asking friends and fellow gays what gay pride means to them, what they think it is and what they think it's good for. I'd like to share a few of their comments.

The fact that their answers differ needn't mean that gay pride is a meaningless concept — rather that it is of the essence of our being gay in a pluralist society that most of us must define our gayness in terms that stem less from our underlying gay feelings, or from the interplay of the gay community, than from our varied and chiefly non-gay backgrounds as Catholic, Protestant, Jew, agnostic, Republican, Liberal, Socialist, Libertarian, Midwesterner, San Franciscan, etc.

Nonetheless, for each of us, that definition must account for our personal discovery of our uniqueness, and of the mystique we share with other gays, male and female.

Says Shiela, a silversmith who has had more contact with the women's movement than with the gay movement: "Gay pride for me is not thinking anymore that I'm the only one in the world. It's knowing that wherever I go there'll be beautiful women and men — women especially — with whom I have so much in common, who'll be like sisters and brothers to me, only infinitely closer than my real sister and brother have been. It's knowing that I'm part of a loving family — that I have real kin wherever I might go. Half of me feels that in the gay community, and half in the women's movement — even tho my straight sisters sometimes turn off to me as a lesbian, and my gay brothers can sometimes be as piggish as straight men."

Billy, an old-style activist, was

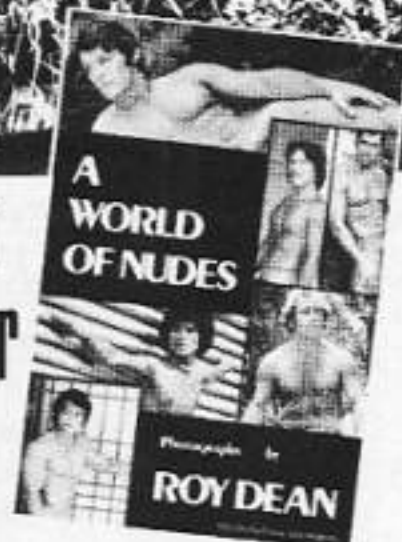
one of the few to flatly reject the idea of gay pride. "Gay pride is a meaningless concept, because even the word gay is a cop-out. People who rate 4 or 5 or 6 on the Kinsey scale have nothing more to be proud of than those who rate zero or 1-2-3. It's nothing more than a matter of how often you do it with whom, and except for the fact that right now police enforce the law chiefly against homosexual acts, and less against heterosexual acts, the people at the top range of the Kinsey scale have nothing else in common. What do the guys in the leather bars have in common with drag queens or transsexuals? Or with married men who stop over every afternoon in some tea-room? The only common interest we have now is a practical need to let people know how widespread deviant sexual behavior is, and to get the law changed. Then we can all go home and draw our blinds and do what we want without any fear of being arrested."

Dan, a very "straight"-looking hustler, says: "I used to be edgy about the whole idea . . . I mean, of being proud of my gayness, like I felt I hadn't no more say about being that way than about the fact I've got brown eyes. Besides I thought it was like a handicap, you know, like being born cripple. I even tried to put on that I was straight. It wasn't 'til I saw last year's parade on Hollywood. At first I thought it was all kinda tacky, you know, I seen the Rose Parade five or six times and that's really professional, but then I caught how some of the marchers looked — the glow in their faces, and I must of lit up like the goddam sun. I don't even remember deciding to join them, or even leaving the sidewalk. All I know was there was Dannyboy, floatin' down Hollywood Boulevard with my arms around a lesbian on one side

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Stonewall

and a young Black guy on the other, and I felt like the emperor of China. I've felt like that ever since. I'm even better at turning a trick. Don't ask me to explain it, but every gay I see, whether it's another stud, or a dike or a faggot, or even some tired old john, I wanta run up an say, 'Ain't it wonderful?' And ya know, I'm a hellova lot prouder now of being male, now I don't worry about my gayness being a blot on my masculinity. I got balls I never had before!"

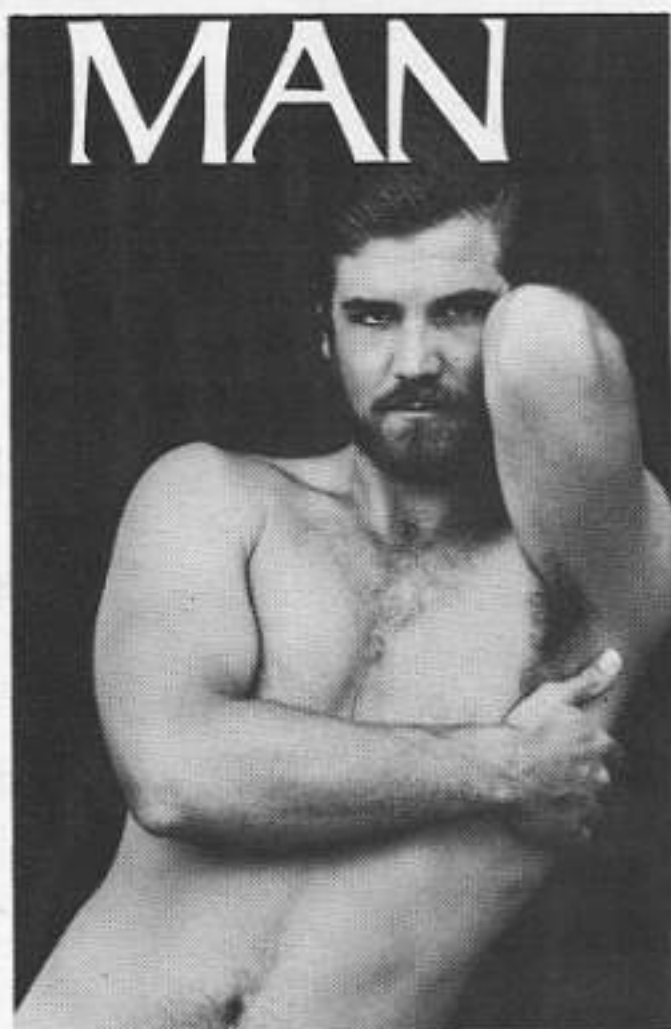
Joe was wearing a GAY PRIDE button, so I played devil's advocate, asking if he didn't think it irrational to be proud of something he had no choice in. "Hell I didn't have a choice! I made a choice 'til I was 22 to spend my life hiding, covering up, pretending to be something else, even running down my own kind as sort of protective coloration. I finally realized I was getting deeper and deeper into a lie, that it was stunting my growth as a person, blocking my creativity. Yes, I'd been homosexual all

those years, in spite of trying to deny it, but becoming gay was a conscious choice. I'd sneaked around back alleys and had sex with partners I was ashamed to look at afterward. Pride is the opposite of shame, and I'd sure known shame. When I chose to face myself, to come out of that closet, I earned my right to pride in being gay. All the time I was in hiding, I thought the roof would cave in if anybody found out. Well, I came out. I let them all know, and surprise: one third of them knew already and didn't care; and one third respected and liked me better for deciding to be honest. As for the rest — I don't miss them, and I've found plenty new friends to take their place."

"Of course I'm proud," Joan says. "It feels grand being a gay woman. I'm in communion with some of the most beautiful people in the world — tho there's plenty about my gay brothers I don't yet understand. And some of them don't try very hard to understand me. I certainly never cared before for drag queens, and a year ago you wouldn't have got me near a picket

line, but the other day I marched two hours in the rain for the right of drags to do their thing in Santa Monica, and I found out what beautiful people they could be. I'm overjoyed to see us coalescing as a community, working together, playing together, the same way gay and non-gay women are coming together. I'm proud of the spirit we're starting to show — and the strength."

"Anytime I feel depressed," Dale says, "all I have to do is remember my father saying I was nothing but a fuckin' faggot, that I'd never amount to a pile of shit. And I was awfully hurt by that. But I just knew in spite of what he said that Michaelangelo and Leonardo were faggots, and so was Julius Caesar and Sir Walter Raleigh and Oscar Wilde and Whitman and lots more of the most creative people the world has known. So if the world honors them in spite of the fact they were faggots, or because of it, then there's hope for me even to amount to something. Not big like them maybe, but decent and creative and human. I think I've managed that, and I'm proud of it."



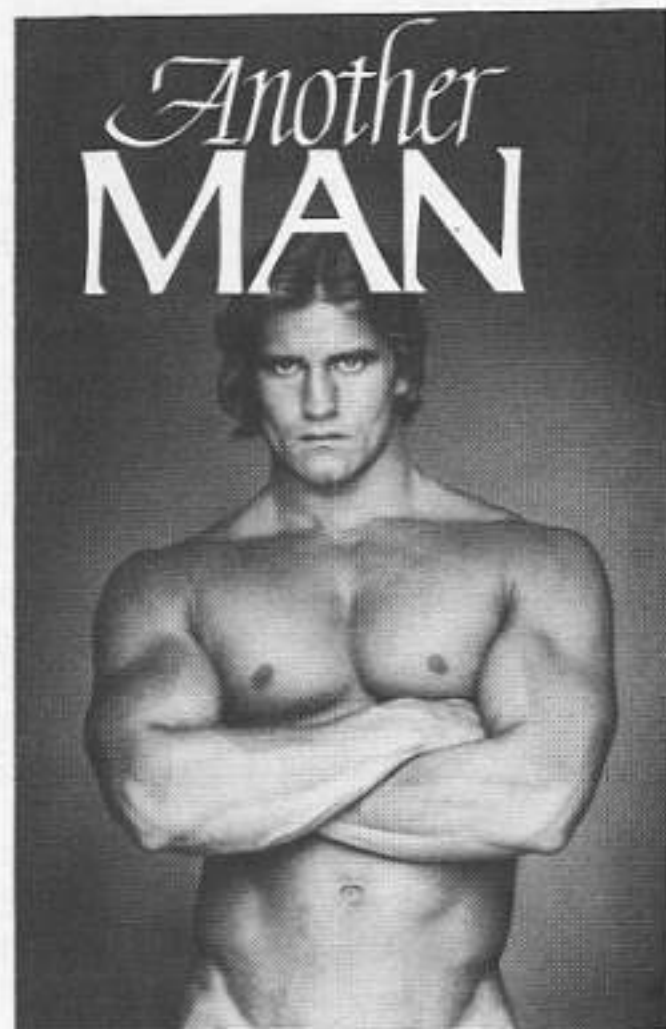
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And no one handed it to me on any silver platter! Everyone could tell what I was a mile off and they all let me know it, so I had to fight for what I've accomplished. I'm as much a man as any stud on the street, and I can be a real lady too! And now that I can share my creativity with other gays, it's a lot better. I have a right to gay pride!"

To Terry, gay pride is a feeling of "having your whole self together after years of trying to deny that a very important part of your personality existed. It's knowing that the part of you which people called filthy, sick and sinful is really god-given and beautiful. It's the joy of seeing that beauty blossom out daily in other gays who've just found themselves, just admitted to themselves what they are."

Physics teacher Ann is more analytical: "What if we do admit that it's all a reaction? That gay pride is just our way of countering the bad things that have been said against us? Maybe I'd seem silly to be proud of having a very normal left foot. But if, ever since I was small, people had told me my left foot was misshapen, repulsive,

stinking, obscene, and I finally opened my own eyes and found it was a perfectly good left foot, perfectly serviceable and shaped just the way it should be, I'd be justified in being proud of it. You can't ignore the psychic effects of the way gays have been barraged with slander — just as women have — told a thousand times over that we are inferior, unnatural, sinful, dangerous, revolting, useless and all that. So for us to react to all that with pride, with an affirmation of our own value and individuality and creativeness, and our communal sharing of the joy of being gay, is natural. But once we say that gay is good, the heterosexual wants us to shut up about it — 'You've made that point,' they say. Well, they never stop expressing pride in their offspring, and I also don't notice that the ones who slander us have exactly shut up. Mort Sahl and Chief Davis and the Jehovah's Witnesses and lots of others are still lobbing heavy verbal artillery at us — and don't think a lot of gays haven't been killed by their words. So let's put on the whole armor of gay pride."

Minnie, a popular drag entertainer, doesn't agree with that. "I don't think it's at all defensive. I consider it just a matter of self-respect, of knowing that we really are beautiful, creative, sensitive, even those of us who get hurt by all the shit they throw our way. I feel good about being gay, good about being really androgynous. I've always felt good about it — with no wish ever to hide."

Poet Thomas agrees with Ann while supporting Minnie. "Sure, gay pride's our answer to slanders of gays. It tells those who call all gays sick or sinful that they're putting down the chief philosophers and moral guides of the west, from Socrates, Plato and Aristotle to Marcus Aurelius and Seneca, probably Jesus, St. Paul and St. Francis, certainly Francis Bacon, Thomas More, Muret, and Erasmus, Goethe and Santayana, G. E. Moore, Cardinal Newman, Edward Carpenter and Ludwig Wittgenstein — and I would say that it was their very gayness which made them question fundamental things, open new lines of

(please turn to page 84)

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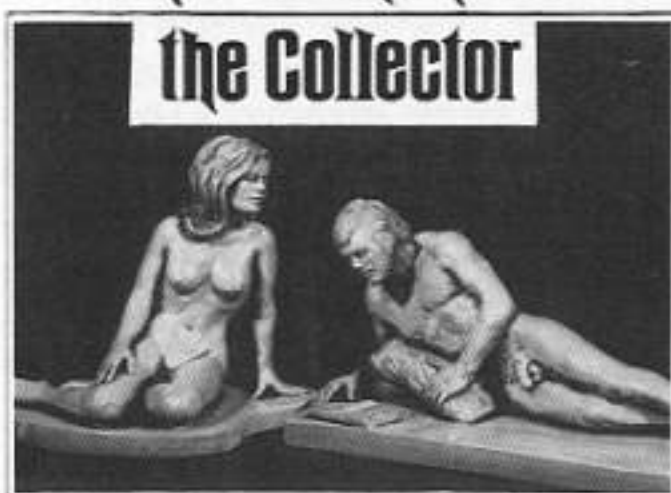
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GETTING OUR THING TOGETHER

JIM KEPNER

The Gay Liberation Fronts which spread nationwide after 1969 repeated the homophile experience of the 1950s. Gay men and women seemed to work well together at first, though women were outnumbered. As they demanded more attention to their problems, tensions rose. Men were increasingly accused of male chauvenism. Some felt the accusations were unjust. Others invited the women to stop complaining or get out. And most of them did.

They also began for once to develop a radical theoretical formula to explain what it means to be a gay woman in a male-dominated society. Borrowing from group-therapy techniques, the new radical feminists developed "consciousness-raising" techniques which their opponents said were pure brain-washing.

In rap sessions, women just coming out are encouraged to express their long suppressed resentments and aspirations, to find pride in being women. Society has drummed into them that women are inferior, and if women consider themselves worthless, how can one be so foolish as to love or respect another woman? The rap session aims at talking out all the self-demeaning sludge. Critics say it merely substitutes a man-hating dogma.

Does it? Or does it merely purge heterosexist dogma so deeply implanted in us all, freeing the newly liberated woman to think freely for the first time the thoughts which come naturally to her own spirit? As a male not allowed to sit in on women's raps, I can't judge. But I would recommend such transcriptions of raps as occupy the last half of Betty Wysor's book, *The Lesbian Myth*.

Radical lesbians aim to put forward the lesbian position within the woman's movement, and only secondarily to advance it in the gay

movement. Many other women work chiefly in the mixed gay groups, not always because they get along more easily with men. The fiercely secular radical lesbians alienate many religious women, who go to Dignity and Metropolitan Community Church. Gay Service Centers generally have half independent women's programs. Even SPREE, which many would regard as blatantly sexist, draws many women participants.

Radicals often label these women who work in mixed groups as sell-outs or male-oriented fag hags. I would say they fall into three chief groups. Some are women who still prefer the once-universal butch-femme role arrangements, which the radicals so vitriolically denounce. Others just don't feel their womanhood is under fire, but wish to fight for their right to live as gays. They feel that gay women and men **MUST** cooperate in that fight. The third type are conservative women put off by the radical rhetoric and militancy. Whether they were tomboys who find themselves socially at ease with men, or moderate man-haters, they are drawn to the more conservative organizations, which are generally mixed.

Again: I assume that most of my readers are male, and that many of you just don't like women. I wish my lecturing you about the folly of generalizing (I hate women because some women do such-and-such) would do some good. But a lot of men, and a lot of women, in our society grow up with a very understandable dislike for the other sex. Gays (psycho-analysts notwithstanding) have no monopoly on that. Many gay men do like women, and many hetero men intensely dislike women, sexual attraction notwithstanding.

As long as that's so, there's no point prematurely forcing men and

women who are poisoned against one another into confrontations.

IS RAGE THERAPY REALLY THERAPEUTIC?

Hopefully, when women go off into rap sessions to learn to express their pent-up rage, that will, in the long run, lead back to a potential for unrepressive and loving cross-gender interchange. Not that women's consciousness-raising alone is enough to usher in the brave new world — men also have to get their heads together and stop oppressing women.

Men need somewhat similar rap sessions to deal frankly with their attitudes toward women and toward their own masculinity — again gambling that the venting of long suppressed resentments will be therapeutic — purgative.

But as women will rightly say at this point, men as a class have never bottled up their negative attitudes toward women — witness the manly contempt for women running through all our literature. Men have been having their catharsis for thousands of years and it isn't a very good advertisement for the technique.

It suggests a greater likelihood that the practice of exercising our pent-up rages could grow into the sort of communal us-against-them exercises George Orwell described in 1984: Crowds gathered before monstrous outdoor TV sets, ritualizing and screaming out their manipulated hate. This is a fear (perhaps irrational) of some gay males working in mixed groups who have been zapped by apparently disciplined teams of radical lesbians — the fear that these women are motivated by hatred and kept in line by inflexible dogma. Getting rid of THAT fear ought to be a topic for a nationwide series of cross-gender rap sessions

For we come back repeatedly to the basic questions: Can gays win civil rights and public respects without gay women and men cooperating? And, is there not in fact a deep spiritual bond between gay women and men which can bridge gender differences? If there isn't, might it not be a good idea to build one?

For those who see a need for

female-male unity, whether for the purposes of political strategy, or for that deeper communal spirit, such unity has its price. It is absolutely necessary to be more sensitive to what the other side of the gender-gap wants and feels, to be sensitive to other people's sensitivities, fears, dislikes and aspirations.

And if we males can explore the feminine part of our own psyches, and learn to express it in ways which will not offend women . . . ●



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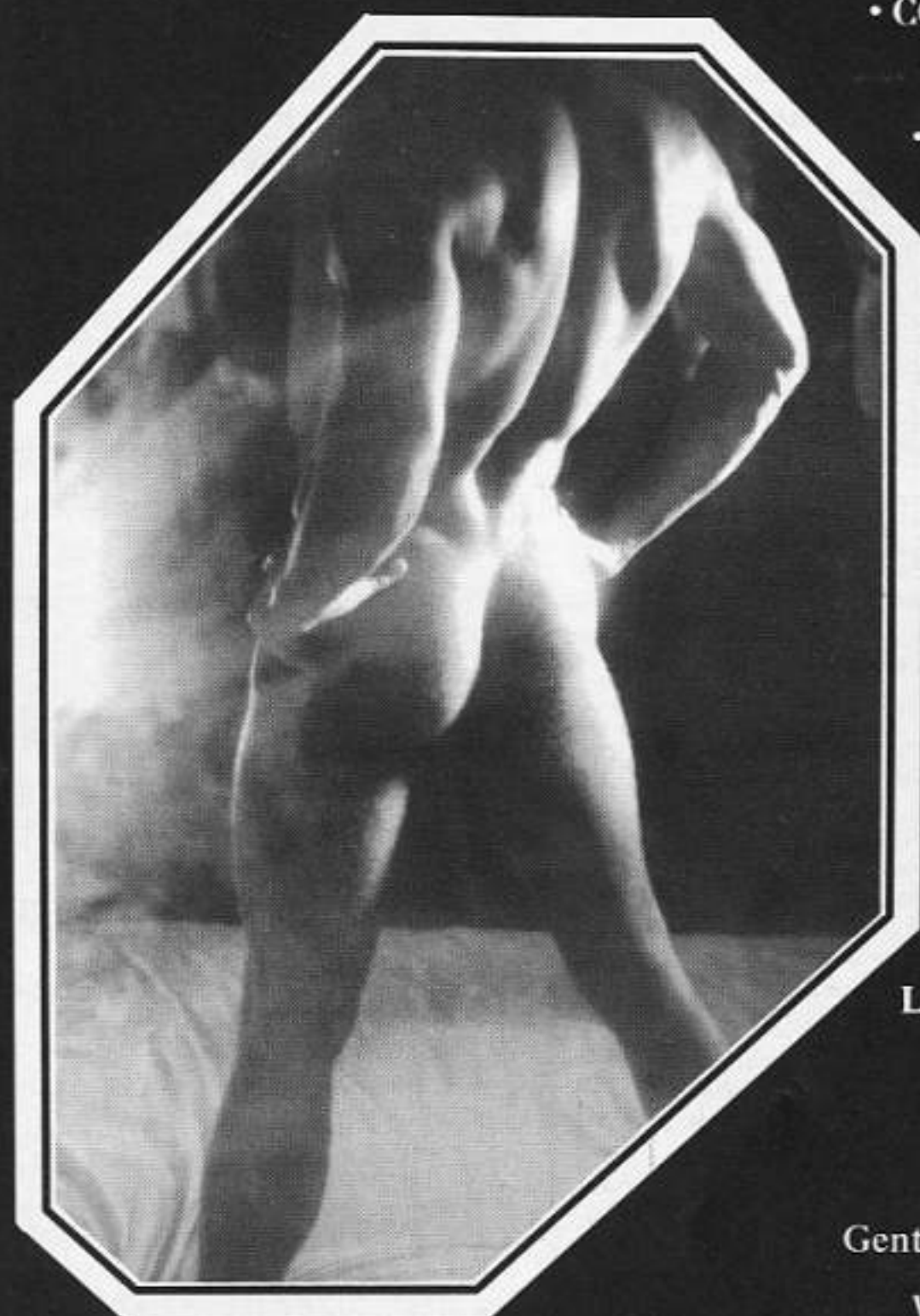
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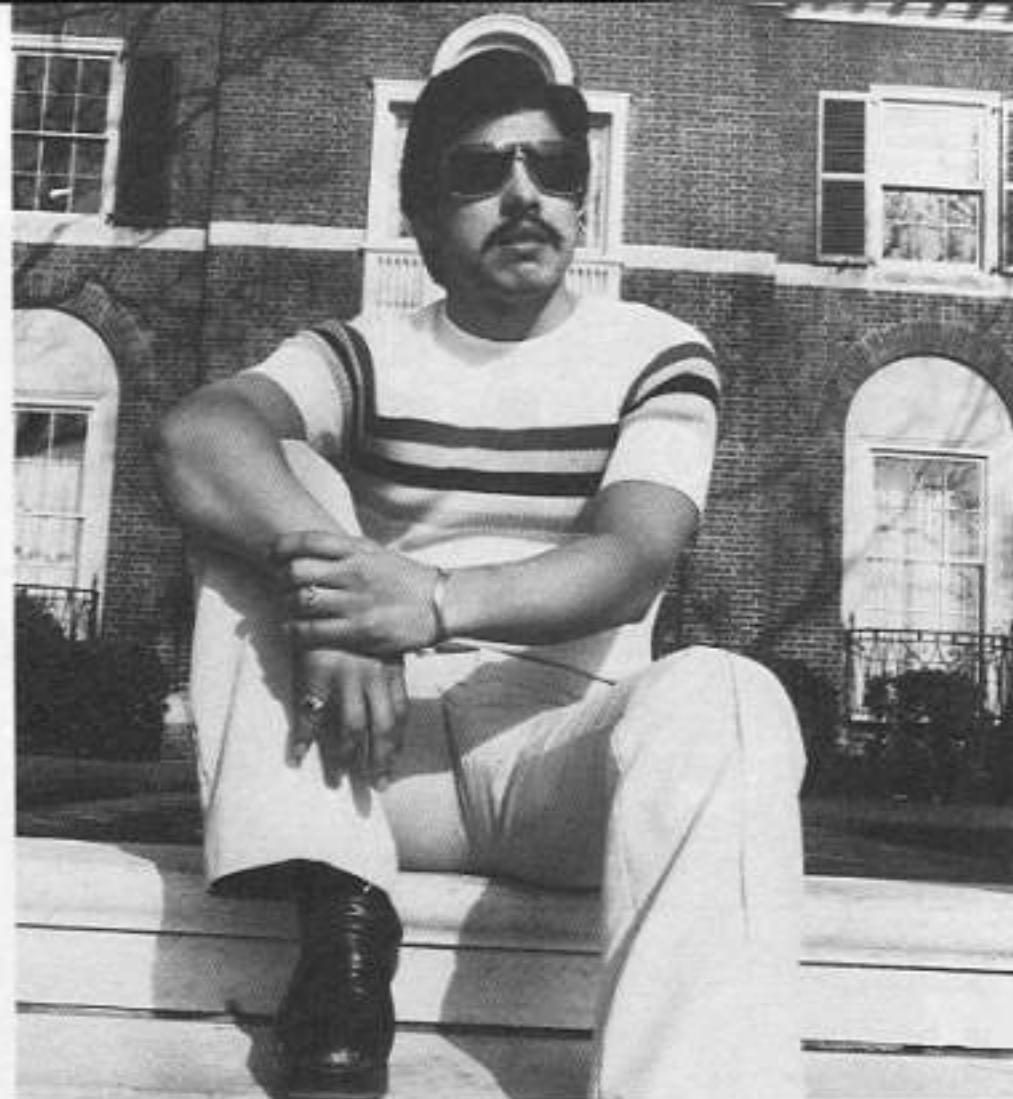
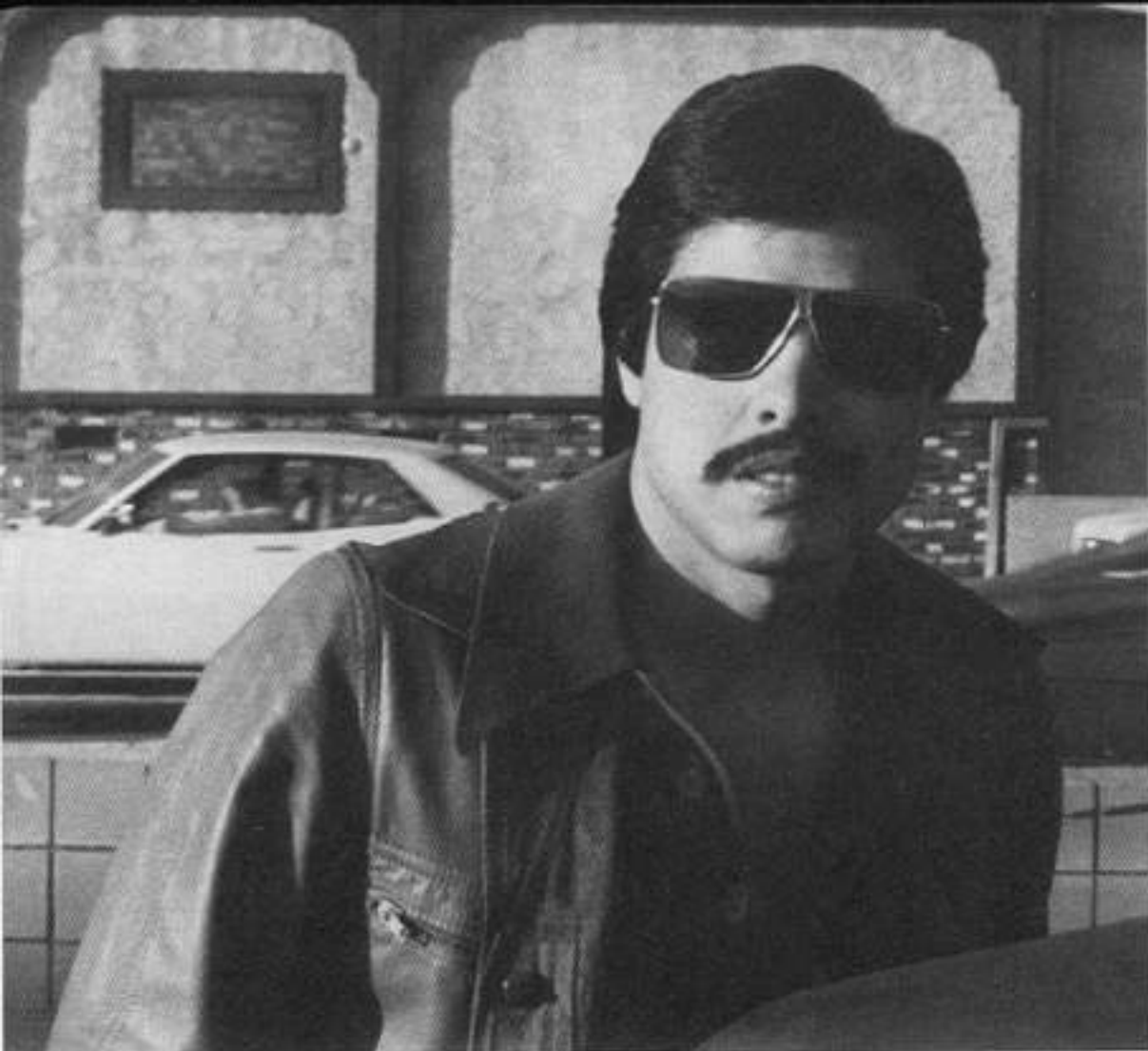
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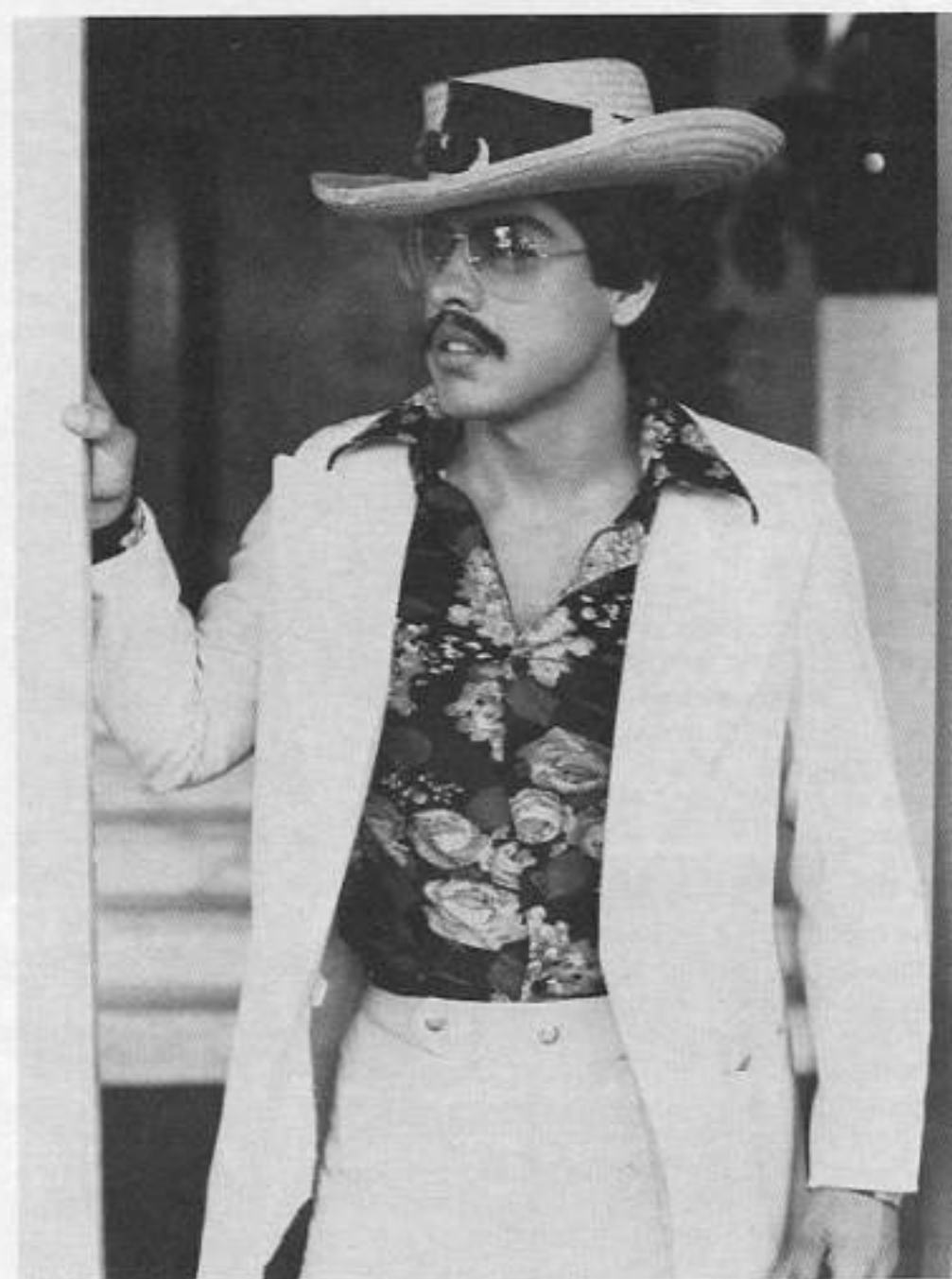
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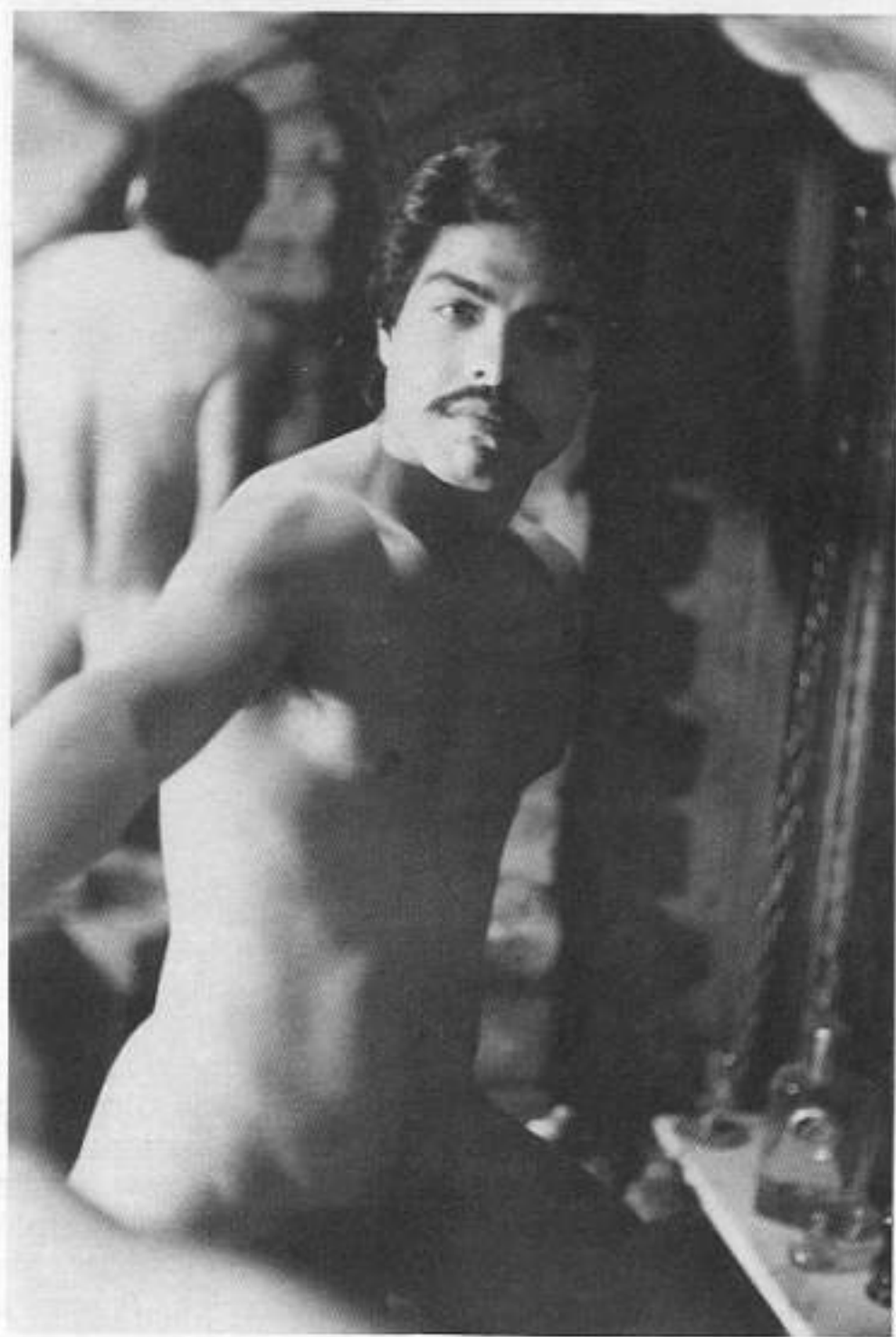
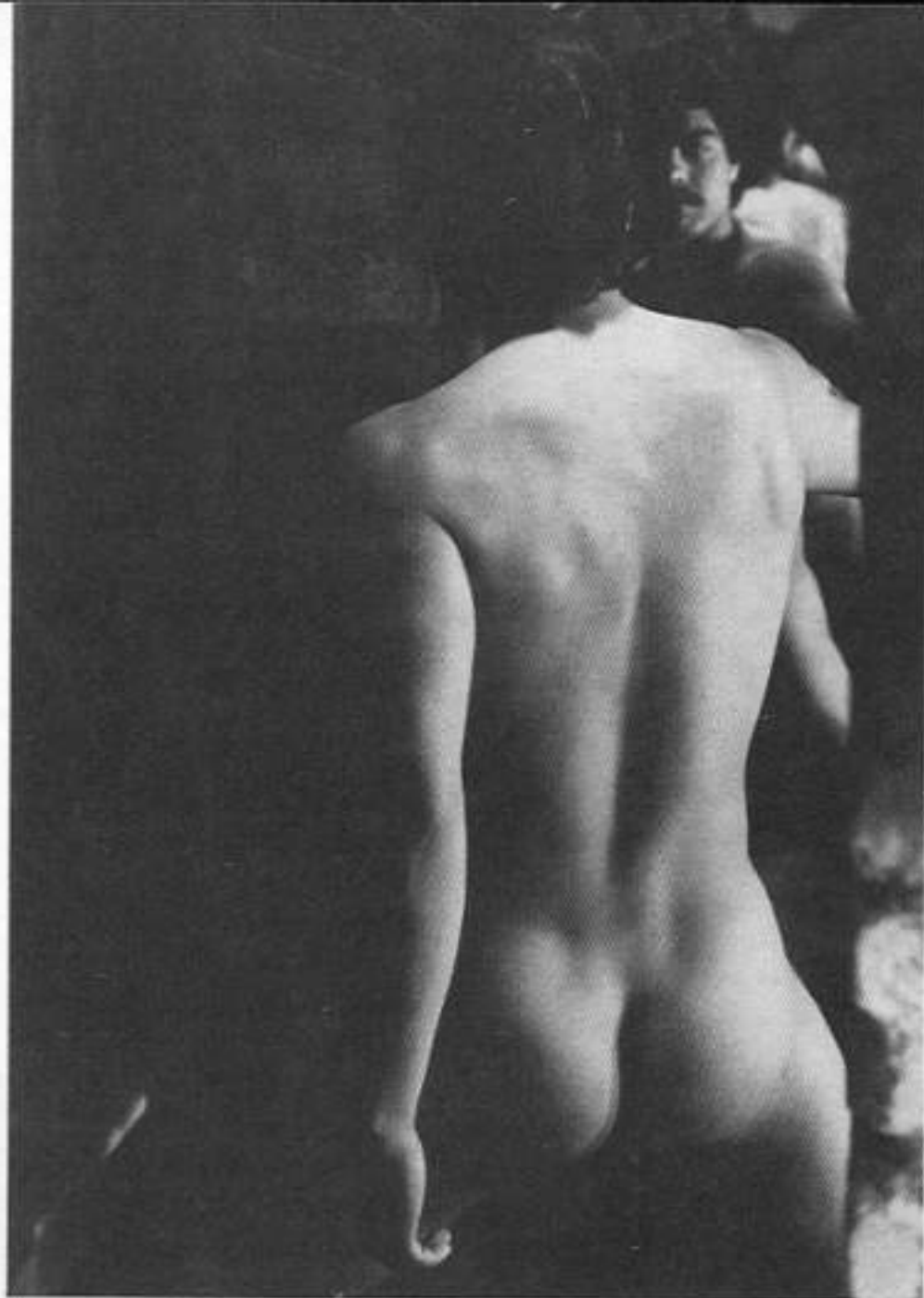


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SPECIAL REPORT - NEW YORK:

OUTSIDE OF OUR REALITY

By LORETTA LOTMAN

Media Director

Gay National Task Force

On Australian television, one popular soap opera features the adventures and plot convolutions of a gay male couple. In England, homosexuality is openly explored in BBC series such as "Nana" and "Tom Brown's Schooldays".

Only in America are homosexuals "revealed" as child molesters, criminals, murderers, purse snatchers and little else.

There's something basically wrong here.

Television is the most powerful medium for communication that the world has seen. It's instant transmission of information to literally millions of people. A flop on the air reaches more people in a single night than a hit Broadway show will reach in its entire run. The tube has power — and that power has traditionally ignored gay people. We've been absent from TV for most of its (and our) lives. Only recently have we emerged from the shadows — right into full abuse and exploitation. We're shown as clowns or psychopaths, good only for a laugh or a bizarre twist of storyline. Gay women and men are the only minority that have gone from invisibility to abuse in about 3 years, with no time for an acceptable, let alone accurate, image to appear.

So when are we going to see gay human beings in the Wonderful World of Television? Hold onto your hats — it's starting to happen. People have been working on the



Vic Morrow played the older convict who goes after attractive young Kristoffer Tabori in the CBS movie "The Glass House", broadcast earlier this year.

"powers that be" in broadcasting and we're making progress towards good gay representation.

Let's stroll a bit down memory lane . . .

Television has always had a mental block about homosexuality. The earliest tone was set by Milton

Berle, a man who would do anything for a joke and turned an infant medium into a national fad. At least once on every show, Uncle Miltie would dress up in (gasp!) women's clothing and throw his audience into hysterics. It was a joke, a gay; he crossed the sexist

lines with a wink and a chuckle, showing millions of Americans how to react. He alluded to the unmentionable, the stereotyped homosexual male, so America laughed and a good straight time was had by all. All the straights, that is.

As television became more sophisticated (technically) it perpetuated the image of the gay man as a silly swish in woman's clothing. It was homage paid to Uncle Miltie, who taught us how terribly funny the whole concept was.

Of course, heterosexuals were putting up with put-downs and inaccuracies, too. TV relegated sex to Donna Reed and Carl Betz, puppy love and holding hands, single beds and the virgin births made popular by Doris Day. American television explored his love of a boy for his dog, a mother for her children, a priest for his God and even the glorified necrophilia of the Ghost for Mrs. Muir. Homosexuality, however, was strictly verboten. Never were loving men or loving women shown with each other. Not even in single beds. Love between men was based on the buddy system; George Maharis never got Martin Milner as the program faded to black. Love between women was absent. The closest women came to mutual affection was envy over the woman next door's shinier floor. Gay men as represented evoked instant laughter. Lesbians were represented by "The Great Invisible Lesbian," a person still unseen on TV to this day. At least heterosexuals could look around the real world and realise the fantasy of the TV world. We gays were afraid to even meet each other and acknowledge who our real selves were. On the air, we were the lowest in the pecking order, the shit-carriers and last resort of feeble comedy script writers.

Then, in 1972, came "That Certain Summer" and suddenly "gay" meant ratings. The made-for-TV movie portrayed two gay men as a fairly loving couple. There were difficulties with the program. The men never touched and there was no real expression of love between them. At the end, Hal Holbrook's son rejected him, perhaps to never re-enter his father's life. However, considering the time and what had

happened (or rather, not happened) on TV to that point, "That Certain Summer" was very advanced, sensitive and well done. It was a breakthrough.

The problem is what it broke through to. 1973 was a very mixed bag. On the good side, Lois Nettleton played a semi-upfront gay psychiatrist on "Medical Center". She managed to reject a pass from Chad Everett, confront his innuendo with proud gay rhetoric and never once quiver before his curls. However, she copped out at the end of the script and convinced a sexually repressed young woman of her inherent goodness — and straightness. Archie Bunker discovered that a neighborhood macho hero, famed for football and arm wrestling, was homosexual. On "M*A*S*H" Hawkeye stood up for the rights of a homosexual soldier who was stupid enough to want to rejoin his straight "buddies" on the front line. Even the "Mary Tyler Moore Show" had its token gay when Cloris Leachman's brother came for a visit. Cloris, when told of her brother's sexual orientation, was much relieved — she was afraid he was going to marry Rhoda!

On the bad side, '73 was also the



Alan Alda played a young college professor confronted with the shocking reality of prison life after his conviction for accidentally causing the death of a motorist in "The Glass House."



Scott Jacoby receiving the Emmy for Best Supporting Actor in a Drama for his role in "That Certain Summer".

year when Kojak thought someone was "as queer as a \$3 bill" and Marcus Welby diagnosed "a classic case of homosexuality" as the reason for a man's severe diabetes. There were untold numbers of slurs from the glib tongue of Johnny Carson and more bows to Uncle Miltie from Harvey Korman and Charles Nelson Reilly. Only a few producers tried to change television's approach to homosexuality; only a few of them succeeded. Everyone else was still on the bandwagon of abuse or else wearing blinders. The gay characters and programs were notable exceptions and not yet a trend.

Then there was the story of "Police Story". Briefly, the NBC cops 'n' robbers show proposed a script wherein a homosexual murderer gets into full drag to murder young men. NBC Standards and Practices people suspected that the show might not be representative of the gay community and decided to check with a few gay activists. When the apoplexy died down, NBC offered us a chance to rewrite the script from a gay perspective. Members of the hastily formed Gay Media Task Force on the West Coast turned the story into a tale of homophobia and dastardly murders of young gay men. The plotline barely held together and, in a few instances, bigoted comments by policeman Michael Cole were not put down by policeman Darrin McGavin. The end result was confused and, alas, not good television.

This past year, gays have attained new status on the air. Suddenly, we're cropping up all over the place. When stuck with dull scripts, production people have "gone exotic" with the introduction of bizarre gay characters. It has not mattered whether the characters were accurate human beings or not; what mattered was the impact, the impression on the public. As one executive at ABC recently said, "It was more titillating on 'Welby' to have the teacher molest a boy rather than a girl."

So began "The Year of the Titillation" for straight viewers around the country. On "Born Innocent" a woman in a reformatory

was raped by three other women and the obligatory penis-substitute — a broom handle. "The Outrage" created a unified national outcry from gay people when we learned its plot — the molestation of a boy by his male science teacher. Following fast on the heels of that program "Policewoman" had three lesbians starving and murdering little old ladies in a nursing home. Because TV had been so remiss in showing lesbians on the air, this show hit all three major stereotypes — butch, femme and vampire.

More recent atrocities have been the two, count them, two appearances on "Barney Miller" of a homosexual purse snatcher and



Loretta Lotman, Media Director for the National Gay Task Force.

(Photo by John Gamble)

the TV movie "Cage Without a Key" (working title: "Women in Bondage"), which looked like a high budget version of "Born Innocent".

The problem with these programs is the image they create in the minds of unsensitized Middle American viewers. The inferences cling to the viewer's mind — gay men are not to be taken seriously, because they are less than "real" men. Those who aren't self-hating or outrageously camp are criminals ravaging the youth and innocence of the land. Lesbians are in a worse position. According to television, there are only nine lesbians in the world. Three are murderers, five are in prison and only one has a shred of human decency.

The message is clear. When we

can't be laughed off as "Yassuh" clowns, we are a threat and must be put away. Rarely has there been any awareness of societal pressures that prevent the majority of gay women and men from coming out, the exceptional programs coming almost exclusively from Norman Lear. Never are we allowed to show our love, our humanity. We are outlaws, strange beings from another mental planet with powers of intimidation so great that television has robbed us of our individuality and made us stereotypes, caricatures. We are dealt with outside of our reality, even by gay people within broadcasting.

The turning point in our awareness of media and its awareness of us came during the "Marcus Welby" protest. Until that outrage hit us, there was a feeling of powerlessness in the gay community. In only a few cities had gay groups taken an offensive with local stations, working to sensitize producers and management, talking about our concerns and lobbying for better programming. The rest of the country had never approached TV stations and didn't know how to do it.

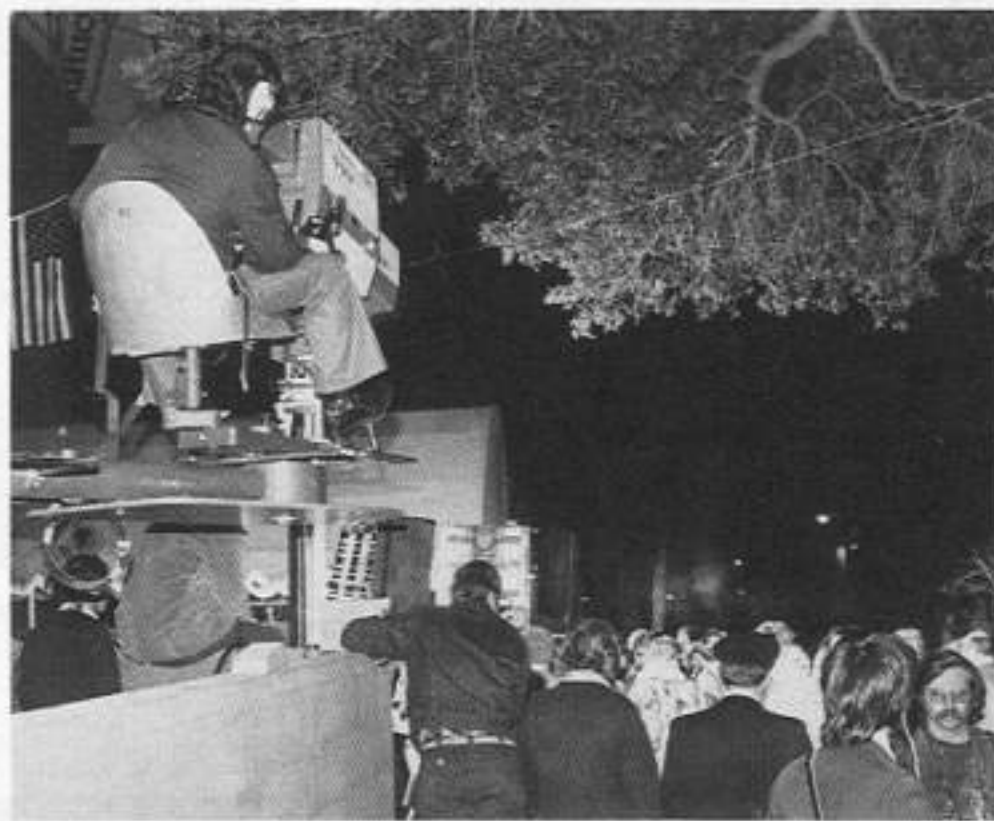
We learned. In two months, we mobilized the country to fight ABC and take "Welby" off the air. Sponsors cancelled. Stations cancelled, including major affiliates in Boston and Philadelphia. Gay groups formed around the protest, working through the National Gay Task Force in New York and Gay Media Action in Boston. As our efforts grew, so did our confidence and our strength. Every new city that became involved, every meeting with station personnel or screening agreed to became a landmark in our struggle. Suddenly, there was a national movement, working together on a single issue. We fed off each other's excitement and sense of accomplishment. Without precedent, we joined together, women and men of every political persuasion, and fought a common oppressor.

In one sense, we weren't completely successful. The program aired in most of the country and advertisers did fill every commercial spot (at reduced rates from ABC). But we changed the industry

(please turn to page 88)



Among fans on bleachers set up across from Studio One's factory-like facade for the fabled "Tommy" premiere party, males outnumbered females by about ten to one.



Perched on his boom above gay bar's entrance, ABC-TV cameraman patiently focused on the endless parade of arriving celebrities for the subsequent edification of a nationwide audience.

BEFORE & AFTER SUPER PARTY

By JEREMY HUGHES

Photography by HY CHASE

Our Hollywood grapevine, before it ultimately all broke loose, was calling it the "hardest ticket" in many a season: an invitation to the "Tommy" premiere party. And when the powers that be demanded at the last minute that the guest list be cut from 1,000 to 500, for "safety" reasons, panic reigned. The resultant chaotic madness at the canopied entrance to fabulous Studio One would have delighted even Irwin Allen. Only at the Academy Award presentations have I rubbed shoulders (or whatever) with so many celebrities. But with one difference. This was strictly "new"



And arrive they did! Here, dear students, we see Dean Martin and wife Cathie steeling themselves to cope with the crush inside.



Not just another face in the crowd, but the much-admired Stella Stevens makes her way expectantly toward the festivities ahead.



Columnist Army Archerd briefly delays superstar Elton John and date Colette Bertrand as the crowd looks on.



Once inside, it was hard to avoid the constantly posturing Mae West (as interpreted by Craig Russell).



The crack of whips and blood-curdling shrieks announced the sedate entrance of new super-hot rock group "Cycle Sluts," billed as "the next natural step in an unnatural world."

Hollywood, the long influential but too often submerged counter-culture, finally aboveground and out of the closet, thumbing its collective nose at the Establishment Old Guard. It was a crush and a crash, an All-American melting pot of giggles and glitter, bubbles and beads, peach and pewter, tinsel and trash, lame and leather, flesh and fantasy, drag and denim, grass and grease. All, by the way, being filmed, albeit selectively, by ABC-TV for nationwide consumption. Rarely, perhaps not since the Stonewall, has a gay bar received such extensive exposure.

Inevitably, there was a move or two in the direction of tradition. A couple of sky-searching klieg lights warmed the crisp, clear night without quite reaching the quarter moon hung low in the western sky. Bleachers set across La Peer from the discotheque's entrance barely contained about a hundred or so screaming fans as rented chauffeurs piloting rented limousines (cream was the "in" color) brought rented celebrities into the glare of the TV lights as one pudgy cameraman on a boom philosophically chewed his Trident sugarless gum.

Too many cooks, naturally. Hired help seemed at times to outnumber guests and each olive drab security guard guarded a blue-jacketed security guard who was guarding the elegantly red-coated and sneakered parking boys. And, all shouting simultaneously into walkie-talkies, in cacophonous communication with their own mysterious powers on high ("But ABC says no one from the Burbank studios is allowed!") A huge



Michael Kearns (Grant Tracy Saxon) displays the big smile and other accoutrements that made him so successful as "The Happy Hustler." (See page 50.)



Informal and relaxed Ryan O'Neal was in some contrast to his more formally-attired brother, Kevin (left foreground).



At least one guest took the apparel dictum ("black tie or glitter funk") very seriously.



Quieter, highly-structured moments were not for the madding throng. One had to be David Frost with Paul and Linda McCartney . . .



Velvet-jacketed Marty Ingels was in constant attendance upon recently divorced Shirley Jones.



Extremely popular among the more familiar faces was an elegantly at ease Richard Chamberlain.



A dancing ad for the film became utterly transfixed by the throbbing music (or something).



From another factory (Andy Warhol's), Pat Ast takes a short breather between dances.



... or Ann-Margret, essaying thoughtfulness before ...



... joining Elton John for a pinball tourney in the former Factory's private dining room (P.S. She won).

triangular banner screamed "Tommy" high against the sky, while its twin lay discarded in the parking lot.

Inside, the human log jam caused near-immobility to set in early on. Studio One's own spunkily hunky waiters, tho' still in those eye-riveting gym shorts, were disappointingly clothed above in "Tommy" T-shirts. An elaborate buffet, plus any and all drinks, were available without the sordid need for money to change hands. Quadrophonically-amplified hard rock made verbal communication, for those few with anything to say, a futile if ear-piercing exercise. The improbable soon outpassed the probable, and the impossible became status quo upon the frenetic entrance to the "Cycle Sluts." So who needed those 6½-inch long (I have a good eye for such measurements) green Tommy-stamped cigarettes the gals were passing around on elevated trays? How self-conscious can unconvention get?

No question about it, this was one of those watershed moments in history. Hollywood time may now be dated "B.T.P." ("Before 'Tommy' Party") and "A.T.P." (you figure it out). It was the kind of trauma best summed up visually — "Happy Hustler" Michael Kearns standing at a urinal flanked on one side by Paul McCartney and on the other by a drag queen Mae West. Any questions? ●



The sharp-eyed among you will note Richard Deacon and Academy streaker Robert Opel also "among those (final estimate: 2,000) in attendance."



"A TOUCH OF CLASS"

Glenda Jackson

Photography by Hy Chase

By Allan Leopold

When you interview the hottest star of the hour like England's Glenda Jackson (on furlough here from Blimey to do Ibsen's dour "Hedda Gabler" in the Huntington Hartford) you have to reluctantly go along on a Press Cattle Call and sit quietly while other members of the Fourth Estate make fools of themselves. Press liason man, Richard Spittell, opened the bar and cut the tab to remove some of the onus but you would assume that working reporters could think up questions less worthy of a Junior High School paper. One writer, who shall be unnamed here, posed the query:

"What does it feel like to be a star?"

Miss Jackson has been one for quite some time so her feelings (if she had any along that line) would be rather out of date by now. But, as it turned out, our Glenda is a no-nonsense kind of girl and she resented the question as much as I did. Her eyes blazed in that now all-too-familiar screen look of contempt she registers when backed up against a wall and snapped:

"I resent the word, Star! I am a

journeyman actress. At least I like to think of myself that way."

She lit a cigarette and blew a cloud of blue smoke toward the ceiling which kind of curled about in spirals of contempt too. She continued.

"That is a very dangerous box to get yourself into. The moment you begin to think you're privileged in some way, you're lost!"

Instantaneously, I fell head over heels in love with her. An acknowledged star proves her mettle by lighting up the movie screen. Glenda Jackson (who won the Oscar last year for "A Touch of Class") has earned her credentials. There's no need for her to put on a performance in her private life. Yet most of the actresses I have interviewed over the years have done exactly that. They visit their hairdressers just prior to an interview and wear the most glamorous gowns in their closets. And chi-chi responses are dredged up to the most ordinary questions (at the goading of their P.R. people). Miss Jackson is a refreshing change of pace. She replies directly to whatever you ask without any artifice at all. She wears almost no make-up on her freshly-scrubbed

face and no nail polish. The Jackson Look, of course, is a sort of Dutch Swing-Cut and she met the Press in a red chemise over black silk pants. At the Academy Awards she wore something in rustic brown that, unfortunately, did little to showcase her. But she obviously cares nothing for glamour. She is all diamond-hard flashing talent just beneath the surface. She knows what she's about and she brings this knowledge to bear upon all of her roles. That is why she is one of the most sought-after actresses on both sides of the Atlantic. Despite the plethora of foolish questions, she never once lost her poise.

"Do you think it's a jinx to win the Academy Award?"

"It hasn't proven so for me. Knock on wood."

She looked for a place to knock in the Hartford reception room and couldn't find any. She smiled.

"This place is all plastic."

"Do you find your career interferes with your home life?"

"I'm married to a man who's in the theatre and I earn enough to buy somebody else's time so I can have my house looked after."

I decided it was time for me to ask a question.

"What does your husband do?"
"He's a director."
"Have you ever worked with him?"

Glenda snorted.

"We couldn't possibly work together. We would fight all the time!"

"You have a daughter, haven't you?"

"No. A son, Daniel."

"How old is he?"

"Six."

"Does he go to a private school in England?"

"No. I don't believe in them. He goes to a State School."

"Is he going to be an actor?"

"Not if I have anything to do with it. If I don't over-expose him to a theatrical life, he's not very likely to want to be an actor. And he'll be better off without it."

"What if your career got in the way of your family?"

"Then I'd have to give it up, wouldn't I?"

"Tell us about 'Hedda Gabler'."

"Hedda's character is medieval in concept. She's like a princess in an Ivory Tower waiting for a knight in shining armor to come along. My director, Trevor Nunn, is using a special Norwegian translation. I've

never worked with him before but we've threshed out our problems and hope the solutions are the right ones. Actually, the play spans just 36 hours in time from the moment she gets off the boat at the dock to her suicide. There's nowhere else for a woman like Hedda to go but into her grave."

"Are you going to New York with her?"

"No. We couldn't find a theatre there that would fit into our tight schedule."

"What next?"

"We hope to do a movie of Hedda."

Robert Q. Lewis chimed in.

"Hasn't a movie been made already?"

"I think maybe a Swedish version a long time ago."

"Would you like to do something new?"

"Yes. I'd like to do a musical. And I want to go to Disneyland. I've been told I ought to go."

"What about the life of Sarah Bernhardt?"

"Oh yes. I plan on doing that if they ever get the script ready. I don't want to do a long, boring story of backstage gossip."

"There's a rumor afoot that your

relations have cooled with Ken Russell. Would you do another film with him?"

"There is absolutely no truth at all to that rumor. Of course I'd do another film with Ken if he had a good script. I've already personally commissioned three scripts I would like to do that make definite social comments on our society."

"How long do you plan to tour?"

"I never sign for more than three months. I think I've had it by then."

"How about TV?"

That famous nose wrinkled in distaste.

"I positively loathe TV. Elizabeth was a chore but, at least, she was worth playing."

"Why do you dislike television?"

"It's a very unsatisfying medium. Those bloody cameras would be just as happy photographing themselves as you."

"What do you think represents your best work?"

Glenda Jackson stubbed out her cigarette and tossed her hair behind an ear with a touch of class. You got the impression she was about to challenge George Segal to a romp in that bed again.

"One hopes the best is yet to come."





DISCOVERING SHARON

Lyn Pedersen

Photography by Hy Chase

I've worked with Sharon Cornelison on several committees — where she could be counted on to do a lot more work than I did. I've admired her pluckiness and her determination, been awed by her seemingly endless reserves of energy. I've sat with her thru some of the more moving services at Metropolitan Community Church, Los Angeles, marched alongside her in several gay demonstrations (our voices competing for cheer-leading volume), and sat with her at several gay dances, and danced my erratic jig-like rock-style dance.

I've seen her cry, a thoroughly distressed, suddenly pug-nosed, angelically pretty little red-headed tomboy, and seen her angry, eyes burning with the rage that so many women feel today. But she is uncomfortable with what is called "Women's rage," and I sat for a couple hours with her last June behind one of the booths at the Christopher Street West Carnival (which she had worked so hard to make a success) as she poured out her distress at the lack of cooperation between gay women and men.

I admired her golden glow in the long months she served as an usher as MCC on Union before the fire and I was in the front row cheering for her when she and three other gay spokespersons tried to have their say on the recently aborted

Mort Sahl Show (he turned his back on the women, and finally walked off) which led to a memorable sit-in in which gay women slightly outnumbered and cooperated beautifully with the gay men.

Still, when I interviewed her for IN TOUCH, her background amazed me. I'm not a good interviewer, and my questions weren't the most original in the world . . .

—What did you enjoy doing when you were a kid? Or, I guess we ought to ditch that term too, like the word girl . . .

—I enjoyed climbing trees . . . and not too much of anything else.

Explaining that she was definitely considered a tomboy — "what you'd call a tailored woman, even at that age" — she explained that she'd grown up in a Navy family, living all over the United States and abroad, never in one place for much over a year, generally less, never making close friends — though she wanted them because she knew it would soon be time to pack up and go, never getting into any sort of extra-curricular activities at school, or sports, "because my mother liked to imbibe quite a bit, and it was very necessary for me to get right home and find out what state of affairs she was in."

She considered herself lucky at having come out among a social group of young men, well educated, who accepted her easily. "I didn't have any real problems with my family — oh some of that 'where did I go wrong?' schtick. My stepfather told me I should break the habit when he found out I was gay — oh, about the sixth grade — he found some love-letters, and picked up on some phone conversations. But it wasn't any more than that. I sometimes joke about it, saying I haven't suffered enough to be a good gay person, haven't paid my dues . . ."

At this point in the interview she took time out to play "I Only Want

to Be With You," a folksong by Lavender Jane.

A few hours before, Sharon had chaired a very difficult meeting of the Christopher Street West planning committee, which she heads this year. An application by "Gay Nazis" to participate in the parade and carnival (pleading poverty, they had asked the committee for a rent-free information booth — something no other group however poor has had) and passions had run high over the question of joining ourselves with a group which preaches hatred of many other segments of the gay community. Some of us on the committee had fought hard in the past for inclusion of all elements of the gay community ("Unity in diversity") but many felt that there was no way we could express unity with a party that seemed to approve the Nazi death camps in which thousands of gays, along with so many others, had gone to terrible deaths.

"I'm really of two minds," Sharon said. "The committee members are going to be accused of discrimination . . . Part of me wants to play the devil's advocate. If they want to march around in those uniforms, part of me wants to say, if it feels good, do it. Let's let the Second World War die. It happened. It was an atrocious thing. Why can't we just leave it alone. Just let the German people live with their memories, their Dachaus, and the rest of us leave it alone. But the other part of me says I can't forget the Second World War happened. We have to look at the background of it. Hitler seemed to be what the German people needed . . . I just don't want to see anything that radical in the parades . . ."

That got us off onto a discussion of what the word radical meant, of whether the Nazis were the opposite of true radicals. Then we switched to questions of lesbian

identity today . . .

"Think back in your private life," she said, "the first time you were ever called faggot, sissy, queer, or any of the other derogatory terms. The word dike in the '30s and '40s meant essentially the same thing. A way to scare off a woman psychologically, to get rid of her, put her down. Call her a dike and she either crawled back into her little closet and wrung her hands and said, 'Oh dear, what will I do with myself?' — or she would say, 'You got a problem if you want to call me that; it's my life-style. I can do what I want to.' And she would go merrily about wearing her men's clothing and her jock straps, living in her own world."

"Today, this term has been turned around and it's being thrown back in the face of straight society. It's now being used as a political term, saying to society, 'If that's what you want to call us, then dikes we will be.'"

She feels excited by the growth of the radical lesbian movement — excited and a little awed and perplexed.

She has always gotten along well with gay men, worked best in mixed groups, and has often been accused by her more separatist sisters of thinking like a man. Role-playing (dividing up who will play the "masculine or aggressive" role, and who will be "femme or submissive") is considered the chief social evil by many in the women's liberation movement, and by lesbian feminists particularly. But Sharon still finds the old shoe relationships attractive, feels that women who want to do their thing as butch or femme shouldn't be put down for it.

A year ago, she often advocated the more conservative approach, upholding the idea of gay marriages with definite roles involved, admitting that she felt comfortable in the male-style roles, though her soft, prettiness seems to belie this.

The night we talked out behind the carnival booth, I had been approached by Norman Lewis to conduct a couple gay studies classes in the Extension Department at UCLA, and Norman was looking for additional instructors, women particularly, to extend the program in

hopes that the school would make it part of the regular curriculum. That night I asked Sharon if she'd like to help conduct a class, perhaps along with lesbian feminist journalist-activist Jeanne Cordova, and Sheila Brusch, another dynamic woman who'd worked hard to bring the 1974 parade and carnival off. We talked about course content. I described some of the range of lesbian literature and history (much of which I planned to cover in my own classes) and Sharon came up with suggestions on life-style variations and on the problems of adjustment to gay life.

Their class was the most popular of the UCLA gay studies classes. Ms. Cordova soon dropped out and Sharon's more separatist lover, Jinx Beers, already on the UCLA staff, took over (it's the only gay studies class continuing there this semester).

Jinx and Sharon spoke at ONE Incorporated recently, presenting an interesting contrast, as Jinx, leader of a new group called the Lesbian Activists, took the more militant, somewhat separatist and distinctly feminist stance, while Sharon remained more moderate, more committed to working in union with gay males. But she no longer criticizes the radical feminist theology. "The lesbian community is extremely broad: lesbian radicals, male-oriented lesbians, separatists, women who are into roles. Some don't want anything to do with men — they want to get back to a matriarchal society."

"Women are now seeing themselves as a political force, with an identity. They are no longer just Mr. John Doe's wife — they are now Sally and Jane Doe. They have their own minds, their own bodies. You've got women fighting for the right of abortion, women fighting to keep their own children, fighting the courts for that, especially if they are lesbian. And women writing letters to support the Foran Bill, the Brown Bill, the Moscone Bill and the Meade Bill, all of them on the issue of gay rights and before the California legislature right now . . . But there's no way we can speak for Polly and Ann out at the beach, or for Mary and Jo out in El Monte."

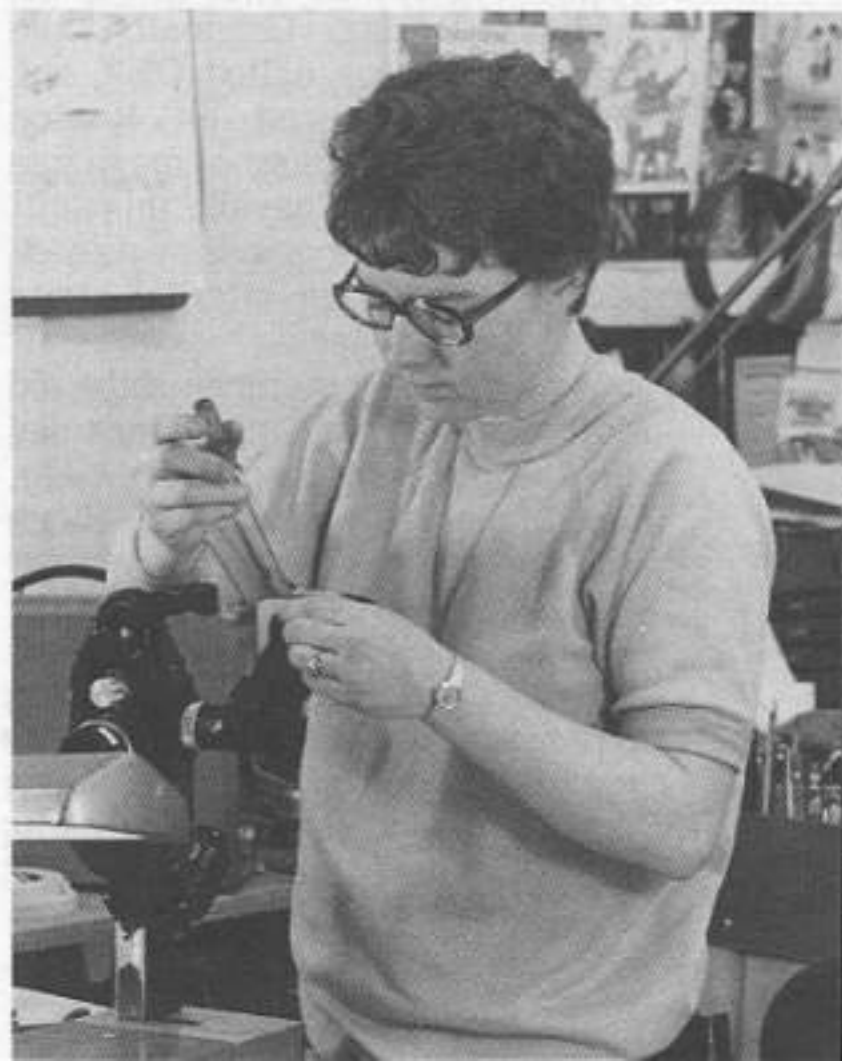
"I hope men will be more aware,

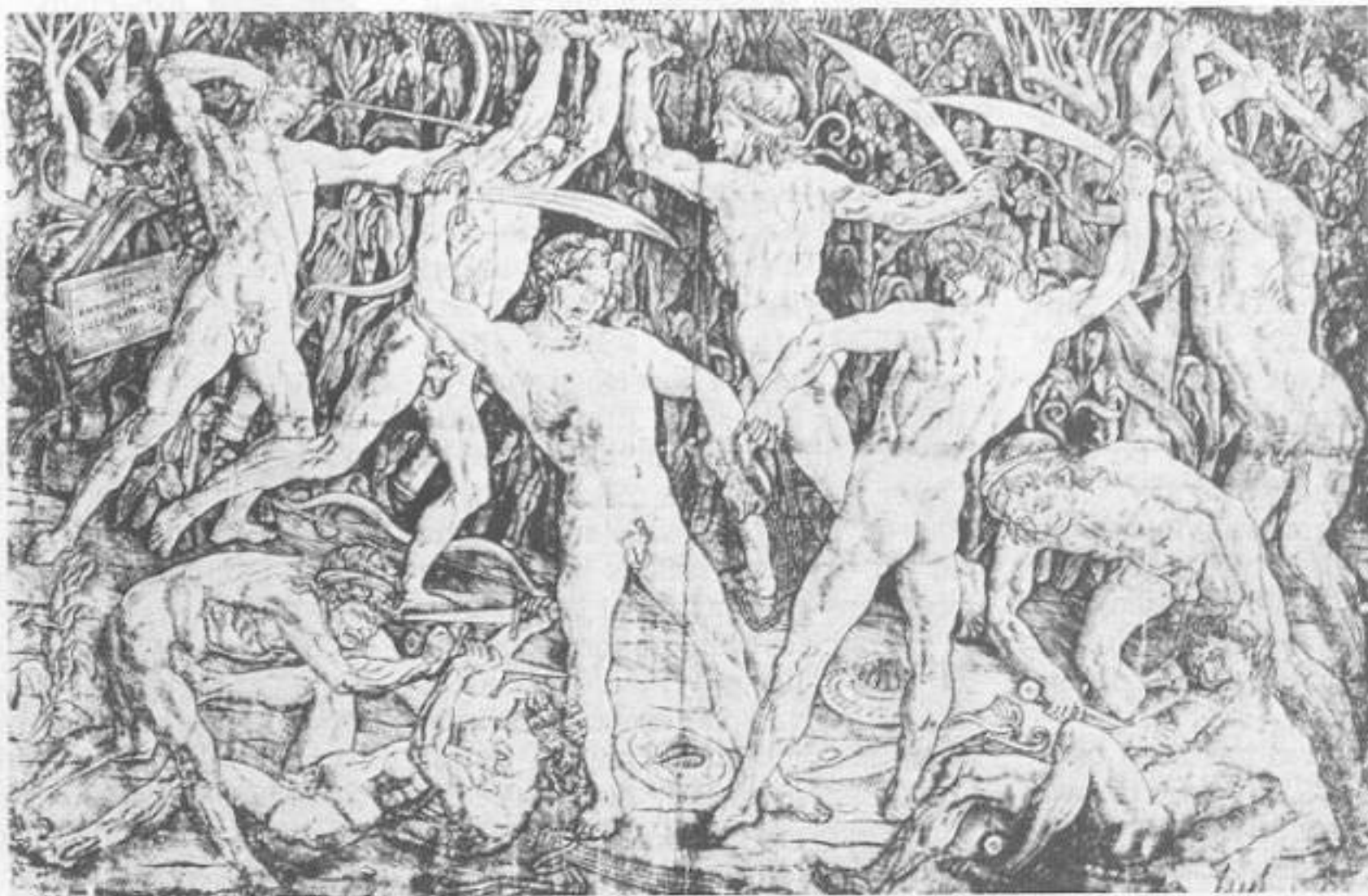
gay men especially, of women's sensitivities, like not using words like girl. A female is a girl up to the time she is about 13, and adult females like to be called women. Some people think that the feminist movement is a lesbian plot. No. It's just women all over suddenly realizing that we don't have to stay home with the dishes. We can be a part of business, and education, and politics. I know lots of women who aren't especially radical who are still ready for some changes. I see women getting power, and I see the same thing for gays, men and women."

She said that when she lived through the 1960s with one lover for 10 years, moving a dozen times but mainly within a few miles' radius, it didn't seem like moving at all, after all the moving she'd done as a kid. She regretted not having stayed in the Philippines longer (about the time they became independent) — she had begun to learn Tagalog — a chief local dialect. After that 10 years, she came down to Southern California, heard about the church, got active in it, and later in other committees. She has participated in a few of the election campaigns that have helped us win a few friends in City Hall, and she is active in the Coalition for fair employment.

Her activities and those of Jinx are in different lines. The organizations they work in represent contrasting philosophies. But

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THE ANGRY MEN

BROADSIDES FROM THE H.I.C.

By ALLAN LEOPOLD

“We get our results by firing broadsides at people!”

Don Slater is the spokesman for the Homosexual Information Center at 3473½ Cahuenga Boulevard, just the other side of the Burbank Bridge. Originally, the organization was called ONE and they headquartered on Venice Boulevard, publishing a magazine called Tangents. They did this until they reached everyone they wanted to reach and then internal strife rent ONE asunder.

“I used to be a member of the old Mattachine Society that included such people as William Dorr Legg, Dale Jennings and Martin Block . . .”

At this point William Edward Glover came forward.

“If you had done your homework and research before coming here you would know all of these things. You should have read our mimeographed material. We get

out sheets and sheets of it here . . .

I directed my best level gaze at Mr. Glover.

“Just a minute, sir,” I interrupted. “I don’t HAVE to do anything.”

“Mr. Slater,” I explained, “I don’t work by reading mimeographed material and regurgitating it into my typewriter. I want the author of the thoughts to voice them directly into my microphone so, therefore, it is the truth and it cannot be tampered with.”

Mr. Slater continued.

“As I was saying, in those days, it was considered obscene to even DISCUSS homosexuality let alone WRITE about it and send those writings through the mails. Postmaster Otto K. Oleson right here in L.A. stopped Tangents and issued a statement to the effect that he found it pornographic and would not mail it. A local court sustained his opinion and it went before Judge Thurmond Clarke who is now dead.

Inadvertently, his decision opened the way for our movement. He ruled that, not only did he agree with the lower court’s finding, he felt that homosexuals had no rights at all. This patently stupid conclusion permitted us to fight for those non-existent rights and to subsequently gain, in a higher court, the same criteria as might be applied to heterosexuals. We were making progress in the outside world but, within our own organization, there was dissent and dissatisfaction. Therefore, I took it upon myself to approach Herb Selwyn, the attorney, who (by the way) is the same Herb Selwyn who engineered the permit for our first parade down Hollywood Boulevard . . .

“Is he gay?”

“I don’t know and I don’t care. Our philosophy here turns a lot of people off. For instance, when we get phone calls here and they say: ‘I want a gay doctor’, we sort of look blank. We don’t know whether the

doctors we refer people to are gay or not. We assume they don't wish to fuck with their doctors. They need medical help of some kind. If they ask me how to find a gay apartment house I tell them: 'Why?'

"Why not? This subject has come up before. Some Gays are interested in the apartment house owner's being Gay and preferably renting to gay people."

Mr. Slater's expression grew positively fierce.

"Why should anyone WANT such a thing?"

"I am simply saying that some gays prefer to live in a gay lifestyle and there are a lot of such apartment houses."

"There is no such thing as a homosexual lifestyle. If you had read our literature, as Billy Glover had suggested, you would know that our philosophy here is based upon Hooker and Kinsey's observations. There is no such thing as gay awareness or gay pride or anything like that. Homosexuality is simply based upon a sex act. Gay consciousness and all the rest are separatist and defeatist attitudes going back to Centuries-old and outmoded conceptions that homosexuals are, indeed, different from other people. Cocksucking is not gay or straight because thousands of women are going down on their husbands every day. Apartheid thinking should not be based upon whether you are fruity or not."

"If you feel this way, why call yourselves the Homosexual Information Center then? Doesn't this set you apart from the rest of the world?"

"We are, basically, a think tank here. We wrestle with various problems and we purvey information about homosexuality to all the media. Thousands of letters pour in on us weekly and we mail out literature."

Mr. Slater opened a letter file and showed me some very impressive communications, including an inquiry from Newsweek magazine.

"We have no common culture. We only like to think we have. This is a plastic pansy way of thinking."

"Don't you approve of the M.C.C.?"

"Why? We should be trying to integrate ourselves. Not set ourselves

further apart by banding together in a separatist church. And THAT book by Merle Miller On Being Different. That book was a step back for us. It certainly wasn't a step forward. What the hell is gay awareness? Will you tell me?"

"Well, I think it is an awareness that you have a different motivation in life sexually from other people that sets you apart from the common stream of society."

"And this bit about a gay doctor. Why would anyone want that?"

"This question came up the other day during my coverage of the Gay Community Services Center on Wilshire. Gays frequently require throat and anal swabs in V.D. checkups. These precautionary measures are not part of the straight V.D. clinic routine and often cause a straight doctor to over-react when such procedures are requested. With gay doctors in a gay V.D. setting, this is all taken for granted. Consequently, the gay patient feels much more comfortable."

"Just recently we had the problem of this guy, Tabler I think his name was, who declared publicly that he was gay. Now, why would anybody want to do that? We are fighting here for the right of sexual privacy. Would you tell anyone what you had in your bank account? It's none of their fucking business! It is not a subject for discussion."



What you do in bed is nobody's business but your own. We have worked and largely succeeded here in getting the question of sexual orientation off of employment applications and armed forces questionnaires. We are heavily into upgrading discharges. No other organization in the city is into this area of inquiry. You may only ask a man about the professional level of his job performance. You may NOT ask him about his private sex life!"

David Kennedy, who had been listening quietly like an owl from the end of the sofa, cut in.

"We are trying to get out a package here that can go into college libraries and into reference shelves as an information supplement about homosexuality, the movement, and where its various centers are located around the country. We want to coordinate their work with ours. Tangents used to come out once a month for fifty cents. Our new package, published by HIC, will be free and we want to disseminate it as widely as possible. We want to get it into the hands of state legislators, into offices of doctors and to all counsellors dealing with young people."

Slater interjected:

"The homosexual movement has become an important issue in our country today. People want to know about it and how it all got started. University professors are assigning their students papers on it. The movement today (with background on its leaders) is as vital as the Civil Rights issue ever was. When the Mattachine Society went out of existence, they turned their corporation papers over to us. Minutes of their meetings . . . the smallest details were deemed relevant for our files. We even have the incorporation papers of the MCC. We have the early records on Pride Newsletter. We know just when Dick Michaels took over from Pride and turned it into the Advocate. In April of '65, we heisted . . . we literally heisted ONE INCORPORATED. In fact, it's almost an anniversary. On Easter Sunday, 1965, we hired professional heisters straight out of France with bandannas over their chins. We took everything and didn't leave so much as a return address stamp on

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POSITIVELY POLK STREET!

TOM McNAMARA

Whereas the Tenderloin Area has aspects of Skid Row including a high crime rate, Polk Street appears to be a locale which appeals to the older and more affluent homosexual. This is reflected in the type of bars found here. They are more comfortable and sociable, reflecting the presence of a more residentially stable homosexual population. . . . Male Homosexuals by Martin S. Weinberg & Colin J. Williams (Oxford University Press).

There's no doubt about it, Polk Street is a gay street. But it is not gay like New York's Christopher Street, which qualifies as a "gay ghetto", though an elegant one, at that. What is particularly interesting about Polk Street is the contrasts to be found. It ranges from the "piss pimp elegant" to the down-at-the-heels thrifty. It is particularly noticeable in Polk Street's clothing shops which range from the chi-chi Town Squire which is featuring velour hats and high fashion winter coats with expensive fur jackets, to the well-used duds found in such stores as The Blind Babies Thrift Shop and the Salvation Army's store just off Polk at Sutter. This makes Polk a great shopping street, because it's possible to spend all the egg money on something outrageously gauche at one of the nostalgia-tinged stores that feature thirties-style retreads

at seventies prices or pick up a good pair of bluejeans at one of the thrift stores for under a dollar. Ya pays your money and ya takes your choice.

There are many shops on Polk which would fit in well on Union Street. Philippine Imports, just a few steps off "the gay crossroads of the world" on California Street off Polk, is like a museum of exotic island crafts. You're liable to find hand-carved and exquisitely worm-eaten madonnas and crucifixes, the type of naked ladies who used to serve as ornaments on the prows of hearty sailing vessels, and until recently, a floor-to-ceiling cage of imprisoned birds. The store is very friendly and seems to dig browsers. Not too far away is another unique shop. This one is on Polk near Sacramento. The Mykonos Shop shows hand-knitted sweaters from that warm Greek Island and intricate golden pendants of Orthodox Christs and saints. There are icons, finely painted by hand, of course. Small statuettes of Posidon nestle on shelves awaiting idolators. The Greek records that play constantly will remind you of Zorba's wild dancing. Mykonos, too, is a grand place to browse.

The lady who runs the cluttered Continental, a "thing store" that contains old greeting cards, more statuettes, jewelry of every description, posters, and who-knows-whatall, told me that nobody

was interested in shopping there before the store got crowded with just about everything imaginable. She holds court there afternoons, plumped behind the counter, jawing with the neighborhood regulars. When you're browsing, check out the counter in the back where there is beautifully-crafted (and rather expensive) doll's house furniture, including a miniature Victorian velvet covered couch just like the one Dr. Siggy used to use.

It's possible to spend a good bit of money eating, drinking, and making merry in the bars and restaurants. But the regulars know where the bargains are. For instance, the Cathay Kitchen will never win any awards for culinary excellence, but its one of the few places on the street where you can



Among Polk Street's more colorful characters is Prince Arcadia Jesus Christ Satan who can frequently be found standing on the corner of Polk Street and California.

Photo by CRAWFORD BARTON

get a good-as-apple pie greasy cheeseburger for only 85 cents. The Chinese and American menu is a similar bargain. It, too, is just a few steps from the corner of Polk and California, which is a convenient end-of-the-line cable car stop. If you're just looking for a snack, the 24-hour donut shop next door has luscious blueberry filled sinkers for 28 cents. The bargain on coffee is across the street at The Raven, a coffeehouse-restaurant



Trees and awnings add cool class to the streets shopping blocks. Freed, Teller & Freed, adds the delicious aroma of freshly roasted and ground quality coffees, teas, and spices.

Photo by DAMON DeWINTERS

where the first cup is a quarter, but each subsequent refill is only a dime. If any place is the gathering spot for the less affluent Polkies, the Raven fills the bill. It used to be open day and night and it tried its hand at a fancy upstairs restaurant, but all that is past now and it's just a Polk Street funky hangout where the jukebox plays The Stones and the part-time hippy hustlers dream of "the ultimate trick" as they come in out of the cold after spare-changing the price of a cup of coffee or some warming soup. Nothing fancy here. Wear your most dilapidated jeans. If you're young, male, and blond you'll find the Raven very friendly. Very. But there isn't really that much anti-feminism and many "fag hags" make the scene. At its best, the gay scene is really gay, with the queens keeping things happy and laughably even when life becomes almost totally grim. One of the best places to sample the ambiance is The Raven, which gets frantic only on Friday and Saturday night when the outlanders from Marin try to cram a week of living it up into two nights. Otherwise, the Raven is sparsely empty, particularly on weekday afternoons and is a good place to sip some coffee and catch

up on the papers. The food, however, is over-priced and it's said it is rather cheap food "doctored up" to look "organic" and health-filled. Caveat emptor.

Of course, as Drs. Weinberg and Wilson so rightfully point out, the area is known for its bars. Some, like the flamboyant new Buzzby's which has a front-of-the-building mural which would incite the fulminations of the vice squad in most other cities, are out-and-out gay cruising places. (Buzzby's was featured in IN TOUCH No. 16.) The Rose & Thistle around the corner and just off Polk & California is less compulsively homosexual and features a mixed crowd of gays and straights, men and women and loud rock band on weekends. Be warned,



Polk Street is easily reached by San Francisco's transportation system including the popular cable cars which stop at Polk & California.

Photo by DAMON DeWINTERS

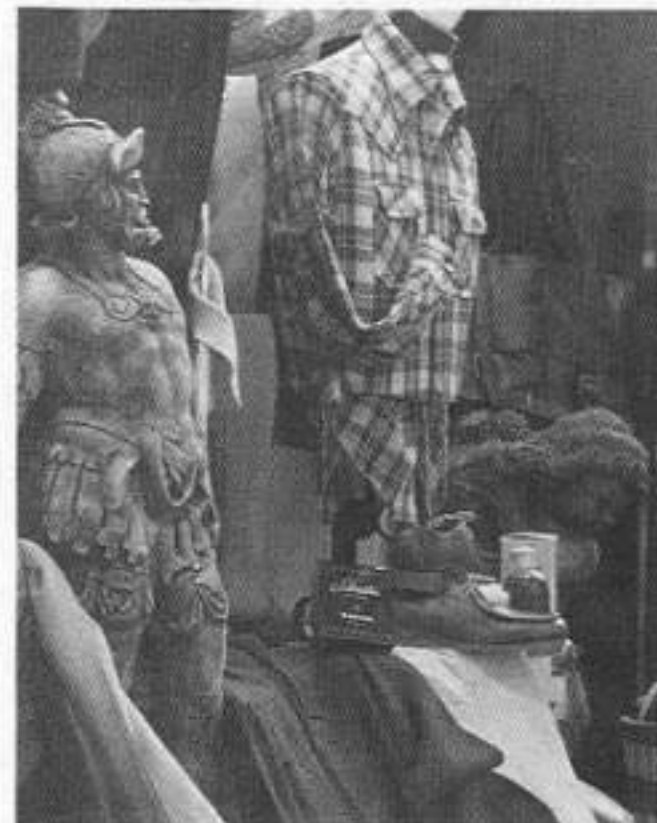
however: On my first visit the bartender never returned any change from the dollar I gave him for a beer. "I thought it was a tip," is what he told me when I called him on this less-than-ethical practice. It is things like this that make a place like the Rose & Thistle less than a delight. But there are poetry readings weekly (I haven't checked them out yet) and a rather warm atmosphere alongside a roaring fireplace. Another bar, The Lands End, about a block away up California has a new gimmick. You can broil your own steak for \$2.50 which

they claim is "cheaper than eating at home."

Surprisingly, Polk Street is developing into quite a literary scene, if the profusion of bookstores is any barometer. There are four good stores without easy jaunting distance of one another, offering a good selection of books, both hardbound and paperback, both used and new. New Era Books on California just off Polk has the largest selection of used books in the area and is a friendly store to browse in. A new store on the very corner of Polk and California is heavier on records than books, but there's a good selection there as well. About halfway up the block between California and Pine is The Fields Bookstore which the owners claim is NOT owned by the ghost of that funny man who hated dogs and children. Fields Bookstore has a floor-to-ceiling collection of occult and metaphysical books. The startling face of Gurdieff stares through the windows, mustacho unsheathed. When you browse Fields, look for the \$100 facsimile edition of the record of the encounter of Dr. Dee and his assistant which the angels. This unusual book is high on a shelf above the works of Aleister Crowley, who is enjoying a recent popularity.

As you're walking up to The Paperback, you might want to fill up on an inexpensive sandwich or some hot Chinese food at the Polk &

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This window of the Town Squire is typical of the selection of clothes-conscious residents and visitors have to browse.

Photo by DAMON DeWINTERS

When IT confronted me to write an article about gay awareness in my own city, I didn't think I could. I'm not a professional writer and I never considered myself too great on English grammar. However, the more I thought about it the more I found myself at least wanting to try. So what say we just rap a bit about being gay and living in this area of the world. No, this isn't New York City or Los Angeles, It isn't any where near either of those.

As for me, I'm no one of importance to you. Just your average young man who works every day to try to cover enough ground to call his life fulfilled. I own and operate a small business here. Out of sheer luck, it is growing a bit. In my spare time I write songs. Being a dreamer of sorts, I do hope one day to become a successful recording artist. But for now, I'm happy to just let others record my songs.

I suppose one could say I'm a happy person. I try not to let the pressures of the world keep me in a state of depression too long. I try to enjoy myself in almost everything I do and do my best to help others follow suit. Among my hobbies are music, life, and just listening and understanding why other people are what they are. I feel people have become too distant with each other. No one really lives on good ol' Mother Earth anymore. Everyone is off in his or her own little world and just want to remain there. But I'm not here to give a speech — just chat about gay life here.

I have often heard it said among gays: "I love the quiet life. I'd love to find a place where I can live in a cozy little home, alone or with my lover; enjoy occasional company, and just share love. A place where ruth and openness among friends prevail and the community is willing to just let me be what I am—me."

There is such a place. It dwells along the banks of the Mississippi River among the huge moss-covered oaks like an open door with a neon sign reading "try life here." A door to a world where yesterday is today, today is today, and tomorrow is today. It's where shopping centers of today's world mingle with the magnificent



River view from the Gazebo

NATCHEZ

a place to call home

By JOSEPH QUAVE



Dunleith



Mt. Locust



Natchez under the Hill

antebellum homes of yesterday; and space-age technology coordinates with the lingering customs of our forefathers. A place where one can imagine Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler pulling in the drive of old Tara in their new Eldorado Cadillac. Such is the setting of Natchez, Mississippi.

It is to be found in Natchez, all the eloquence and tranquility of yesteryear. Those who love the way life seemed in the early eighteen hundreds will find Natchez to be one of the most pleasurable to visit. Ever so often one can hear the famed "southern" accent among the people. The fantastic mansions and old homes are preserved in their original state and many are open to tourists for examination at their will. The expensive antique furnishings will astound anyone, in sight as well as the fact that they are still in use today.

Just listening to the older citizens tell of the history of the city will captivate one for hours. Tales of the old Natchez-Under-The-Hill, as the city's original ground is called, and its breathtaking realisms are too true to believe. Being then a riverboat town. Natchez-Under-The-Hill leaves one to his own imaginations of the deaths and killings that once took place in the taverns and countryside. Only one section remains due to landslides of the banks of the Mighty Mississippi; but even this is enough to landmark the grim site of long ago.

There are also tales of plague,

war, pirates, and landslides. Landslides taking down entire sections of the city in one night, such as the once eloquent homes of Clifton Avenue, a sight known for its prominence and glamour. Now about three-fourths amid the muddy, evil waters of the Mississippi.

While it is true the entire state of Mississippi is known and considered "backwoods" and Red Neck country by the media; today it has conformed to meet the rise of the new era — the new society. Life here is not one constant struggle to be yourself among "Hillbillies."

Not considered an "in" spot for gay life, Natchez to those of us who live here is enjoyable and even pleasurable. There are NO bars. Nor are there protest marches for the rights of gays and Gay Liberation. However, there is NO police harassment and the people of the area don't seem upset by the thought of two persons; be it male and male, female and female, or male and female; being together and enjoying their lives.

Yes, there are quite a number of gays in the city. Doctors, lawyers, store owners, singers, laborers, and students — you name it. All possess a touch of we "limp wrist" characters. But gay life is quiet and easy-going. It is limited by the gays themselves — not the city.

Lovers are commonly found because of the lack of temptation and simplicity of happily living together. Jobs are plentiful for both parties and, be they apartment

dwellers or crop farmers, they can follow their loves here. In quiet solitude or among a host of friends, they can watch their homes (as well as their love) grow into just what they want it to be.

Singles never seem to complain about the lack of prospects, either. One can always luck into a tourist or traveling salesperson passing through the area. Or he or she can keep in touch with friends in town to meet the good friend-of-a-friend who came for a visit or whatever. If one needs a little action or gets the urge for dancing, they can simply hop on up to Jackson, Mississippi or Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Both are sites of universities and several good bars. Of course, New Orleans is close at hand also. This is known worldwide for its active "social" clubs. These places and other smaller sites are just a short drive from Natchez. Should things develop beyond expectation while away; there is always the excitement of — shall we say — a party returning the pleasure by visiting one on his own home grounds for further deliberations of the subject at hand.

Cruising is very heavy in the city. There are special sections of the town which are preferred by the residents for this purpose, as I guess is true with all cities. The riverfront is the most prospective. One can listen to the passing of tugs (boats) and rippling waves along

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NEW ORLEANS

HAS NEW LIFE

By TOD JONSON

New Orleans is like a work of art. Art is literally priceless — that is to say, without price or beyond price. Art cannot be measured by money, and neither can New Orleans. It is one of those rare cities you must visit with a heart that is free to absorb and experience all its beauty. It is through the heart that one sees clearly. New Orleans has lots for one to see!

Edgar Degas, the master French Impressionist, while visiting friends in New Orleans 103 years ago, wrote back to his artist colleagues in France saying: "Fair France still has a quarter of a foot in Louisiana. Villas with columns in different styles, painted white, in gardens of magnolias, orange trees, banana trees, negroes in old clothes

— rosy white children in black arms, omnibuses drawn by mules, the tall funnels of the steamboats towering at the end of the main street — that is a bit of local colour — everything is beautiful here in this world of people. Manet would see lovely things — even more than I do."

Today, Degas would see some of the most beautiful people in the world. Physically, this region of the country produces some extraordinary examples of beauty.

Vieux Carre (The French Quarter) has changed little since those days when Degas traveled by foot for the first time through Jackson Square (with a clear view of the Mighty Mississippi River), down Toulouse, Conti, Bienville, Dumaine, Esplanade, Burgundy,

Royal, Decatur, Chartres, Bourbon Streets, into magnificent iron-grilled balconied shops still doing business in the languid deep south atmosphere. Degas would have been as thrilled today as then. Although the colorful clothing of today is minus "period attire," the spirit of The Quarter is as energetic and enthusiastic as it has always been.

There is a new side of New Orleans, one that did not openly exist in generations past! There is a warm, enthusiastic, vivacious, languid, smooth gay side of New Orleans that is not troubled with the outside world. It is everywhere — this new expression of people.

The underground has come above the ground, and trouble-free! Trouble-free is so much as most



Jackson Square in New Orleans is a comfortable place to linger on a walking tour of the French Quarter. It is one of the most interesting areas in the city because it remains the hub of the old city.



The Cabildo in New Orleans. In this building, erected originally as the seat of the Spanish colonial government, the transfer of the Louisiana territory took place in 1803.



Le Monnier House in New Orleans is known as the first "Skyscraper" in the colony, having been built in 1811.



Photos courtesy of New Orleans Tourist and Convention Commission



The St. Charles Avenue Streetcar Line is the last of the New Orleans Streetcars. Its route runs from Canal Street downtown, up St. Charles Avenue and past the Garden District. Visitors find it a delightful way to enjoy and see the town.

people don't give a damn what anyone else's sexual preferences are. I suppose maybe some tourists (who do flock there in abundance) would probably give the evil eye to a painfully obvious number of the homophile community, but in truth, those tourists linger but a very short time . . . everything settles down again, and then the New Orleans' world of "live and let live" attitude continues the same as before.

It is impossible to imagine anyone being up-tight over anything in The French Quarter. Even the walls of its historic old buildings still reek with the liberal attitudes of the truly great artists that have poured out of nearly every night spot on Bourbon Street — the jazz street of the world. The great Al Hirt reopened his own club the night we arrived in New Orleans (for my very first time) to not only a packed house — but a packed street. All traffic ceases at approximately 4:00 p.m. allowing a mall atmosphere to predominate over the approaching evening's festivities.

And festive it is!!! There seems no pretense at hiding open affection between heterosexual or homophile, or a mixture of both. It is a pre-carnival time wherein complete freedom seems most evident. I was amazed at the openness of spirit the people possessed in all of New

Orleans, not just the French Quarter. Whether this is a pre-party spirit that reigns only during the two weeks before Mardi Gras and the Festival, it is hard to determine, since I personally have no history to draw upon under "usual" conditions. I had the feeling it is usually a "year-round-party-time"!

In speaking with some of the shop, bar, and club owners, their candid opinion was: "Hell, man, I don't care what someone else does. I want everyone to enjoy our city just like I do. I've been here twenty-two years, talked with some fifteen million people, and I love 'em all." Ironically enough, I believe him because 35 out of 38 other business owners had exactly the same thing to say. Sexual preferences do not seem to enter into any arrangement which has a conclusion. Why should it anyway? Money is money; business is business; personalities are personalities! Any encounter between two people lasts only as long as the willingness to share exists. Whether the encounter proves beneficial to each partner or not determines the length of the relationship regardless of sex.

This is probably why relationships seem so productive in New Orleans. The vitality expressed is contagious. It adds new life and sparkle to the old traditions. It also gives credit to the spirit of freedom that exists among its peo-

ple who are involved with tourism, performing, trinket shops, hotels, restaurant owning (they have the greatest French cooking outside of France), entertainment palaces, decorating, night club owning (which thrive in abundance in this atmosphere), antique stores, religious relics, museums (in profusion . . . all extremely fascinating), theatres, etc., etc.

One of the most impressing items of this journey was the obvious respect all these varied people have for one another. As involved with each other as they are, there is that deep Southern regard and respect for one's fellow man no matter where you stand on the social ladder. It is a lesson much of America could and should learn before it is too late. Certainly New Orleans has its share of problems, but one can rely on the fact there will be someone to give a helping hand of assistance when needed.

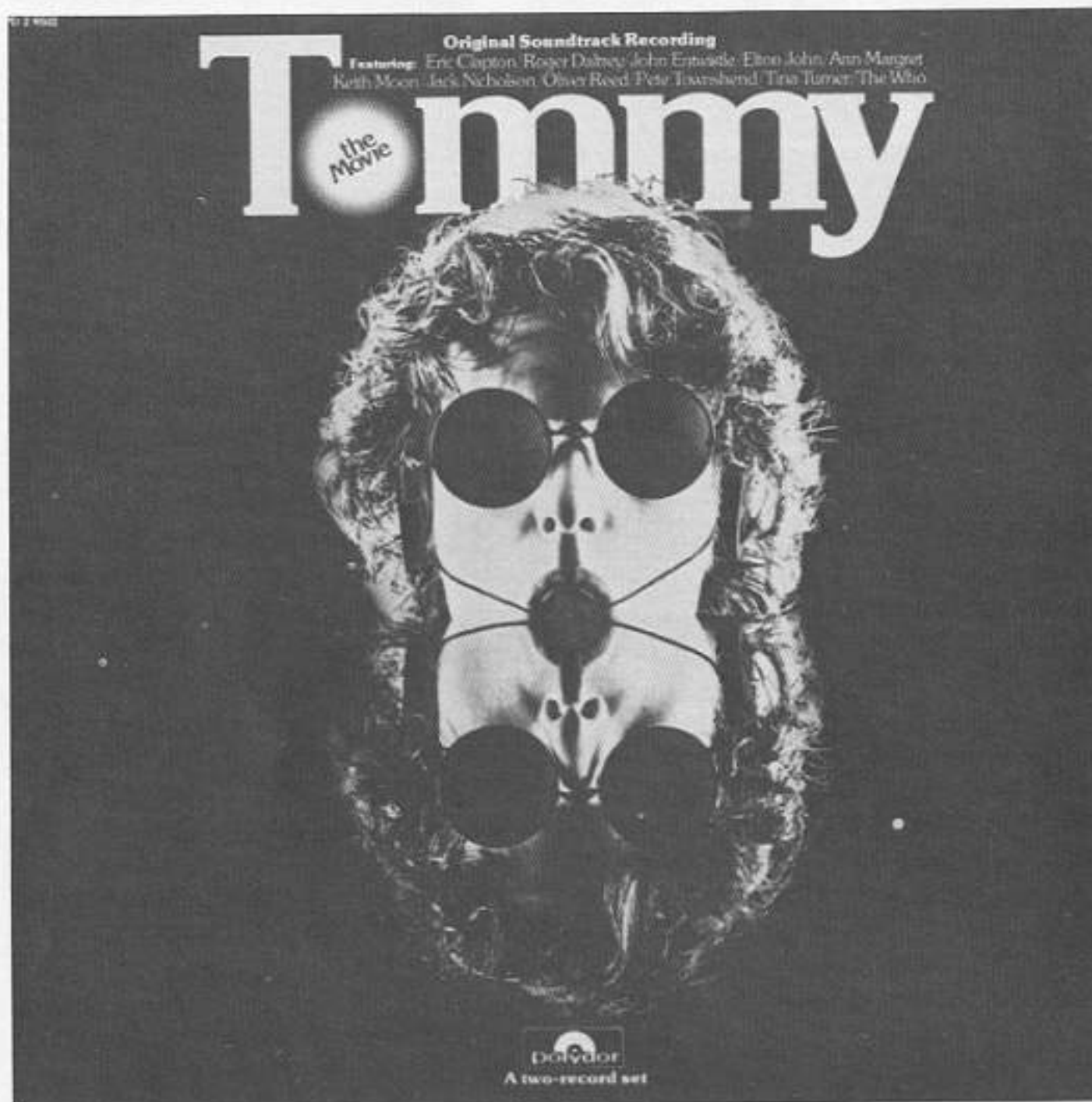
When it came time to leave New Orleans, I looked back over all the marvelous happenings that took place during those few days, and thought, "Why this city has been celebrating next year's bicentennial for years!" By this time next year, New Orleans may explode with the added impact of our 200 year birthday!

It is truly a gay city, no matter what reading one wishes to give the word.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

MUSIC

HUGH HARRISON



That fabulous, campy, gaudy, fun, dancing - on - the - edge - of - the - world, legendary place that most of us have only read about and that had been given up for lost is again live and well and living in **England!** It just exploded back on the scene with a fantastic one-two-three punch, the likes of which hasn't been seen in this town since the end of the outrageous Twenties. It did take the English to bring it back to life, however.

All this shouting is about, of course, "Tommy."

That one-two-three punch is:

One:

"Tommy," the movie, from Columbia and Robert Stigwood. In it Ken Russell, the director, has finally found a story that perfectly

suits his peculiar, far-out style. Granted that the philosophy of the whole thing is strictly early Sixties naive, still in Russell's hands, he makes you forget the silly holes. The one thing he's always been great with is his actresses. This is no exception, pulling a dazzling performance from Ann-Margret as the Mother and an absolutely stunning one from Tina Turner, the Acid Queen, who all but burns up the screen. Russell's other heavy trump suit is his eye for images and this is one of the most stunning films, visually, I've seen in years.

Two:

The Super Party, which doesn't owe so much to the English as to Ann-Margret's good, old-fashioned sense of stardom, when everything

and everyone was wild and flamboyant. The party was fun and wonderful and as stunning in its way as the film, which inspired it. This truly was a stirring of the ghost of a long-ago Hollywood, mixing all the mis-matched stars of then, now, liberal and conservative and, throwing in for spice, some really way out types, like Craig Russell's drag of Mae West right on to the Cycle Sluts. Adding a dash of current taste, it was held in Studio One, the West Coast's answer to Reno Sweeny's and The Brothers and Sisters, the famous New York bi-bars. In a word, lights and stars and fun and camp . . . well, see the story in this issue of **IN TOUCH** and you'll get some inkling of what I mean.

Three:

The brand new, best selling (it was awarded a gold record within seconds of being released) sound track L.P., "Tommy" (Polydor PD 2-9502). Now, I sincerely wish I could like the recording as much as the film or had as much fun hearing it as I did at the party. Alas, it just ain't so. Not that it is a bad recording, it isn't. In fact, it's good, quite good! I would definitely recommend it to anyone who doesn't own a copy and has seen the film. I'd even recommend it to those of you who DO have a copy and have seen the film.

Still, I'm afraid it isn't quite up to the original, minor classic "Tommy" (MCA 2-1005) by the group responsible for its inception and success, The Who. If you are going to buy only one version and really want the best available, then by all means stick with that one. It has a raw courage very rare in rock-n-roll. The producer and primary composer — although all the members of The Who had a hand in the writing — Pete Townshend really pulled rock up to the ranks of respectability with its release. As you must know, it was followed by a rash of imitators (like the far less successful, in every way, "Jesus Christ Superstar"), but still remains a high mark for the scope and width for a recorded production. That is originally what "Tommy" was intended to be, just a record production.

The attempt to let it go at that, a vigorous original, was resisted by

I really didn't realize how visual the film was until I heard the record. I must admit that so much of what excited me in the film is sadly missing in the L.P. I feel a little like I'm suffering from vinyl lag.

palling. For this, only the producers can be held accountable.

The record's biggest surprise is Roger Daltrey, who was so-so good in the film but is really great on the

But . . . it is up to Elton John to bring off the very best recorded performance. His Pinball Wizard has leapt up on the charts and justly so. How did he manage to bring off this little trick, when he was good but not great in the film? Simple . . . he brought in his own record producer! No dummy, this kid! And . . . he was right, too! In the middle of the muddle, Elton John leaps out at you, grabs you and really gives you a spin for your money!

All in all, it's still worth the money for the two record set. They have been redoing grand opera for years and recently have added record productions of musicals to the overflowing L.P. catalogues. It is nice to know that rock is finally being thought of as something more than that music that drives you crazy while you are searching for Percy Faith on the car radio! I've always stopped at the rock stations, Percy Faith and ilk are booring! New, since it's been discovered and sanctioned by the powers that be, let's just hope that they allow it to retain the raw, urgent power that has made it a musical force in the first place! In other words, next time guys, let rock producers produce what is still basically rock-n-roll!



ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

THEATER

ALLAN LEOPOLD

AND PUPPY DOG TAILS

"Snips and Snails 'And Puppy Dog Tails,' that's what little boys are made of." Or so goes the nursery rhyme and the gay play devised from it has finally arrived in our city at the After Dark bistro on Beverly Boulevard.

It has had an astonishing history before making the trek here. In 1970 it was one of the biggest money-makers on Broadway and just everyone in Gotham was positively flocking to see it. Then producer-actor Michael Devereaux got involved in other projects, turned down several lucrative movie offers for it but did allow a San Francisco production and one in Chicago that stood them up for a year and a half. Last season he was persuaded to book a tour throughout the deep South beginning in Atlanta, Georgia, continuing through Texas, on into the French Quarter of New Orleans and thence to Los Angeles.

Well, my dears, wouldn't you know that, as soon as the Atlanta fuzz clapped eyes on the frontal nudity, Mr. Devereaux and all the cast were promptly arrested and bound over for trial. The only way to spring himself and his cast from the pokey was to pony up \$535, admit he had staged an obscene play and get the hell out of town. This experience so unnerved Michael that he cancelled out the rest of his Southern tour and came directly to the City of the Angels. Only here he couldn't find a suitable theatre for a boy-boy play and he was forced to take quarters in the upstairs room of After Dark, newly refurbished after that disastrous fire. The only trouble with this arrangement is that the owners of A-D are in the booze business and they have cabaret musicians downstairs entertaining the drinking clientele. This makes for a great deal of noise wafting up to "And Puppy Dog Tails," which becomes absolutely ruinous to the third-act dramatic tension.

I am happy to report, however, that the play is an important gay production, well-directed and at least two out of the four principals are outstanding. Indeed, 26-year-old Christian Erickson as the queen, Tommy, is positively priceless and gives one of the richest, most thoroughly professional and satisfying performances seen on our local stage in quite a while. He is really worth the price of admission and David Man (the talented producer of "Woyzeck's Follies" which KPFK aired recently) thought he came across like Maggie Smith in

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Glenda Jackson and Patrick Stewart, in the production of "Hedda Gabler", by arrangement with the Governors of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre.

HEDDA

The opening of "Hedda Gabler," starring the magic box-office name of Britain's Glenda Jackson, brought out all the 400 en masse: Greer Garson and Buddy Fogelson, Kirk Douglas's son, Michael, with Brenda Vaccaro, Donna Reed, Gregory Peck, Lee Grant, Hal Wallis and Martha Hyer, Army Archerd, George Segal (her co-star of "A Touch of Class") and Miss Christine Jorgenson. The Hartford was packed with expectant Ibsen fans and I must report that the Royal Shakespeare Company was truly royal up to the intermission. And then the play fell quickly to pieces. All of the careful exposition, so impeccably performed, was written by Henrik to build to a scorching climax in which the poisonous Hedda spews venom on the world and then is caught up, herself, in the boiling excretion of her own bile. Miss Jackson maintains a conversational approach throughout. At the third act curtain, she sits before the fire, flipping pages of Luvborg's book into the flames, purring like an annoyed kitten:

"I'm burning your baby, Thea. Yours and Eilert Luvborg's child."

At this point I thought to myself: "Well, there goes the old ball game."

Of course, Mr. Ibsen has written a fourth act that is virtually un-



John Barrett - Christian Erickson - Bill Leonard - "And Puppy Dog Tails".



Jennie Linden - Glenda Jackson in a scene from Ibsen's creation of "Hedda Gabler".

GABLER

playable today, studded with clinkers like:

"Your burning passion for me, Hedda! . . . You burned the manuscript!"

Trevor Nunn, a very youthful and bearded director, has guided the play to the stage in a rather sedentary manner. Hedda lies on a chaise-lounge for much of the time and then she has a longish sit in a high-backed Norwegian chair. When the intermission is over and the bolder emotions are called for, Miss Jackson's reluctance to get the steam up produces a colder play than the playwright intended. When she draws the drapes across and the fatal shot is heard, the effect is strangely hollow and quite uninvolved. It's rather like preparing for Christmas with a beautiful tree, lots of tinsel and carols and no presents. At one point Miss Jackson enters a rust-colored set, attired in a gown that blends right into it. For the record, my actress-companion informed me it was a golden amber peau de soie day dress.

When Eilert Luvborg expires and his lifelong love, Thea, gets wind of this, Jennie Linden reacts as if it were tiresome to have her afternoon spoiled. But, actually, this dead-ringer for Debbie Reynolds is a splendid actress.

Dated plays can prove

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SEAGULLS OF 1933

"Seagulls of 1933," an Actor's Alley production by Frank Salisbury at the Sherman Oaks Playhouse on Van Nuys Boulevard, is one of those rare plays that really excites a critic. His enthusiasm is generated by the fact that he is in on the birth pains of a major new work. You know Mr. Salisbury can be funny from the moment you read his analysis of the director in the program:

"Throughout the world of theatre the name Logan Ramsey is synonymous with things that mean the same. Wherever stage and film people gather for cocktails at the Raincheck Room, three men are inevitably mentioned: Torg Eggerstrom of Oslo; Yoshiro Tobofuni of Nagasaki and Logan Ramsey of Sherman Oaks. Logan, however, is peerless among his peers for his ability to take a new, untried play and bend and twist it into a final bent and twisted form, surprising even to the playwright."

His lines are witty and profound: "Beautiful bodies should never be hidden. We have them such a short time as it is."

The decrepit Colonel Gore replies to the question:

"Where have you picked for your honeymoon?"

"I'd like to go to Johns-Hopkins but your mother has her heart set on Mayo Brothers."

"My father was nothing but a billionaire. Once, when I was a boy, my temperature got up to 104 and my father said: Sell! Sell!"

Francesca Debenning, the wealthy boy-eating bitch:

"I can easily pass for a girl of 42. Atilla the honey they called me. I see myself as a female Robin Hood. I take from the senile and give to the immature."

The peripatetic nurse, Margaret Beaumont, observes:

"When you live in Sparta you try not to think of Troy."

And the sex-starved school teacher who passes herself off as the super Stud's mother, Lillian

Monroe:

"I'm gonna look for a high cliff but I've got one more meal comin' at the hotel."

All of this textual poetry makes for an evening akin to what we've come to expect from Jean Anouilh. And the scenes between Ann Olivia and the Colonel create the kind of magic that spells smash hit on Broadway.

Briefly, the play concerns an aging Satyr slowly dying of boredom on a private beach somewhere in the south of France. The villa belongs to Francesca Debenning who manipulates the lives of those who accept her largesse. There is a negro maid, much given to bursting into snatches of operatic arias, who dreams of having her name in lights at La Scala although La Scala never puts the names of its artists on a marquee. There is the nurse, Miss Beaumont, who plans to marry the Colonel as a means of retiring from the profession. Onto the private beach comes a plump old bore of a schoolteacher, Miss Monroe, who is ordered off by Francesca until her Greek God companion, Van Thomas, comes into view, at which point she is made most welcome. For Miss Debenning takes Van Thomas immediately to bed with her, as who wouldn't? Later on, a

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Margaretta Ramsey - George Cederberg - Sandy Ignon in "Seagulls of 1933".

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

BOOKS

JIM KEPNER

Pumping Iron

The Art and Sport of Bodybuilding
by Charles Gaines and George Butler



Plain Speaking
an oral biography of
Harry S. Truman
by Merle Miller



THE MAN
WITH THE
CANDY
THE STORY
OF THE
HOUSTON
MASS
MURDERS
by Jack Olsen



"Love is eternal
and will conquer the real."

The mystery of Dean Corll, the Houston candyman alleged to have killed 27 or more youths between 1970 and his own death in August 1973, is not likely to fade. It is back now with Jack Olsen's book **THE MAN WITH THE CANDY**, \$7.95 from Simon & Schuster. Unlike the earlier **MASS MURDER IN HOUSTON** by John Gurwell, Cordovan Press, Houston, \$1.75, Olsen tells the first half of his story from the viewpoint of the parents, the Hillgiests, the Winkles, the Baulch's, as one by one or in pairs, their sons disappear, sometimes with a desperate phonecall of a letter following their disappearance. They are very moving stories, a bit burdened by heavy use of dialect, and high-lighted by some lively description of Houston itself.

And throughout the accounts of all these families, there are the shadowy figures of Dean Corll and David Brooks, and particularly of Wayne Henley, moving through the background, barely noticed at the time. It is a world of disintegrating families, but mostly of parents who held tenaciously to their role as parents, who couldn't believe that their sons would simply run off, whatever happened to other young boys. And it is a story repeated over and over of the Houston police just not giving a damn about missing children . . .

The Gurwell book starts at the point which Olsen reaches after 100 heart-tearing pages, when Elmer Wayne Henley phoned the police and told them he had killed Corll in self-defense. Gurwell is a stronger detective-story writer. He holds up the suspense as the bodies are dug up en masse in the boatshed at Lake Rayburn and at High Island. He is best in dealing with the story from the viewpoint of the police and the politicians. Olsen sticks close to the stricken families in the faded Heights district, and between them,

they circle around but never find a way to zero in on the man at the core of the mystery.

There seems almost no reason to doubt that innocent-seeming Dean Corll was at the center of the mystery. There is not that much reason to fully believe the testimony of Henley and Brooks that Corll was every step of the way the leader, the tempter, the boss of the long series of sex murders. But alternate explanations seem less probable. We are left with the terrible enigma, the why, the desperate feeling that (as with Oswald in Dallas), if only he'd been allowed to live, maybe we'd know now why all this had happened. It's unlikely that it would have made any difference, and if Henley is telling the truth in that one count, it was either Corll's life, or those of the three young people he had tied down and was preparing to kill . . .

THE HAPPY HUSTLER, My Own Story, by Grant Tracy Saxon, has been issued with a flurry of publicity by Warner Paperback Library (\$1.75) with every effort to capitalize on the success of Xaviera Hollander's racy **THE HAPPY HOOKER**. And not the least part of their emphasis in all that publicity is on the 8-page, full-cover foldout — "first time ever in a paperback book" showing exactly what young Mr. Saxon has had to offer to a long line of customers, both female and male, though the reader should be cautioned that the full eight inches Mr. Saxon talks about aren't exactly evident in these photographs. And some bitter readers might run to their paperback bookshelves and pull down several paperbacks which displayed a good bit more of the wares even if the pages didn't fold out.

It's a lively story, a rather tall one, reading like good sexy fiction more than real autobiography, and I doubt that it will shove **CITY OF NIGHT** out of its special spot. The

author, otherwise known as off-Broadway actor Michael Kearns, spins a lively story, which he claims to have written in three days, and he promises more revelations in later books — like guessing games on the identity of some of his more famous bed-partners. I think that most readers will be left with the feeling that the author has probably had intimate knowledge of the world of hustling. But has he really told his own life story as it happened? That, I suspect, is another story entirely . . .

GAY SPIRIT, A Guide to Becoming a Sensuous Homosexual, by David Loovis, Grove Press, \$6.95, bears a family resemblance to several popular outpourings whose names the subtitle here apes. I wish he'd stuck to the subtitle, and gone ahead purely with his admitted aim of satirizing all those sensuous titles. Loovis seems to have little sense that gay spirit means anything more than so much bouncing around in bed, anymore than he keeps clear the distinction between sensual and sensuous.

But that doesn't mean I didn't enjoy the book. It is lively, often worldly-wise, entertaining, and offers a lot of sound advice to those whose love-life isn't up to snuff. A lot of his advice on grooming and dress is strictly for New Yorkers, and on many points, Don Holliday did the job better (**SEX AND THE SINGLE GAY**) several years ago, but Loovis is addressing himself to a more male-identifying type of gay than the Man from Camp was concerned with.

For emphasis: If you aren't making it socially and sexually, there's advice here that would be worth considering. It is sugar-coated and easy to read, the kind of book especially designed for those who don't have all day to read one . . .

If you haven't gotten around to Merle Miller's earthy account of Harry Truman, **PLAIN SPEAKING**, it's worth curling up with for a day or two. Available now in paperback, Berkley Medallion, at \$1.95, it's good for several entertaining and perceptive hours of salty and heart-warming reading, even if you weren't much a fan of give-em-hell-Harry, as I long wasn't.

It's one of the tally-points of gay liberation progress that Miller could come out publicly as he did in January 1971, and later launch a blockbuster book like this which has nothing to do with gayness. A few years back Black writers were rarely allowed to write about anything but the Black experience, so it is significant here that virtually no reviewers have brushed off Miller's account of the former President by gay-baiting the author as scores of reviewers did to Tennessee Williams and Edward Albee a decade back.

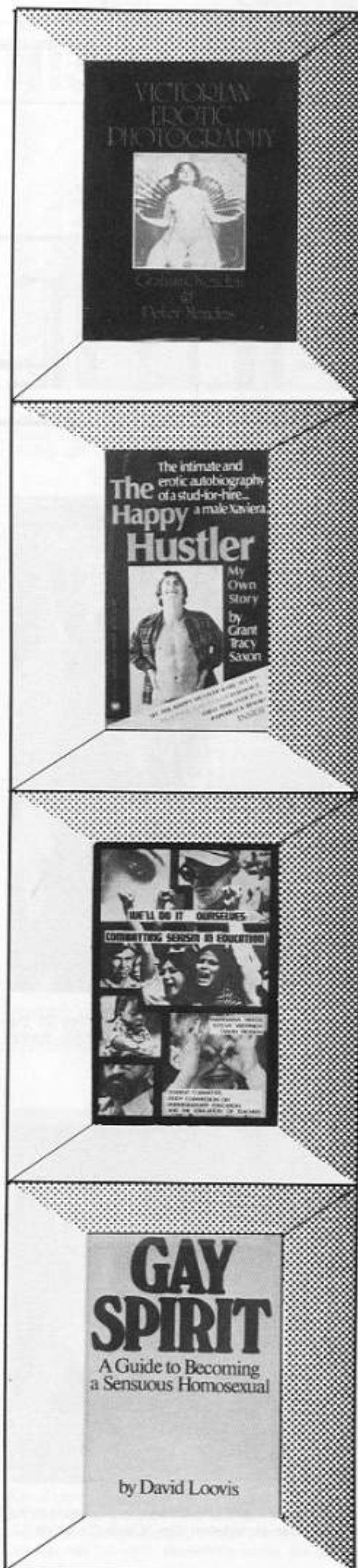
Miller had taped the interviews 13 years ago for a TV series that never came off, but he kept his notes of the talks with the fiesty first citizen of Independence, Missouri, and has here presented them virtually intact. Not every historian will agree with Truman's assessment of the post-World War II days, but his sharper opinions are a tonic after some of the presidential rhetoric we've heard in recent years.

Several advisers had pressed Miller to cut out Truman's telling about a time he was making a speech and a small boy nervously asked, "Mr. President, was you popular when you was a boy?"

"Why no," the President answered, "the popular boys were the ones who were good at games and who had big, tight fists. I was never like that. Without my glasses I was blind as a bat, and to tell the truth, I was kind of a sissy. If there was any danger of getting into a fight, I always ran. I guess that's why I'm here today."

VICTORIAN EROTIC PHOTOGRAPHY by Graham Ovenden and Peter Mendes, St. Martin's Press, is both a delight and a disappointment. A delight as it traces in a brief text and in rich photos the earliest use of erotic themes in the new art that got rolling about 135 years ago; but disappointing in that the authors (Ovenden is a painter and a collector of antique photos) have given us an almost exclusively heterosexual selection, which was not the exclusive direction of Victorian aesthetic interest. Three studies by Delacroix include a nude male. One by Rejlander, fully clothed, touches

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

FILMS

JOHN MARVIN

FILMEXCESS



Buster Crabbe as Flash Gordon comes to the rescue in the classic serial, run in its entirety during the marathon.



Bjorn Donner (right) and friend share a sauna in the Finnish near-exploitation film "Black On White."

Probably the biggest thing to happen on the Los Angeles movie-going scene since Sid Grauman, is The Los Angeles International Film Exposition — more familiarly called Filmex ("a tradition since 1971"). Each spring Filmex brings two weeks of concentrated top-flight movies to L.A. and leaves serious film students, ardent buffs, and a fair cross section of the interested public satiated and near exhaustion. Filmex is a non-competitive event; the emphasis is on entertainment and on providing an opportunity for audiences to see films that would otherwise have only a



Bruno Zanin cops a feel in a movie theatre in this scene from Fellini's "Amarcord."

limited distribution, if any at all.

The three past Filmex (Filmexes? Filmices?) have been entertaining and intriguing festivals, and it is therefore a disappointment to report that this year's program simply wasn't up to par. If I had to describe this year's Filmex in one word, that word would be "excess." The planners apparently operated on the philosophy of "the more the better," but there is a point beyond which more becomes simply too much, and that point was reached and surpassed with some frequency this year.

There were just too many events (88 of them in 14 days), and several of the special programs were too broad in concept. Even individual films were for the most part self-indulgent and over-long. I don't know whether the programming committee was using the dartboard method of selection or whether this just wasn't a bumper crop year for European product, but while Filmex usually has a good half-dozen or more films that leave me glad I'm such a movie freak, this year all but two or three pictures had me wishing I'd stayed home and watched the "Happy Days" reruns. At least Ronnie Howard is fun to look at.

No film more perfectly epitomized the excessiveness of the festival than "Celine and Julie Go



James Dean's classic "East of Eden" was run at the festival. It is one of only three major films done by the sensitive young star of the '50s.

Boating," an amusing little half-hour story crushed beneath an excruciating three hours and ten minutes of film. It's all about two young women who somehow create out of their collective subconscious a story which has substance outside of themselves. This inner story concerns the murder of a young child by the child's aunt. The two women, however, are unhappy with the conclusion of the story and decide to enter it themselves and to try to alter the outcome. All this is an intriguing idea, and anybody who was still awake at the end just might have been glad he held out, although director Jacques Rivette gives one very little reason for holding out until the last half-hour or so.

"Trompe L'Oeil," by Claude d'Anna, is twice as bad as "Celine and Julie," even though it is only half as long. It's one of those ponderous bores dripping with symbolism that give art films a bad name. Laure Dechasnel plays a pregnant woman who has a day-long blackout, and then becomes the central figure in a series of weird events. Who is the mysterious bearded man lurking about the empty house? What is the secret of the stolen painting? Who knows? Who cares? Max von Sydow, the brilliant international star, gets top billing in this French

film, but he could have telephoned in his part. Future audiences would be wise to telephone in their attendance.

From Finland came "Black On White," a tale of the infidelities of a man not young and yet not quite middle-aged, either. The writer, editor, director, star, and distributor are all one Bjorn Donner, whose face and other parts are familiar to regulars in many European "skin flick" houses, where his films usually play. Donner himself generally appears in them under the stage name Bjorn Thunder. His films have not been distributed in America, however, since most of them, like "Black On White," are too tame to compete with the sex-ploiters and yet too shallow to be taken seriously on their other merits. Donner has assembled a physically attractive cast (he himself is not at all bad for someone who will never see thirty again) but he is wearing his social commentator hat this time around, and so he keeps nudity to a minimum and pseudo-significance to a maximum. He should reverse his values.

Undue modesty also plagued the special program on exploitation films assembled and hosted by critic Arthur Knight and producer David Friedman, two pleasant and

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Alien (Michael Rennie) meets earthling (Patricia Neal) in the famous sci-fi film, "The Day The Earth Stood Still."



Rudolph Valentino applied charm and a little hand job to Alice Terry in "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," a silent classic.



Bjorn Andresen played the unapproachable love object in Visconti's film version of Thomas Mann's "Death In Venice," shown at the festival this year.



Boris Karloff in the role that made him a star, the monster in "Frankenstein" shown as part of the James Whale tribute.



Juano Hernandez looks on imperiously as Claude Jarman, Jr., strips out of wet clothes in "Intruder In The Dust." Unfortunately, it was 1949, and the camera had to look elsewhere when the pants dropped.



Geraldine Page as Aimee Semple McPherson

DAY ONE: THE RIOT

The telephone jangled persistently in my apartment. I was preoccupied with something more pressing and was in no hurry to answer it. Finally I gave in to its discordance and picked up the receiver.

"Hello. Allan Leopold? I've been trying for a week to get through to you. You're NEVER home. This is Mike Maslansky."

"There's been a lot of plays opening around here and I've also been putting my finger on the pulse of San Diego theatre," I explained quietly.

Mike was the Press Rep for Nathanael West's "The Day of the Locust" which John Schlesinger was filming at Paramount. A balding, skinny man with high cheek bones, sunken eyes and the pressed face of a ferret, Maslansky looked like a heavy in a Baltic melodrama. I had been trying for over a month to get an interview with Schlesinger, easily one of the greatest directorial talents in modern Cinema.

"How about my interview?" I inquired.

There was a pause.

"No way. John is up to here on the picture. But you can come on the set for a couple of days. We're shooting the riot and then we're burning down the set."

"When is this to be?"

He gave me a date.

"But read the book first."

It's a fragmented work about a bunch of oddballs who migrate to

Hollywood in the early thirties to break into talking pictures. Once they get here they all hover around the lunatic fringe in seedy, run-down apartments. None of them have any particular talent for the profession they have chosen and, consequently, they remain star-struck and in a perennial pursuit of glamour. They inter-react to each other and to the mores of their period. Ultimately, they come together as a pack of mindless baboons bent upon rending asunder one of their number whom they erroneously feel has seriously maimed and killed a precocious movieland child star.

I had never been ordered to read source material before covering a set but I guess there's a first time for everything.

"Okay," I said and hung up.

Over the weekend I got hold of a copy and read it.

It's really just a novella and it goes down fast. And disappears just as quickly as it goes down. I could see why it was never ultra popular and why it had never been made into a movie before. It's strange. However, the editor of this magazine considers it a classic. And, as I've said many times before, different strokes for different folks.

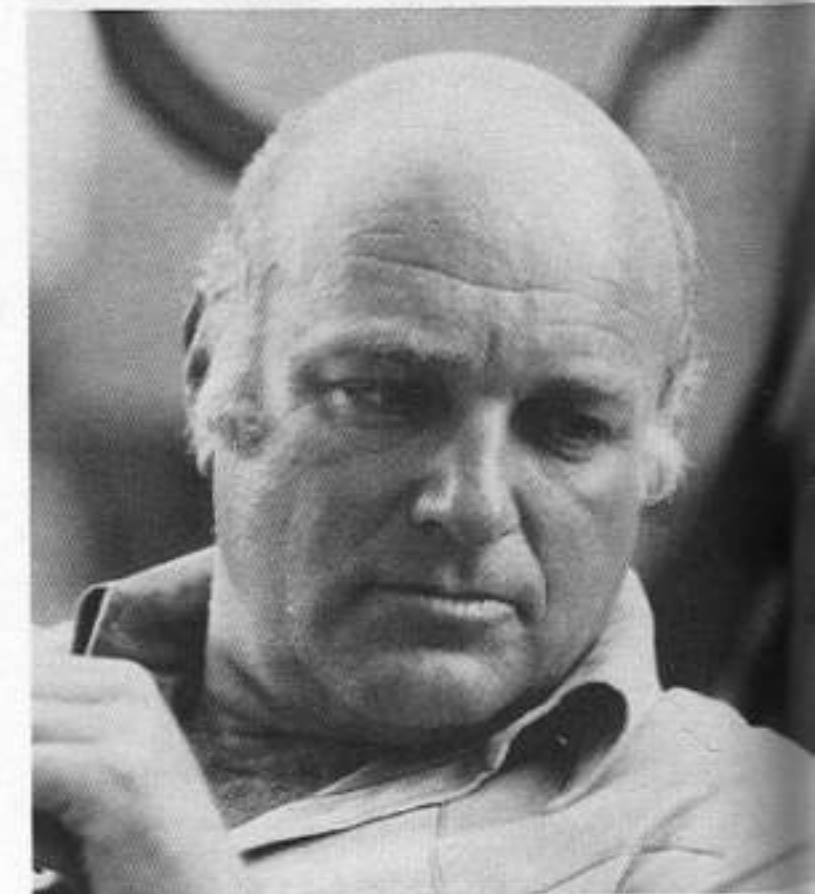
The fateful day arrived and I drove on the lot, was directed to a parking lot adjacent to the set, drove down there, found it literally swamped with cars from all the news media and had to drive right back to the front gate to park against the wall. So there was to be **nothing** exclusive about this set coverage. I was to be just another statistic on a media list. Ho-hum. These are the breaks sometimes in this business. Inasmuch as "Day of the Locust" will, undoubtedly, be the most important picture of the year, I went along with this set-up.

As I walked back to the set, I came across a very fancy foreign status car parked on a space labeled **Tom Bosley**. My mind went back 20 years to when Mr. Bosley and this reporter were working side-by-side on Sala Staw's production of Sean O'Casey's "Within the Gates" for the Equity Library Theatre in New York. Now I write for **IN TOUCH** and Thomas stars in the TV series, "Happy Days." Ah, Sweet

MY DAYS OF



Karen Black as Faye Greener, William Atherton as Tod Hackett



Director John Schlesinger Photo by DAVE FRIEDMAN

THE LOCUST

By ALLAN LEOPOLD

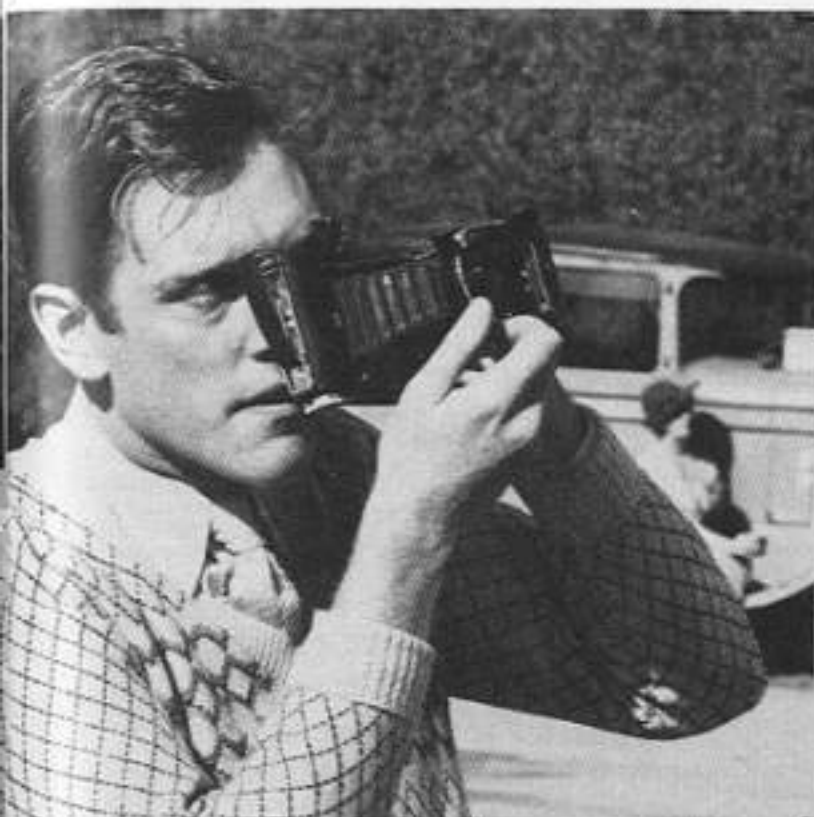


Photo by DAVE FRIEDMAN



Burgess Meredith as Harry Greener

Mystery of Life.

I arrived on a massive set aswarm with milling humanity. The set: Sound Stages 31 and 32 pulled together, recreated Grauman's Chinese Theatre perfectly. It was just as if I were standing on Hollywood Boulevard in front of that Oriental legacy to Sid Grauman. It was eerie, absolutely incredible. Even the footprints in the cement were there. Paramount must have spent a staggering amount of dough to recreate this landmark. Obviously they couldn't shoot at Grauman's itself as the script turned it ultimately into a blazing inferno.

Suddenly everything froze around me as a voice came over the bullhorn. It belonged to Bill Baldwin, Jack Benny's old announcer, who was playing the role of an announcer in the picture.

"Let us all take time out to honor the memory of 30 of our fellow workers from Dave Wolper's crew who perished in that tragic plane crash."

We all solemnly bowed our heads and gave silent thanks that no one in our immediate families had been on that plane. After the commemoration, business continued as usual. Mr. Baldwin spoke again:

"Please be very careful of these vintage cars. They are all private property and have been loaned to the studio at great expense. They are museum pieces and are inspected daily by their owners for possible damage. Please be very careful when you go near them."

John Schlesinger got up from his Camp Chair and looked through a finders lens he wore around his neck for framing shots. He structured the next scene and conferred with young Tim Zinneman, his First Assistant, who coordinates and marshals the extras. In this instance, Schlesinger wanted crowds of such vast proportions the studio opted for Waivers instead of a full complement of Extras. Waivers come directly from the Unemployment Office, have never worked a movie before, and cheerfully accept \$25 per day as opposed to the \$45 Extras demand and get. This saves the studio money but it can also lead to serious problems that appeared to be developing around me. The action in the scene they

were about to shoot was basically this:

Adore, a little blond Lord Fauntleroy type, had hurled a rock that struck Homer (Donald Sutherland) in the back of the head. This so enraged him that, inadvertently, he had stomped the boy. The crowd, sensing the boy had been maimed or perhaps killed, descends like a swarm of locusts on the hapless Donald and devours him with their fingers, literally tearing chunks of flesh off his body and carrying him high above their heads in a frenzy of collective fury. In setting up the shot, Schlesinger, attired in a blue denim smock and sporting a bristling little grey mustache, was choreographing the movement he wanted to Zinneman who was, in turn, conveying his wishes to the multitude. These Waivers had never taken direction before and were obviously more interested in not getting jostled by other Waivers rather than projecting a feeling of reality to the scene and taking their lumps as they came. Mr. Zinneman called for Action and the scene began to roll. Mr. Sutherland hurtled into the scene athwart the shoulders of the crowd and fingers clutched madly at him.

"CUT! Not enough smoke. Where is smoke machine number 4?"

It developed that the custodian of smoke machine number 4 had completely forgotten about it and he was dispatched to get it and turn it on. The crowd waited for more

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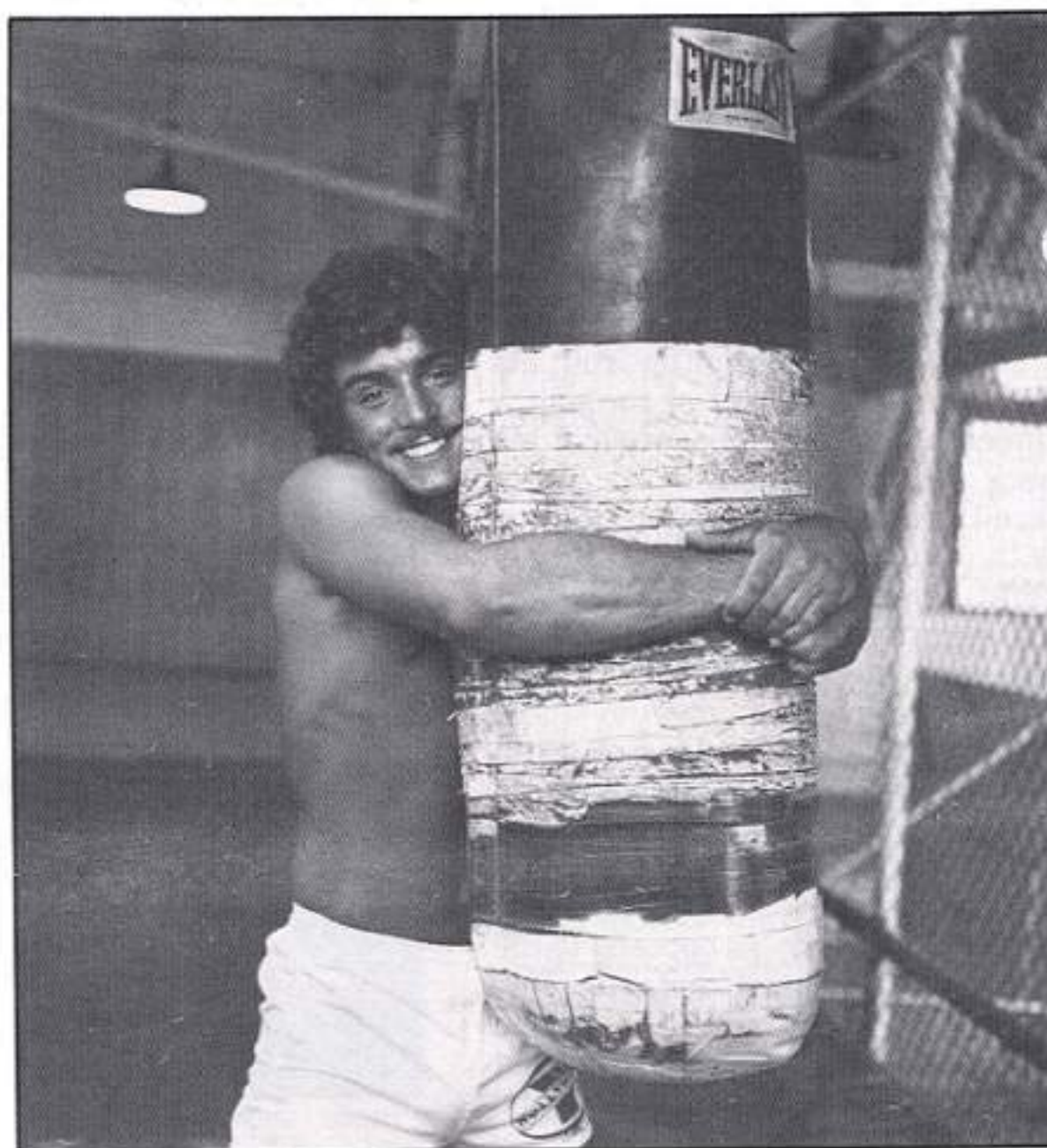
Donald Sutherland as Homer Simpson

MICHAEL DELFINO

the perfect reward

By TOD JONSON

Photography by LAYNE NIELSON



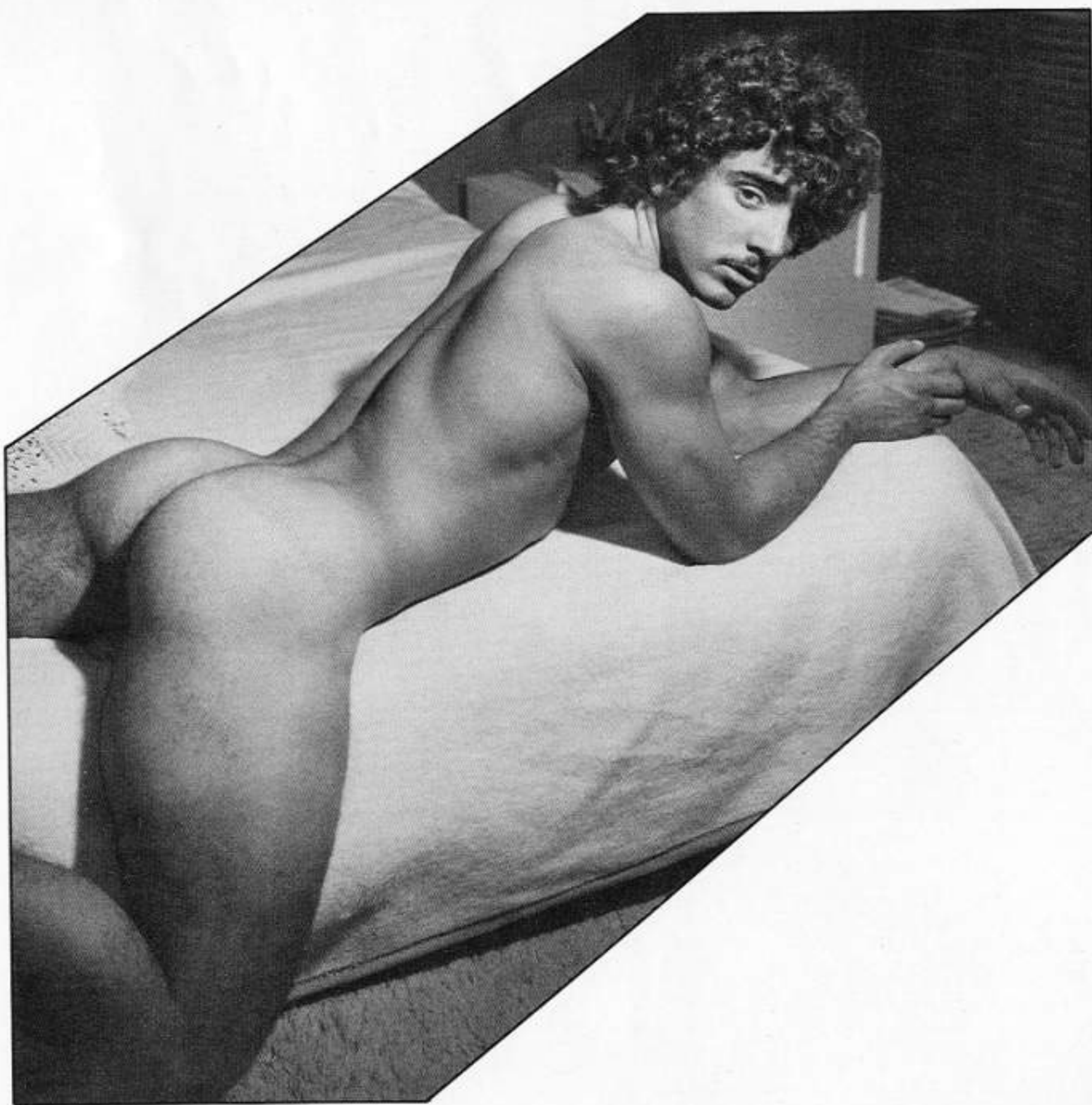
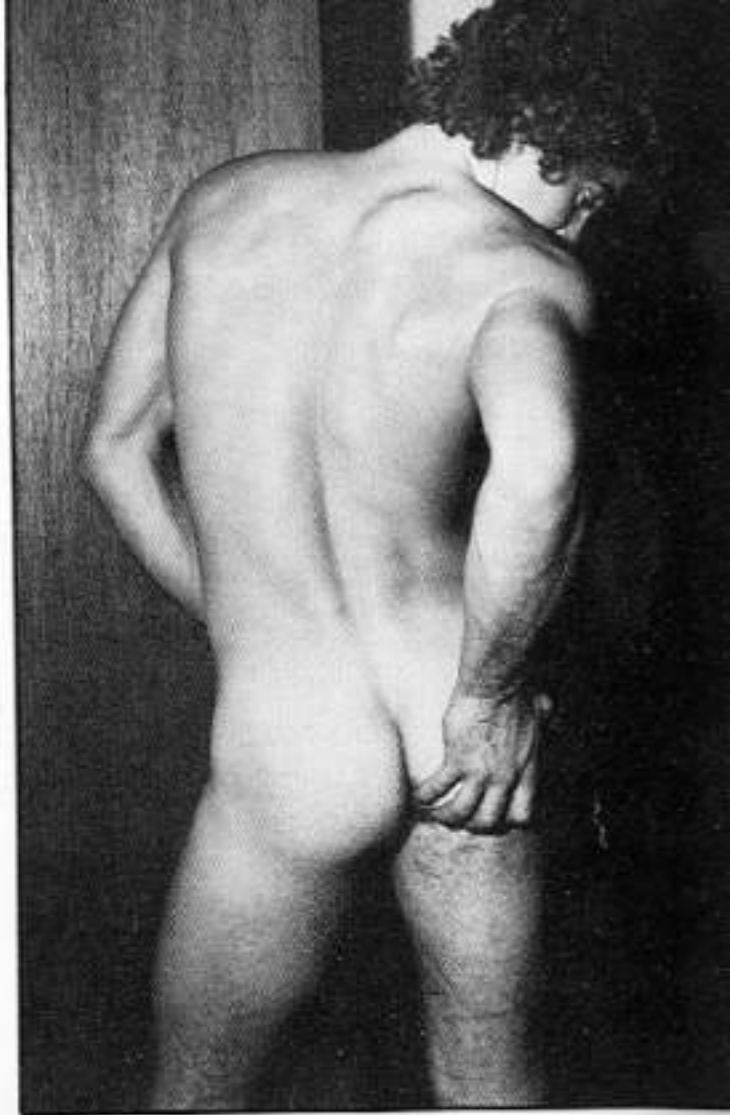
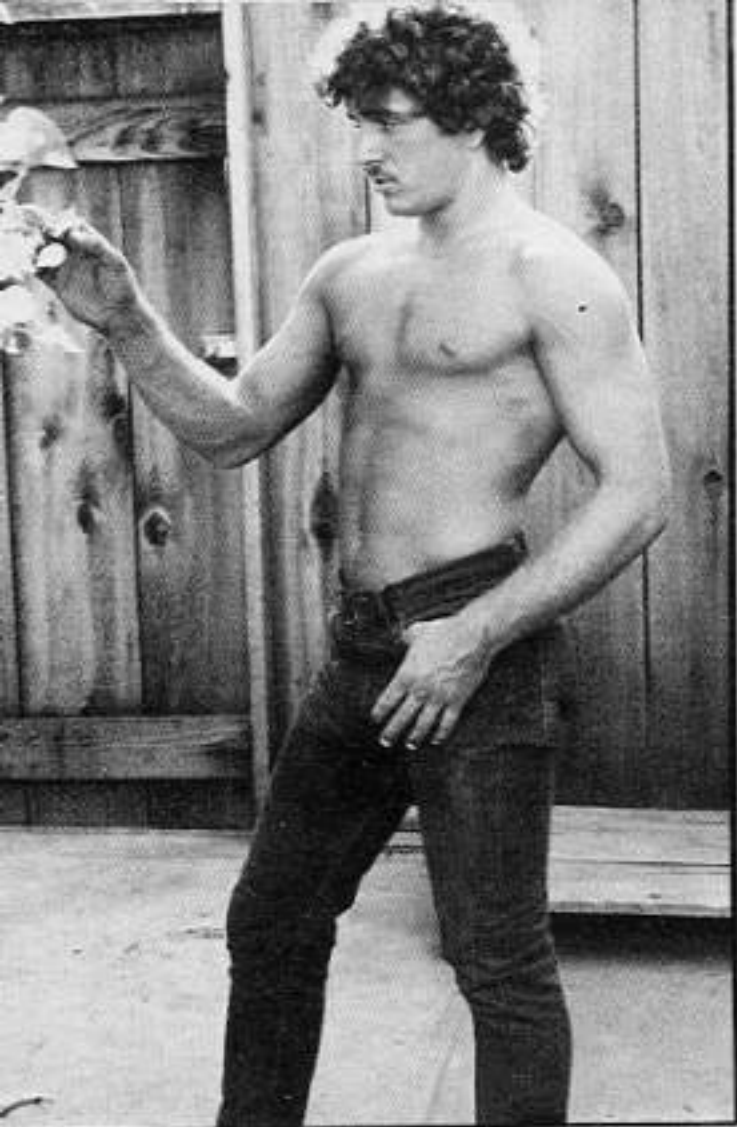
Virgos have a certain attitude in and towards life that exhaults their position in all things in which they engage. First of all the search for beauty is extended from the central core of the individual's spirit into each moment they experience. The entire world is seen through those rose colored glasses that eliminate the unsightly by transforming ugliness into some form of beauty — real or imaginary, it makes little difference.

With Michael Delfino his body comes first. Health foods are a must for this handsome eighteen-year-old man. Any food short of the best, is a pollutant. His great energy would suffer. Nothing will ever harm his natural exuberant nature. Michael is an explosion of enthusiasm.

Connecticut lost a perfect specimen of manhood when Michael, with his comely and muscular body, straddled his new Harley-Davidson bike and headed west. He didn't need a reason — desire was enough! With a face that people stare at in mass appreciation, a body filled with unconscious sex appeal, a personal vibrant personality that magnetically draws people of all ages, sexes, and colors — what could ever destroy his untainted attitude towards the world? Nothing!!!

Michael's cross-country experiences were vast. He summed up the trek: "Everything in the country is BIG!" Probably so! Michael is BIG! He is big in his attitudes (free-spirit, unrestrained, kind, generous, warm), his desires (to be well-liked, knowledgeable,







wanted for his contribution to society as well as physically), his ambitions (loves to box — has considered boxing as a profession). At eighteen he has not restricted or limited his direction. Michael wants to devote his life to whatever vocation he finally decides upon, once he knows the vibrations has synchronized. At that point — watch out! Michael could take the country by storm. He certainly has the strength, power, control to fashion any desired occupation he wants.

Part of Michael's vitality at present is the fact his mind is free to absorb everything he wishes. He has not confined his mind to any narrow path which inevitably leads to a 9-5 work day. Part of the thrill of meeting and talking with Michael is his unconcern with time

and any of its restrictions. We all desire the freedom to accomplish our most ardent desires — with Michael, he can do exactly as he wishes. Close friends admire him for his extreme consideration and kindness — these same admiring friends adore Michael for his generosity and spirit. It's one hell of a man who can command all these attributes and still remain simple, human, and real.

Usually there is a certain frailty associated with Virgos — either in the physical or social. Michael is not frail! His robust nature is one of superb strength. His bombast is studied but genuine. Michael is explosive as a fire-cracker whether it be from glee and joy or from anger over an injustice done either to himself or someone completely unknown to him. Any miscarriage of

justice is an insult to him which will not go unnoticed. He will move Heaven and earth to correct it.

Being a Virgo, Michael forever will have a deep-rooted virginal attitude to everyone he emotionally reaches. This attitude however does not alter his natural male desires to conquest. He functions extremely well in a one-to-one basis. His ability to build relationships is an education in social communication. He says what he means — and means what he says. Any guy or gal lucky enough to encounter whatever mutually desired association with Michael, will find it rewarding.

Michael is a prize at the end of any rainbow — well worth the effort expendant toward its acquisition by any enterprising prospector in human gold!



GALLERY OF RISING STARS

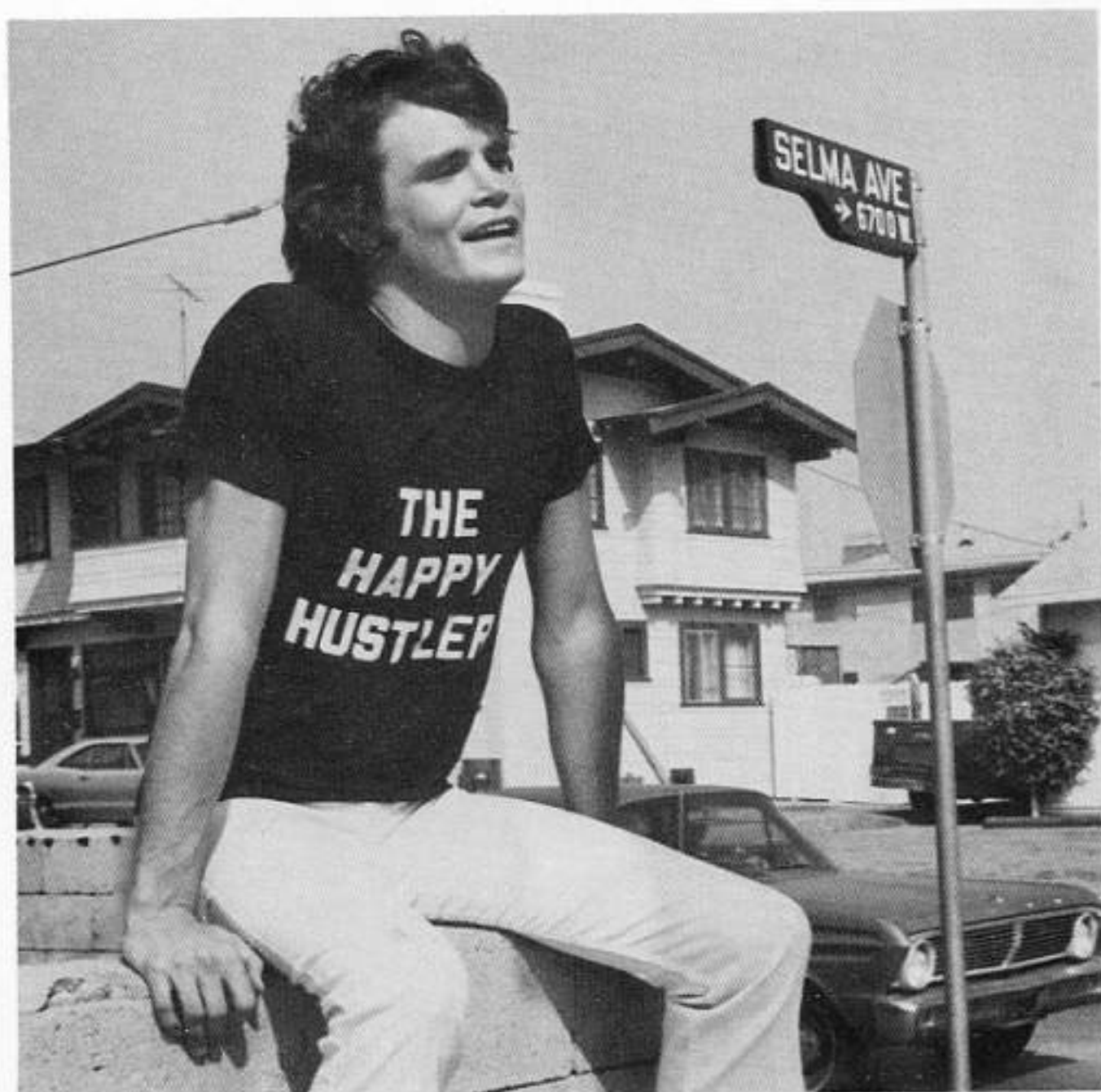


GRANT TRACY SAXON

ENCOUNTER WITH A HAPPY HUSTLER

By JEREMY HUGHES

Photography by LES RUMSEY



You've sometimes wondered just what was really going through their minds as you watched your twenty dollar bill folded twice and tucked into the jeans back pocket, watched the T-shirt as it was slowly peeled off, watched with aroused interest as the boots were pulled away from bare feet, as the jeans themselves were finally rolled down and dropped by the side of the bed, wondered what can they really be thinking about as they stretched naked on your bed, hands behind head, legs spread, with maybe a meaningful look at the time on your bedside clock radio, and even as you massaged the rented flesh, still you wondered, what can possibly be in their minds?

Now comes Grant Tracy Saxon's "The Happy Hustler," whose editorial puffery promises an end to all such wondering. And if not the actual autobiography itself, perhaps then this interview you've arranged with the author. For there he is, standing tall and easy outside your door: Grant Tracy Saxon, which, as everyone now knows, is the sobriquet of actor-model Michael Kearns. You see a smile that could not be more warm and charming; feel a firm, assured handshake. His "Hi" is pleasant, somewhat sexy, yet somehow calculated (and then you recall that in his book he tells of teaching the string of boys he "managed" in New York, the importance of that pleasant and sexy "Hi" when greeting a client for the first time.)

He selects a straight-backed chair, green eyes alert, long-fingered hands dangling between knees, and you plunge right in: is



his book 100% accurate and autobiographical? There is a longish pause, and then the answer: "No. It's distorted to a certain extent. Mainly to protect people. Places, names of people, EXACT circumstances are not necessarily true, tho' based on things that actually happened. I'd be in court every day fighting lawsuits if I told the absolute truth.

"And, of course, a writer glamourizes things. Before 'The Happy Hustler' I had about 17 pornos on the market, under various names. I'm a writer! It's not verbatim from a diary, nor is it an 'as told to.' It's a story I wrote. But it's basically my true story. Believe me, there are some things in it that are not the most pleasant things in the world to tell people about, but I included them. It IS absolutely true that I am 'The Happy Hustler,' and this is my own story."

You note how carefully this self-described happy hustler listens as you ask why, in the book, he so drastically altered his own physical description. "Well, at the time of writing the book I was (and still am) auditioning for plays, and trying to make a living. I was pursuing a career as Michael Kearns, who was 6'2" and weighed X amount and had this color hair, and was this age. And when I was typing the actual words of the book I never dreamed I would ever reveal that Grant Tracy Saxon was also Michael Kearns.

"In other words, it was like writing about one part of my life (did you know I'm a Gemini?). I've really led two lives. It's only been in the past eight months or so that I've revealed there were two people. That's why I have two names. 'Grant Tracy Saxon' is referred to as a pseudonym for writing the book. But it also was my pseudonym for hustling. I really used that name. The other names in the book are not the same, but that is the one name that holds up. The point being that 'Michael Kearns' could continue his own career.

"There'll be a lot about this in the sequel, 'Beneath the Happy Hustler,' which will deal a lot more with Michael Kearns. I'm sort of tracing back through these experiences and concentrate very much on the show bizzy aspects of

my life, which I didn't touch on at all in 'The Happy Hustler' because I never knew I would reveal who I really was."

It occurs to you that it must have been a difficult decision, to make this revelation, and you ask how it came about. "It came when the book was accepted for publication, and they asked if I'd put my picture on the cover. That was the first, the biggest decision. Because the book could have gone out as by Grant Tracy Saxon, and the only people who would have known would have been those I'd hustled. And perhaps a few other people who knew Michael Kearns and that I had this, er, extra-curricular activity next to acting and a career.

"And I went through many sleepless nights, and 'what am I giving up?' and 'what am I gonna gain?' and 'where is this gonna wind up?' But, you know, this kind of thing couldn't've been done ten, even five years ago. I mean the timing is absolutely perfect. People are dying to know, really dying to know about male prostitution. Because that's the thing that hasn't been explored, except on some levels. But not as specifically as I do."

This is a bright guy, a very articulate young man: hustler, actor, and writer. How on earth did it all begin, and how did he fit it all in? "I'm from southern Wisconsin, and my father was a traveling evangelist, which I think contributes to some of my charisma. Mom followed him everywhere, mostly all around the south, and I was shunted from relative to relative. The chronological order of the book distorts my early years to a certain extent. I realize there's a big gap where you wonder 'did this kid ever go to school?' But I did finish high school, in St. Louis, and then I went to the Goodman School of Theatre, and that coincides with when I was working in that Chicago 'house.'

"I started in show business when I was 9, with the St. Louis Municipal Opera. Mother and father were out pushing religion, and the relative I was staying with in St. Louis encouraged my theatrical ambitions. The show was 'Take Me Along,' starring Betty White and Jack Carson. I can





remember the first time I saw Betty White. She was just walking around behind the theatre and she had the remains of a hot dog, and she was feeding all the birds. Then, we would sort of share in that exercise of feeding the birds. And she became very motherly . . . and I was always sort of looking for that motherly affection, and she was very maternal and very sweet."

Aha! You think. A clue? That old familiar need to be needed, wanted, loved? But now he's off on the early years of Michael Kearns: "Then I did some professional things in Chicago. Some Children's Theatre, which was after Goodman. They made me an Equity actor and I was in the repertory company there in a musical, playing in a musical version of 'Sherlock Holmes' 18 times a week. It really cut into the hustling life. There were sheafs of messages! And it was harder than hustling, because there was a lot of dancing involved. I was hoofing instead of hustling. But most of my regular clients knew by then. My career was beginning to get publicized. So then people started figuring out things, and that's sort of when I made the move to the West Coast. I had finished my theatrical training, and of course it was always my intention to get out of hustling. Oh yes, I'm retired, now, from that life."

"The next major undertaking was 'The Dirtiest Show in Town,' here in Hollywood. The irony is that I never asked for that kind of image. I went on a call for 'Dirtiest Show' the same way anyone else would go on a call. I was very green as to what Hollywood was all about. And of course one of the first questions was 'Will you take your clothes off?' I'd been doing it in hotel rooms, but not on the stage! So this was a trauma for a person who'd just finished studying Stanislavski, and doing Sherlock Holmes for children."

"So I was nervous, but it was a prestige sort of production. They interviewed hundreds of people. And I got in, and it was fun! I was the first one onstage to take all my clothes off. It was crazy! It was a completely different thing than hustling, to be doing that on a stage. But I got a lot of attention in the show, because they gave me a lot of

bits and I played a lot of kooky types. I also had a considerably different physical image then — much longer hair — more hippy-ish. Which was more 'in' then, than now."

"Then I went the whole party trip, you know. Every party, every week, and became the darling of the party set. There wasn't a party that my name wasn't on, for reasons of hustling as well as professionally as an actor-model-whatever those boys are who are at all those parties. Half of them ARE actor-models . . . AND hustlers. 'All of the above.' So I was in that category, you know, for months after being in 'Dirtiest Show.' All I did was go to parties. I could eat by going to parties, not to mention meeting some of those big 'johns' who would be at the parties."

"But I realized that this wasn't where I wanted to be going — this sort of image — so I did that whole hassle of the Workshop routine here, which is comparable to Off-Broadway. No pay. And this was something foreign to me, also, as I was used to being paid for everything I'd done, and it wasn't easy for me to accept those jobs where you weren't paid, but really worked your brains out."

"Next came 'The Last Pad' — William Inge's final play. I worked with Nick Nolte towards the end of that. We were kind of juxtaposed. He was beginning to get so much television work that he was on location a lot. But he was sensational to work with! I played a homosexual (categorization! I don't know, labels drive me crazy!) . . . I played a person whom I felt was more Asexual than HOMOsexual. But a desperate sort of part. And that, THAT took a lot of courage, too, because it was NOT Michael-Kearns-boyish, or Michael-Kearns-sexy, or Michael-Kearns-cute."

Another clue? Another unintentional insight? Self-image? Ego trip? Give him enough rope (evil thought!)? But the tale of Michael Kearns, actor, continues: "Then I was committed to do 'Tubstrip' and I was faced once again with nudity. I somehow developed that reputation. You know there are people in this town who are quick to categorize (!) you, and I WAS categorized into a sort of pretty boy



who did nudity, who was bisexual, who went to all THE parties. But I got the script of 'Tubstrip' and I thought the part was very interesting. They offered me this very sick part — Kevin, the masochist — and I remember the day I read it I thought 'this is very interesting, I can do something with this part.' I was unemployed. I wanted to act. I would rather act in anything than not act at all, is the point. I love to go on!"

"And then came the real break! I got a chance to do a 'Waltons,' which meant at last I was accepted. Somebody was going to take me seriously. The image could not have been more different! So I sort of changed my clothes, and cut my hair short, and then was being submitted for some very young, early 20's, late teen-age roles, college boy types, All-American jocks, apple pie sort of things. So I said to myself 'I did it! I've proved that I can be taken seriously!' Because, I mean, how many boys of that type are there out here who want to do a 'Waltons'?"

"Plus, who wouldn't want to work with Richard Thomas? It was the episode where John-Boy first goes

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THE ENTERTAINER

JASON McBRIDE

Photos and Article by Roy Townsend



It would be hard to find a better spot to introduce Jason McBride than through the pages of *IN TOUCH* with a *RISING STAR*. Jay has been a singer and dancer for most of his 23 years.

"I was eight when I started," he said with a grin, "that was in Pittsburgh, Pa. I studied at the Pittsburgh Playhouse for acting and got my dancing and singing experience at the local nightclubs. After graduating, I decided I liked entertaining and went to New York to study more seriously. Selena James was my voice coach and Luigi taught me dancing. I was

lucky enough to get a part in 'Sweet Charity' on Broadway with Gwen Verdon and afterwards toured the country with the show. It was a fun time and I learned a lot. I also got to explore the United States and had a wonderful trip in every sense of the word. After the tour I was given a part in 'George M' with Joel Grey, another Broadway hit. I again went on tour with the show and had a chance to re-visit with some of my friends."

It's easy for Jay to make friends. He has a winning smile and being a Gemini, he's quite outgoing. He loves to meet new people and has

no problem finding people who are anxious to meet him.

"I've just got back from my annual visit to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras," continued Jay. "I wouldn't miss it for anything. It's my one chance to be trashier than I can be anywhere else. I had a marvelous time and on Mardi Gras Day I wore full leather, chaps, boots, the whole bit. New Orleans at Mardi Gras is sure a fun place to be. And I'll have to mention that the police are fantastic. Every police department in the world should take a lesson from them. They are very tolerant, yet they

keep the peace without any strong arm stuff that we have all become used to in so many big cities. I was there for six days and I've already made my plans for next year."

Jay continued his career in musical comedy, which is his favorite form of entertainment, and toured with "Fiddler on the Roof," "Gypsy" and two different companies of "West Side Story." In serious drama he was in "Enter Laughing," "The Happy Time" where he played Bibi, the son. He also toured the Summer Stock circuit in "Anniversary Waltz" playing Okkie.

Like all entertainers, Jay wanted to try his luck in California. He had been working for years on the East Coast in various shows, nightclubs and showcases.

"I felt I wanted to see what California had to offer and I certainly haven't been disappointed. It's a swinging place. I love to go to parties and I seem to get my share of invitations."

While still continuing his career as a performer, he made his gay film debut in Hand in Hand Productions film called "Catching Up" in which he played a leading role. The film will soon be released. Jay enjoys film work and has two more in pre-production.

Asked about his ambition for the future, Jay was quite explicit.

"I am currently working on a new night club act with Bob Esty, he's a great arranger, and the act includes several Jerry Herman tunes, who is my favorite musical comedy composer. We think it's about time the vaudeville type song and dance routine was revived and that's what I am working on right now. I am working hard to perfect this act and once I feel it's ready, I hope to try out at some of the local showcases like The Spot, The Left Bank, The Little Club and onto some of the bigger night clubs in town. I recently did a benefit performance for G.C.S. Health Clinic which was sponsored by ZTI and I feel it is well worth supporting. I just love musical comedy. It is a great form of entertainment. My favorite is Angela Lansbury . . . as far as I'm concerned she can do no wrong. She's the greatest. I was very excited the night she won her third

Tony for her third starring role on Broadway.

Jay has many hobbies, but one of them that stands out in particular is horticulture. His apartment in West Hollywood is alive with house plants of all shapes and sizes. Did he sing to them to make them grow so well?

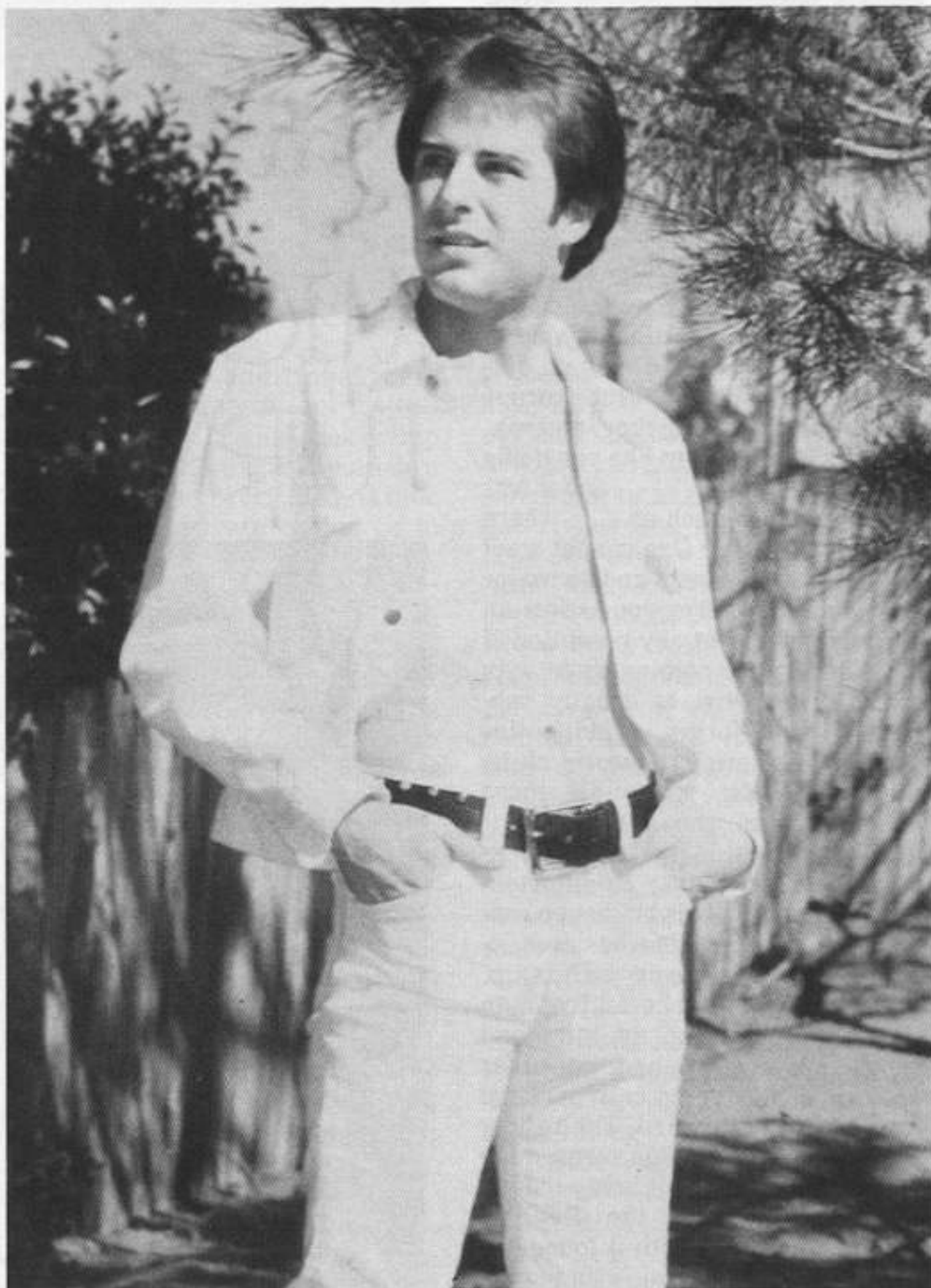
"They certainly get to hear a lot of good music over my stereo system and I do record and practice singing here, but I can't say if it's the music or the fact that they get well looked after that makes them grow so well. Plants like human beings, like a lot of love and attention."

Jay mentioned about a fire in his

home just over a year ago.

"That house was full of plants, but just as important was my collection of music, costumes, pictures and a ton of memorabilia. When the house burnt down I lost everything . . . all my history. Now I am finally getting everything together again, but it isn't easy starting from scratch. Some of the things were irreplaceable."

Despite Jay's setback, he appears more enthusiastic than ever to become a good "song and dance" man. He certainly has the looks, talent and determination to succeed. All the ingredients of a rising star. ●



life is the
song
love is the
music



By TOD JONSON

MICKEY TURNER



There have been a lot of performers who have walked out onto millions of entertainment floors, but none more sure, none more confident, none more engaging, none more talented than Mickey Turner! The Amazing tribute is that it is absolutely justifiable in each case. He is a well trained performer . . . an extraordinarily handsome man who can don the magic of song as most of us would put on a coat. He does not falter for a single moment in his contribution to showbusiness. Mickey could easily be called a phenomenon!

As incredible as it may seem, Mickey started out in showbusiness as a failure. Try as he might, he had one helluva time getting anyone to listen to him. The usual dissatisfied, irritated club owner would first look at Mickey, and say, "What's a pretty guy like you doing in a joint like this?" . . . and it was true. True inasmuch as . . . where else does one go? One cannot start at the top. One cannot go to a major club in any city when you are an unknown, and expect any reception of any kind. It has nothing to do with talent. The artist is usually subjected to all forms of indignities when first entering the world of the theatre. Rising above all these heartaches is the substance of which the artist is made, and is expressed in his ability to entertain . . . the degree of his brilliance supports his place in showbusiness.

For Mickey his only path is up. From the first time he set foot onto the stage, picked up the mike and sang . . . destiny had no other choice. Mickey could only perform from that day forward. The refinement of his artistry has secured the place of eminence he holds today.

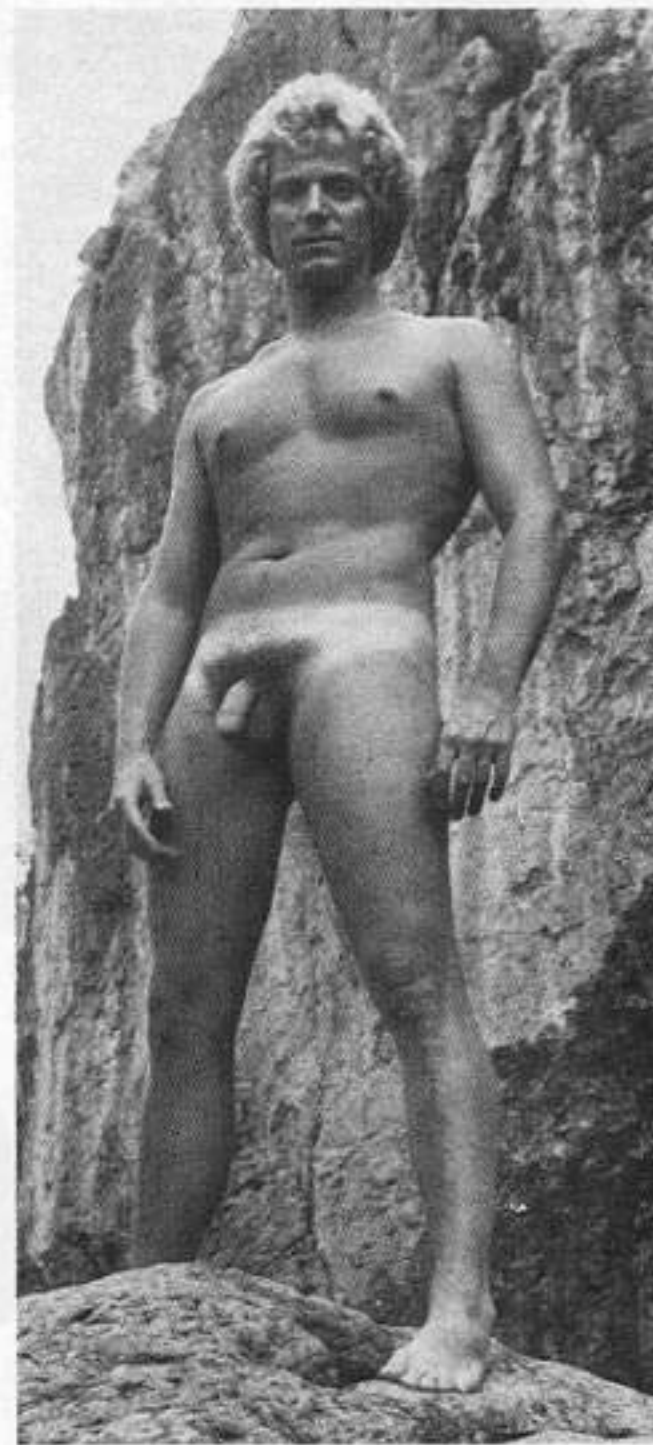
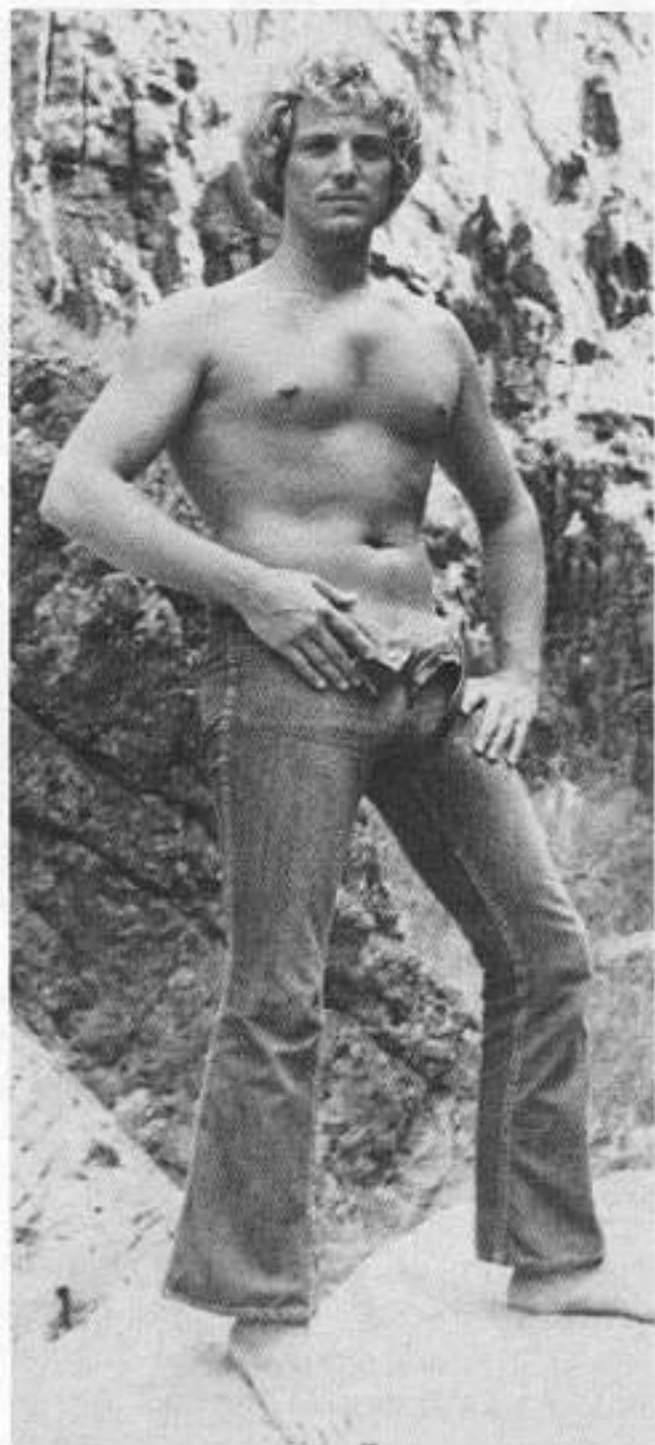
In Los Angeles, the Beverly Hillcrest has a beautiful lounge in which Mickey entertains some four

months out of each year. Without Mickey it would be an empty stage. The club owner says that he has seen the same patrons appear sometimes five nights a week just to hear Mickey sing, and "no other artist we have ever had here has ever done that. Our people are crazy about his styling, his deliverance, his arrangements, his performance. Mickey has got superb talent!"

I felt skeptical about these accolades until I sat down. The lights dimmed in the club, the arc spot light picked up the center stage, and into that spot walked an exceptionally handsome man covered in the sparkle of artistic enthusiasm.

"GOOD EVENING EVERYONE . . . I'M MICKEY TURNER!" Polite applause from my corner of the room. I had absolutely no history on the man standing before me. Devoted friends who had insisted I catch the show, knew that I was there to be entertained. Before the evening was finished, I had been served a veritable banquet of perfected entertainment. I found myself cheering for a man I had never seen before, had never heard sing before, and two weeks prior had never heard his name. This is now the past! If you once see and hear this paragon of the nightclub world perform for you . . . his name is stamped forever on your mind, in your thoughts, and in your memory.

What is truly fascinating about Mickey is that the show itself is the result of a superbly fashioned evening of musical theatre for which the power and authenticity of the star's special delivery is mainly responsible. It takes a true artist to endue his work with this type of dedication in making the evening an effortless event to remember. That his show is a triumph can be attributed to an astute assemblage of



elements contributed by Mickey Turner himself. He creates the imagery of love and affection through songs and narrative. I personally found new meanings to such songs as: "If He Walked Into My Life Today" . . . "Killing Me Softly" . . . "Love Story" . . . "As Long As He Needs Me" . . . "It Must Be Him" . . . "My Way" . . . these being only part of the selections from his tremendous popular album called: "This Is Me . . . Mickey."

What is so absorbing is the way Mickey can sing about another man, while producing the absolute full meaning of love. Even the dy-hard heterosexuals found themselves engrossed.

Strangely enough "gay" failed to appear in any conversation I overheard. Somehow the awesomeness of a gifted performer dedicated to the truth of his convictions, laid void any need for labeling. This is as it should be. Mickey merely sings songs of love to the man of his choice . . . and it is indeed beautiful.

The liberation from Victorian mores has spared the live enter-

tainment field additional censorship. It is a known fact that all liberated people despise censorship of any sort. We all grow and learn from freedom of every kind. It then becomes our private choice as to whether we like or dislike what we see and/or hear.

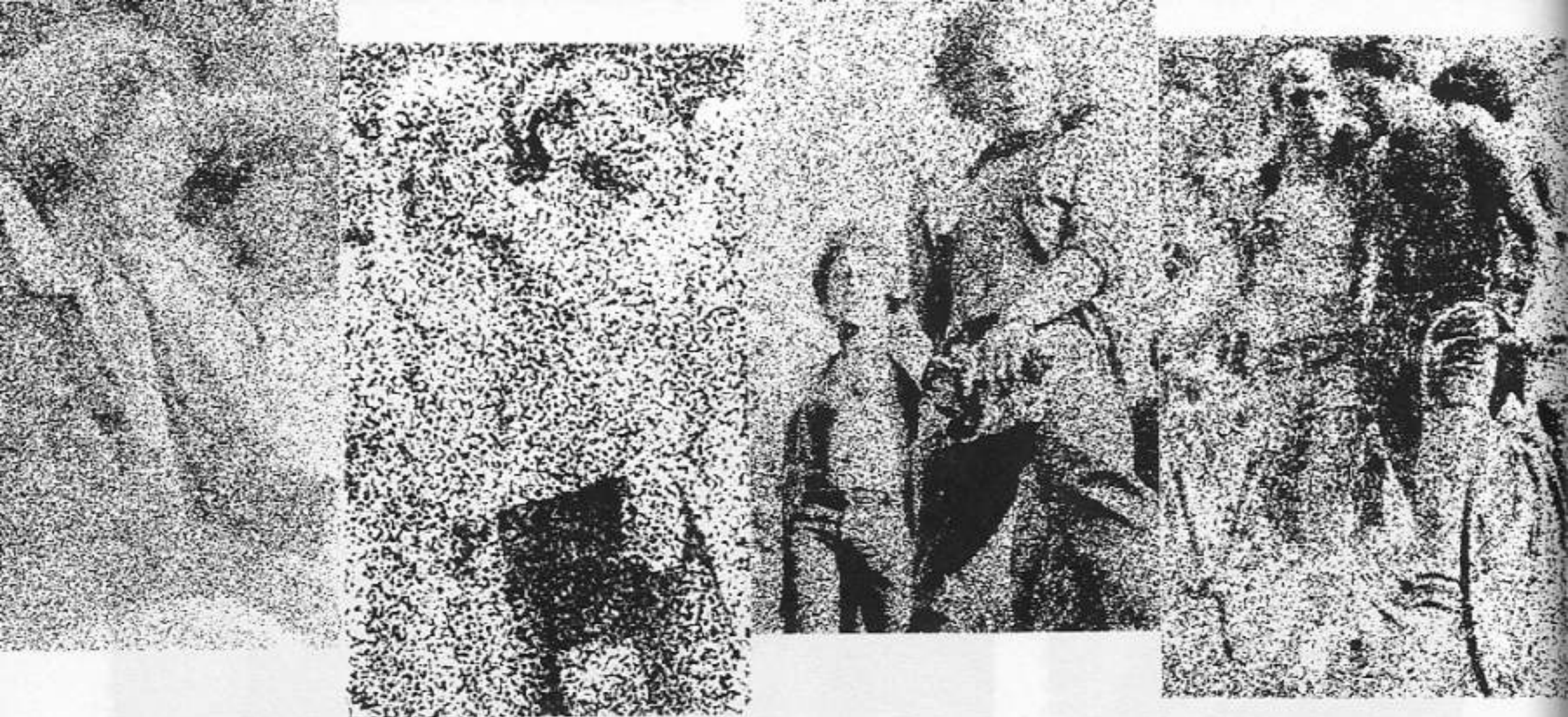
When Mickey supplies an audience with material that was once forbidden to any public gathering, instinctively (at first) one is startled. Gradually, through Mickey's splendid ability to place his attentive audience at perfect ease, one finds himself flooded with a love of freedom. The absence of fear suddenly becomes an overwhelming love. Through such beautiful singing one realizes that life is the song, and love is the music from which each day should begin and end.

It is very easy to understand why Mickey Turner works fifty weeks of each year in such famous places as: Bermuda, Phoenix, Las Vegas, Seattle, Chicago, Los Angeles, Tahoe, Reno, Grand Bahamas, Tokyo . . . with new bookings coming in each day. His reputation

precedes him internationally. He has earned the respect of his audiences, because this man knows how to entertain.

Wishing to hear more of his unique styling and voice, I secured a copy of "This Is Me . . . Mickey." After many plays, I found myself desiring album II, III, IV . . . It would be a shame against those people discriminate enough to want the very best, to be deprived of hearing this big handsome man with the proud, potent voice and luminous smile. Album I is a dynamic theatrical event remaining unequalled as a joyful, skillful combination of sight and sound relative to a gay approach on records. There should be more.

SUGGESTION: Buy the album, and on the next rainy night, when all the world about you is still . . . lean back into enchantment and let Mickey fill your heart with very special things . . . with angel songs . . . with wild imaginings . . . he fills your soul with so much love . . . that you'll never be lonely again. You will be happy!!! ●



WITHOUT FEAR

By BURTON STEVENS

He thought of Jackson Cane. It was always Jackson Cane hovering somewhere in his mind. Jackson Cane who had screwed every girl in two counties, who came at him out of the fields one hot afternoon and pushed him down behind a hay wagon, and said, "Ah know what you want boy." And the horses hitched to the wagon prodded the ground with their hooves, threw their heads back and neighed impatiently. And with the high Nebraska sun beating down, shedding its light on all things — everything went dark. And when he opened his eyes again the sun was blinding and was ever the same.

"Hi. My name is Jeff Linnell. Do you have any rooms available? he asked the woman who opened the door.

"Why, yes," she said, looking him over. "But it's very early young man."

"I know it is ma'am. I got your name from the student union last night. I figured to get an early start, and you were the closest to

the campus. I didn't mean to wake you."

"Oh we're all up. It's just that I didn't expect anybody this early. Come in." She pulled the door wide to admit him. "I'm Katharine McKay." He went past her into the hall, his thumbs in his back pockets. She noticed that his Levis were filthy.

The hall was simple, clean. A flight of stairs led to a floor above. A door opposite the stairs opened to a parlor. He could smell polish and dust, and that peculiar personal odor that was different in every home.

"It's a good room, really," said Katharine McKay, watching him. "It's right at the top of the house. Two flights up. Right above my son's room."

Kids, he thought, I can't handle any kids and get any work done.

"How many kids have you got?" he asked.

"Just my son. You'll have to share the shower with him. But there is a bathroom upstairs with a tub. Most young people would

rather shower nowadays. There's no cooking facilities." She was going to add that they could work something out about meals, but she hesitated. He was looking up the stairs.

"Would you like to see it?" she asked.

He shrugged. "Yes Ma'am." But he had already made up his mind. Still, he couldn't be impolite.

Katharine McKay led the way up. She was a tall woman with stiff posture. "A rigid midwesterner," he thought. She climbed slowly. He could hear the sound of water running in the shower as they passed a door, turned, and continued up another flight of steps.

"There's only one other boarder here," Mrs. McKay said over her shoulder. "Mr. Brewster. Well, this is it!" she sighed a bit breathlessly.

Actually, the room wasn't bad. A nice big bed. A desk with a lamp. A comfortable looking chair with a footstool. White muslin curtains on the windows. Shelves for books. The walls were an ugly pale green. How did people come to choose

colors like that, he thought? He went over and sat on the bed. It was a medium soft mattress.

"There's a nice view," said Mrs. McKay. She pulled a curtain back from the window. "Plenty of light."

He wished he could stretch out on the bed and forget everything for the rest of the day. Instead he got up.

"Can I use the bathroom?" he asked.

"Certainly," Mrs. McKay said. "I'll be downstairs." How distasteful! She thought — then: How silly I'm becoming. It's a natural function.

He waited until she had gone halfway down the stairs. He smiled to himself.

"Women are sure a bitch," he thought as he urinated. "They can hardly wait for you to get it out of your pants and stick it in, but when it comes to taking a piss they gotta scurry fifty miles — ass backwards — to get out of earshot." He purposely didn't flush the toilet, surveyed the room one last time, thought what a long day it was going to be and started down the stairs.

As he turned the corner to reach the bottom flight, the door they had passed before opened.

"Mother. We're almost out of soap. Put it on your list, will you?" A head, busily being dried in a towel, leaned out the bathroom door followed by a well defined torso tapering down to a pair of bulging jockey shorts.

Jeff stopped dead where he stood.

The head came out of the towel and — Jeff saw hair the same color as the darkest reds of dying autumn leaves. Eyes as grey and deep as a storm gathered sky. A smallish nose. A wide mouth and full strong lips and a square chin.

They stared at each other. Eye to eye. Jeff felt some instant spark — a shock of recognition. He looked away embarrassed. He was rarely embarrassed.

"I thought you were my mother," the boy said.

He couldn't be more than twenty, Jeff thought, looking at him again.

The boy dropped his towel over his chest, so that it fell to his knees, covering his shorts. He pretended to wipe his neck, which Jeff could

see was quite dry. His stare remained steady, unsmiling.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"M'name's Jeff Linnell. I came to see about the room." Jeff jerked a finger over his shoulder like an awkward schoolboy.

"You going to take it?" The boy looked at him steadily without moving.

"I'm not sure," Jeff replied.

The boy twirled the towel and slung it over his shoulders, gripping the ends with his hands. Once more Jeff was embarrassed by what he felt and looked away.

"It's a nice place," the boy said. "You probably won't find a better one for the money. Better think it over." He turned and walked down the hall. Jeff followed the curve of his hips as he moved, the strong hard legs until he opened a door and was gone.

"I'll take that room," Jeff said, coming up behind Katharine McKay staring through a window in the parlor.

"You will?" She seemed surprised. She straightened and turned to him. Jeff noticed that her eyes were grey too, but paler like a dust covered stone.

"When can I move in? I have a lot to do," he said.

"Well, I don't know," Katharine McKay stroked her chin. "I'm not sure." There was something about him, she thought. "I ought to ask for references."

"I'm twenty-three. I lived on a farm in Nebraska for the past eight years," Jeff said, and for a moment he could feel the sun on his back and Jackson Cane behind him. He turned, but there was no one.

"Your people owned it?"

"My parents are dead. I worked on the farm for wages and room and board. A friend of my Dad's owned it. I'm here on a scholarship."

"You can take your meals with us," Mrs. McKay said softening. This boy has no family, she thought. My son has only me. "The rent is forty dollars a month, payable in advance. What are you majoring in?"

"Political Science." He pulled out his wallet and handed her four ten dollar bills.

She went to a desk in the corner of the room and wrote out a receipt.

"Just one more thing, young man," she said as she handed it to him. "I'm very old fashioned despite the new morality. No girls in your room all night long, and not after nine o'clock at night."

Jeff almost laughed in her face, but he only smiled. "No Ma'am," he said and went out to the car to get his belongings.

His name was Brian, Jeff learned that same day. But everyone called him Rusty because of his hair. That hair that changed hues if he was standing in the sun, became darker in a room where the light was dim. He was twenty-two and went to a city college because it was cheaper, and the McKay's didn't have a lot of money, and Rusty had never studied hard enough to get a scholarship.

In the weeks that followed, Jeff learned that nobody ever mentioned Mr. McKay, although Katharine carried a picture of him in a plain, gold locket around her neck.

She and Rusty had a good relationship. She was often distant because she thought it would give him character to keep affection in reserve. He was surly, but openly affectionate when he felt like it and he made sure she didn't have to lift a finger if he could help it. They quarrelled over that. She was a rock-like woman and naturally resisted any attempts to overtake her authority. She held onto it because she believed that eventually Rusty might leave her, and she



needed to maintain her independence. But secretly she was pleased that he took so much responsibility from her. She was growing old, becoming tired more easily.

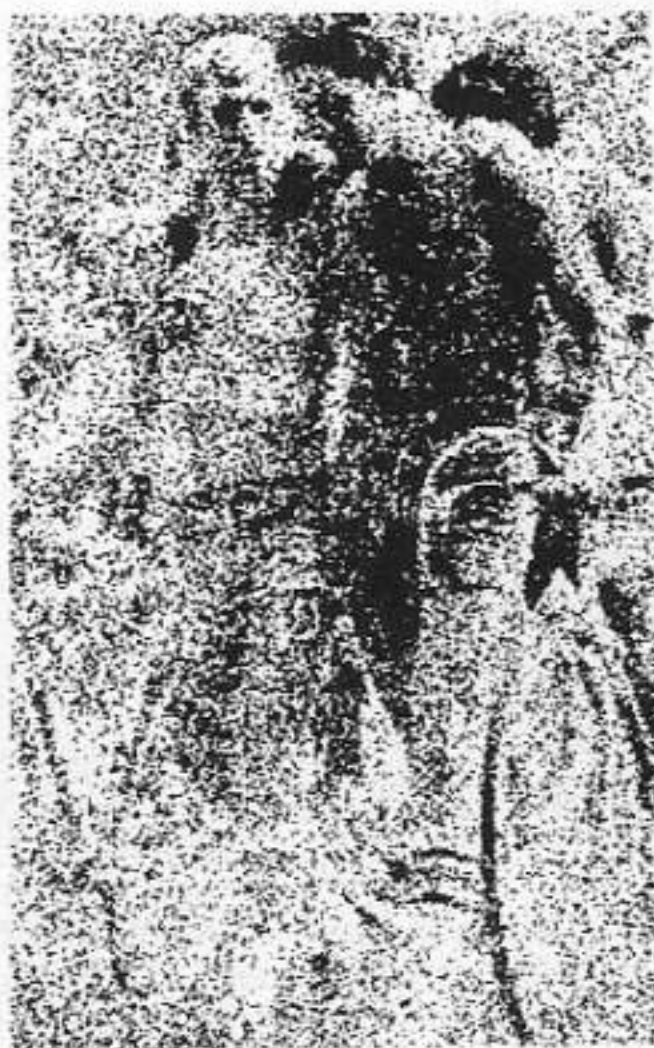
Jeff was envious that Rusty loved her as much as he did. He rolled the word "mother" around in his mouth. It had a bitter tenderness he had never tasted and did not quite understand.

The other boarder, Mr. Brewster, Jeff decided was an ass. Rusty showered him with contempt by ignoring him completely, and Brewster always acted like a blundering burglar when Rusty was in the room. Jeff only saw him at dinner, and occasionally on his way to the shower. Brewster tried to corner him for some confidential talk between men which Jeff did his best to avoid. But Brewster did manage to tell him that Mrs. McKay had lowered his rent by ten dollars when he moved in.

Jeff resented Mrs. McKay for doing that. He hated to be pitied. But try as he might, he could not dislike her. She kept in the background, spoke only when he spoke to her and never imposed on him for small talk. She allowed Brewster, who had been divorced twice, to flirt with her, but refused to lead him on. Sometimes in the evenings she would sit near the parlor window looking out at the autumn night, fingering her locket with whatever private thoughts gnawed at her soul.

But Jeff was most puzzled by Rusty. He seemed to turn the same stare on everyone: penetrating but impersonal. He was warm to Jeff and cordial, but after that first meeting in the hall, the way their eyes had met, he avoided anything more than polite contact. Rusty was a loner like Jeff. He seemed to have no friends except a pretty dark haired girl named Diane who lived down the block. Jeff found out they were childhood friends and nothing more. Diane dated other boys often.

Rusty studied very little. He was not interested in school. He went only because his mother wished it, but he had no qualms about dropping out when he felt like it. He would leave school, return six months later, and leave again.



Jeff studied as much as possible, besides a job he had taken part time. Thirty hours a week filling orders at a music publishing house. Very often he was forced to stay in his room on weekends and study with cup after cup of coffee to keep him company. Mrs. McKay had given him the run of the kitchen by the end of October.

One strangely warm Saturday in the middle of November, Jeff was in his room studying for an exam. His windows were open to catch the warm air. Suddenly the sound of laughter floated up, and Jeff looked out.

Rusty was standing in the yard, shirtless, a rake in his hands, surrounded by a pile of ghost grey leaves. Was that Rusty laughing, Jeff wondered? He couldn't remember ever hearing him laugh. He stared at the boy's strong back. Rusty was the only red head Jeff had ever known who could get a tan. But he was losing it now, and his hair was getting darker as the autumn rolled by. Jeff was about to return to his books when Rusty instinctively turned and looked up at him.

Their eyes locked just as they had on that very first day. Rusty leaned on the rake watching Jeff coolly. Finally Jeff withdrew and shortly he could hear the sound of the rake scraping the ground. His ears felt burning hot. He took the book he was reading and threw it across the

room. It struck the wall like the snap of a beetle's back.

Why did he allow this indifferent boy to strike at the core of his being, he thought, closing his eyes to capture the grey pools of Rusty's stare?

"Hello," said Rusty. He had entered the room silently.

Jeff practically tipped over his chair.

"What'cha doin'?" Rusty asked casually. He sat down on the bed. He was still shirtless and his muscles rippled as he leaned back on his elbows.

"I was reading," Jeff replied.

"What?"

"A book by Freud. For school. Civilization and its Discontents."

"Are we in there?" Rusty asked.

"We?" Jeff repeated.

Rusty smiled. He pushed himself up, and brushed some leaves from his Levis onto the floor.

"Well, I've got to go," he said.

"Goodbye," said Jeff.

"Want to come along?" Rusty asked from the doorway.

"Sure," Jeff could not believe his ears. "Where are we going?"

"To pick up my mother. She's visiting my father."

They drove through town in Rusty's clanking pickup truck, past the outskirts, turning down a dirt country road. Rusty didn't speak, and Jeff was too awed by being asked to go along to make any attempt at conversation.

Rusty slowed and stopped the truck beside the gate of an old cemetery. He turned off the ignition and leaned his back against the door, sticking his arm out the window. He rubbed his other arm over his chest. His body was almost hairless. He coughed, looked through the rear of the cab, and sighed.

"I know what you want, Jeff," Rusty whispered, and Jeff felt himself spinning dizzily with memories: Nebraska, the hot sun, Jackson, harvests, sweat, thick dust gagging his throat. He thought he was going to be sick.

"Why what a pleasant surprise, Jeff," said Katharine McKay through the window. She had been crying and her grey eyes seemed to pass through him. Jeff leaped from the cab, glad for a moment of air, and held the door open for her.

"How was Father today," asked Rusty when they had settled down and he had started the truck.

"Fine," Mrs. McKay said fingering her locket. "He sent you his best."

Rusty looked at her and laughed. He threw his head back and laughed.

"Oh Mother, you're a killer," he said. And Mrs. McKay laughed too.

But Jeff's eyes stung. He felt ashamed that he could not share their laughter. That he could not see the joke. That he was tied to no one and nothing except the dust in the road that rose behind the wheels of the truck like an ominous shadow.

That night Jeff skipped supper and went to bed early with his burdens, too confused to sort out his feelings. His dreams were troubled and uncomfortable. He tossed and turned dreaming of Rusty and Katharine McKay and private laughter he did not understand. But he sat up in bed with a jolt when he felt something touch his head.

It was Rusty. He put a finger to Jeff's lips.

"You weren't sleeping well, Jeff," he whispered. He sat down on the bed and brushed the hair out of Jeff's eyes. "I'm sorry about this afternoon. I do things on impulse. I know it's wrong because sometimes people get hurt without my meaning to hurt them. Usually it's my mother, but she's developed a great capacity for understanding. Understanding me, at least. Not many people do. Diane does sometimes, well enough to look for someone else." He paused, stroking his chest in the dark. "Can I stay with you awhile?" he asked.

Jeff moved over and gave him room. Rusty stood up and let his Levis fall to the floor. He stepped out of them lightly, and remained standing for a long moment smiling down at Jeff. A warm, broad smile.

"You have the deepest eyes I've ever seen, Jeff," Rusty whispered.

Jeff's angry confusion ebbed and vanished. Suddenly he felt hard strength and tenderness. A new peace entered his body and flowed in his blood. This was no dirt road, no field of fresh wheat, no empty handed obsession. In the darkness

of Rusty's body there was light and a connection — a beginning. Later there was sleep.

Rusty left him before dawn, slipping out of bed and into his jeans. Jeff groaned reaching out to him through his sleep. Rusty touched his hair with his lips.

"That's all for now," he said and Jeff slept again.

Early in the morning Jeff dressed and went downstairs to make coffee. Katharine McKay was in the kitchen.

"Good morning," Jeff said, stretching.

She looked at him, her eyes wild with such pain that Jeff's mouth fell open.

"I won't fight you for my son. He must do what his needs tell him to do. But I warn you. He will never leave here. Even if I wished it!" She left the room, passing Rusty in the doorway as if he did not exist.

"She'll get over it," Rusty shrugged. "Sometimes I think she's a witch. She knows everything. Come with me. I want to show you something."

At his door Rusty stopped. He searched Jeff's face as if he were an item in a store, and Rusty was making a final decision as to whether or not the price was too high. Then he laughed at himself and opened the door.

The room was filled with paintings. Paintings of houses, of

streets, of lakes, of people. But all transformed by an irrevocable vision — a force that ravaged each aspect of the world that was painted, that probed and penetrated to the depths of human experience whether concrete or flesh.

"This is my mother," Rusty pointed and Jeff saw Katharine McKay's thin face yellowed and peeling, her eyes tightly closed with black tears squeezing through the lids, her mouth arching wide in a cry of grief, and the entire face armored and enclosed by the familiar locket she wore around her neck, and a black bottomless hole at the point of her chest where the locket normally rested.

"This is me," Rusty said. But all Jeff could do was look once and turn away.

Rusty laughed, but it was dry and hollow. "I know. I'm a regular Dorian Gray. Let's get out of here."

But they came back. Often. Or Rusty dragged his work up to Jeff's room and painted in silence while Jeff studied.

Life went on. November passed. Rusty dropped out of school. Jeff wrote his papers and passed his exams in the middle of a cold snowy December, and was exhausted and seven pounds lighter at Christmas. He stayed for Christmas. He had planned an aimless, lonely trip to Nebraska, but he stayed. No one asked him to. But no one had thought of his leaving, either. Mrs. McKay quickly forgot her anger, or whatever it was that had bothered her as Rusty said she would. She treated Jeff as she always had. Jeff met and liked Diane, but she visited less and less and late in April she announced she was getting married. That made Mrs. McKay sad, but she said nothing. Without any warning Mr. Brewster moved and was not missed. Rusty and Jeff spent all their time together, slept together, ate together, made love together. Often they said very little to each other. Each seemed content.

But one day, late in May, when Jeff had ridden through his last exams, their solid reflection of each other began to crack.

They were walking in the warm

(please turn to page 90)



the river's edge or just watch lights of cars and buildings on the opposite side of the river. That is, if there isn't anything else to do amid the lazy moonlight.

With no bars, a newcomer would expect socializing to be dead or hard to find. This is hardly the case. Just drop a few hints around town as to what you're interested in seeing and before you know it; you're in the middle of a party. At our parties, unknowns become knowns with just a "hello." And parties are constant happenings here.

Often, with no expectation or occasion, one of the local gays will give either a quiet dinner for a few friends or a big bash. If there is a special occasion, such as an anniversary for two lovers, a birthday, or something to that effect; then gays and friends come from miles around and one can bet there will be one Hell of a party going on. There is dancing, buffet lunch or snacks, and loads of after-hours-activities. The music is ever-changing from rock to classical, covering every taste of the group.


The gossip is always buzzing. Corners slowly grow quiet with hints of mumbling sighs in the once well-lighted rooms. Quarrels are few to none because everyone sets the evening for a good time (no matter what the moustache on the girl in the kitchen is like). Dress is always come-as-you-are and these parties are never limited to age, sex, or even sexual preference.

Above all else, Natchez is a place of true friendship. No matter if you have lived here all your life or arrived yesterday; the people go out of their way to make you welcome and comfortable. While social scales are existent, even the richest, sophisticated dignitaries will "laugh it up" with the poorest, uneducated souls anywhere they should meet. Natchez is the typical example of "southern hospitality."

This is true even among the gays here. One is never forgotten when he leaves or locked out when he arrives. It is always one for all and all for one. If plans are to attend an event of importance, the gays will call around to be sure the rest are aware of the event and all will generally plan to meet upon

arrival. When someone plans to take a trip to the bigger cities, the phones are always ringing with invitations for all to welcomely ride along. Surprisingly, jealousy and envy never seem to appear among anyone who lives here. If two are lovers, the relationship is respected by all; and should a couple go their separate ways, shoulders-to-cry-on are plenty for the weaker party.

A person can expect to find life here similar to most any smaller community. Yet, with no assistance, a difference will appear from within the inner hearth of the area. A difference that will invail the newcomer and evolve into the glow that is Natchez, and only Natchez. It is no exaggeration to say one can be happy here. But to live here and experience life for a while will become addictive. For when you leave, the memories of the time spent here constantly haunt your new lifestyle. Many return with open arms because here is a life of warmth, kindness. A place of a relaxed and friendly atmosphere; of openness and honesty. A place to really call home. . . .



~Spartan~
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"Big Head"
The 6"x2" Penis

We don't mean
"hang over"
But you'll remember
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IN TOUCH WITH YOU

(Editor's Note: Your questions answered by the experience of others. You are invited to write to "Bob" with your problems regarding business, the law, health, whatever needs an answer. "Bob" will seek out solutions to these problems by going to authoritative people qualified to give you gut level answers based upon their own solutions and discoveries. No question is stupid if it's an area in your life that bugs you and needs examination. Write to "Bob, c/o IN TOUCH Magazine, P.O. Box 1228, Hollywood, Calif. 90028.)

Dear Bob:

My mother was tragically killed in a flood in September of 1974. She left no will so my brother and I sought the help of an attorney to settle her estate. I am confused, to say the least. Yesterday I blew my stack at the attorney's secretary because I didn't know that certain papers had to be filed in the courts before monies could be released to my brother and me and they never bothered to inform me. The point is that it has been over 5 months since she died and my brother and I still don't know when we will have access to the modest sum of money that I know she would have wanted us to have, not to mention that we have paid all final expenses out of our own pockets and are financially strapped as a result. What can I do to speed things up, if anything?

Distressed

Dear D:

Your case is not uncommon. It shows once again the need for a valid last will and testament. Had there been one, this estate probably could have been settled in 60 to 90 days at the outset and in some cases, in much less time when the estate is simple and uncontested.

Secondly, you obviously have chosen an attorney who doesn't place your case on his priority list. He probably won't make much money and his personal interest in

you is nil. This is another reason for having your own attorney who cares about you. This is not always easy to find but it can be done if your own house is in order.

Assuming that your brother is cooperative you should use an attorney that you are familiar with and trust and ideally, that you both know.

While I am on the subject of wills, all of this should be a lesson to you of the importance of having your own attorney and making out your own will, if you don't already have one.

Believe it or not, most people put off making out a will until much later in their lives feeling that they won't die and that it won't be necessary for many years. Unfortunately, as in your Mother's case, accidents do tragically happen. The other things you can do at this point concerning your Mother's estate is to bug the attorney, as you have been doing, to make certain all the loose ends have been brought together.

Remember, the wheel that squeaks the loudest gets the most

grease! If you don't get results pretty soon, I advise you to change to an attorney who won't drag his feet.

Good luck, it will probably all be settled soon and you hopefully have learned a valuable lesson or two.

(Remember, problems have a reason. Facing and solving them is a fact of life that helps us grow in understanding ourselves and those about us. Until next time, hang in there baby and look for someone to Love. Somebody out there needs just you.)

Your questions have been answered as a public service by "Bob & Mike" of Royal Insurance Agencies.

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SEE PAGE 95 FOR DETAILS

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to college, and I was the 'big brother' they assigned him to. Richard was fabulous. It drives me absolutely bananas that the minute anybody knows you've worked with Richard Thomas immediately they want to know about his sexuality, the poor boy. Well, he IS sexy, obviously. How is he not sexy? Of course he's sexy. He's sexy to those teenage girls who watch him, the boys, and God only knows. But to me he was more than sexy.

"I mean he was so genuinely concerned with everything that happened on that set. He came over and introduced himself to me. He might have sensed that I was nervous (which of course I was nervous!), but I don't think he knew it was my first experience on camera. But he would give me hints, you know, very friendly. Just such a nice boy! And he TAUGHT me, that's the thing. He really taught me. When I watched him before we did the scene together, and then during the actual shooting, I learned so much from him. I mean, when I have to face the cameras again, and I'm convinced I will, much of what I'll know is a result of Richard. Very specific things."

Yet, you remember, it was AFTER "The Waltons" that Michael Kearns joined "Tubstrip" in San Francisco and went with it to Broadway. Another change of image? "Well, it was a matter of timing. Just at the time that 'Tubstrip' came up again, 'The Happy Hustler' was sold, and the decision to use my picture on the cover, and that led to the idea of a nude center foldout, and to go all-out on a publicity campaign. And remember, 'Tubstrip' was Broadway-bound at that point. In one year, two big dreams accomplished: I was on national television and I was on Broadway!"

You begin to get very envious. Here is a guy who has worked with Nick Nolte and Richard Thomas, and now with the charismatic Cal Culver. Inevitably you ask (who wouldn't?) what is Cal Culver really like? "You know, everyone wants to assume that there were problems between Calvin and me. There were never problems. I don't think there's much competition

because we're so completely different, for one thing. I mean we're physically different. But people do want to put us against each other. When we had the chance to go and repeat the show in Washington, it was very close to publication time for the book, so I asked for billing and for a big poster in the lobby publicizing the book.

"I sort of demanded almost co-star billing, and Calvin was completely happy. I think he was happy to have someone to share the responsibility with. (You know, he's under a great deal of pressure to please people, and he works his brains out to do it.) We were sup-



posed to do a talk show together, so they'd get me on the 'phone, then they'd get Calvin on the 'phone, and it was clear that all they wanted us to do was to go on the talk show and fight. And they'd say things to me like 'Well, what do you really think about Calvin Culver?' They just wanted to get us against each other. Fortunately, it didn't come off.

"Calvin and I would laugh about it backstage. He would say 'Well, what are you going to wear?' And I'd say 'Well, you're the movie star and I'm the hustler, so I'll really dress down in Levi jacket and T-shirt, and boots and blue jeans, and you wear a suit and be a movie star!' We got along really fabulously, in spite of what anyone might say. And I don't think Calvin has my

sort of ambition as far as publicity is concerned. You know, with him it just sort of happened. I don't think he's as frantic or as ambitious for it as I. I don't even know what his goals are.

"My goals? I really think that I might be the first person to turn this sort of off-color, blue career into something legitimate (another word of categorization I hate!). I mean my life is literally an open book, now, and tho' there are many movie and TV stars who started out hustling the way I did (God knows!), I'm outspoken about it. I'm not saying it's going to happen tomorrow or that it's going to be easy. Obviously, I'm going to be taken as a joke to a lot of people, but I've dealt with that before and I can deal with it now.

You wonder what's in his immediate future, and he mentions the big cross country promo tour for the book, doing interviews and talk shows, and the preparation of a night club act for which he has several commitments later on this summer. "What kind of an act? Everybody thinks I'm going to take off my clothes or something. But I'm going to sing and dance. I've been studying hard with Ed Menerth — you know he's probably about the best new vocal coach in Hollywood and all the younger stars are going to him: Jan-Michael Vincent, Wendell Burton, Horace Heidt, Jr., Donny Mort, Mark Lambert, Thao Pinghliis.

"I want it to be a sexy act, with a certain sort of drive, and a lot of humor. You know, I've never taken myself seriously — too seriously. I want my act to appeal to gay, straight, young, old, whatever. You know there are really no young male sex symbols on the night club circuit.

He leans back and stretches that long, lean frame, and . . . was that a meaningful look at the baroque clock on the wall? You show him to the door, grasp that nice firm hand again, and close the door quietly behind him. Have you learned anything during the past couple of hours? What, then, is a hustler really like? What goes on in his mind?

I would humbly conclude that depends, as with other kinds of civil servants, on which hustler you happen to pick up. ●

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IN TOUCH WITH THE STARS

Roger Asquith

CANCER:

Current pressures should ease off this month, but your eagerness to relax and grab what's coming to you may prove a little too much even for you. Never bite off more than you can chew. Your social picture will brighten, especially with the emergence of a new friend who is anxious to share the goodies. Be warned, don't grab at straws . . . they only blow away in the wind, you prefer more intimate surroundings.

LEO:

Everything is right now for you to probe the secrets of others. You may have to dig deep with some of the more shy types, but it will be worth it. Letting it all hang out this month may prove very beneficial for you and your friends, provided there is adequate shade . . . but don't over expose it. Your career should get a boost from someone in the background. Find out who it is and treat him to supper. Lavish him.

VIRGO:

Compliments are heaped on you frequently for your loving nature. Appreciate them and return them if possible. Make sure your abundance of love is spread around, but keep an extra helping for a special friend. Avoid making splashy entrances and laughing too loud. Your presence will be felt by the warm glow in the room. This doesn't mean things will really get hot unless you attend the right parties. Listen to advice.

LIBRA:

Financial problems concerning joint accounts can be worked out this month. Be blunt for a change, tell him to put more in and take less out. Cool it with the IN crowd who want to take you OUT. Concentrate on what you have at home. Remember you are liked for what you are and not for what you've got, but there is no harm in flaunting it once in awhile especially if its done discreetly to an appreciative audience. Live a little.

SCORPIO:

Don't worry about your image right now, concentrate on money matters and affairs of the heart. These two assignments should keep you busy and fairly satisfied. Avoid strangers bearing gifts unless they are obviously expensive . . . but be quick to tie a knot in the string. You're not a party-pooper but inclined to get pooped at parties, avoid excessive highs and concentrate on the middles, that's where all the action can be found.

SAGITTARIUS:

Aim high and don't miss, you have a lot to shoot for this period. Get plenty of rest, you have a big deal coming up so make sure you can keep it up. Finish off what is left undone but rest before zipping off into new projects. A new found friend may prove to be more than you can handle, so share the wealth, you're not inclined to be greedy. Hold on to your purse strings for a few weeks, let somebody else buy the drinks.

CAPRICORN:

Your powers of persuasion will get you everywhere, even into places you didn't want to go. An old flame may show up and ask for a light . . . tell him you've given up smoking. Money matters may plague you if you don't watch out. If overtime is offered, take it, especially if it's financially rewarding. Late nights affect your ability to concentrate the next day, so go to bed early but not necessarily alone. Watch your diet.

AQUARIUS:

The yen in your life may be the men in your life, but you have to pay more attention to your finances. Stoke up your bank balance instead of your sex life. Love in a garret is only good for mice. Personal aims should be fulfilled in a few weeks. New purchases should be avoided unless it's a friendly drink for an old friend. Keep your eyes open and wallet closed. You don't have to buy love, it's given away . . . most times.

PISCES:

Nagging irritations may bother you, face them and tell him to shut up. Try a new slant concerning your love life. A new routine may be old hat, but not to you. Listen to an old friend and follow his advice even if it means doing something you've never done before. You tend to overindulge in most things including self pity. Nobody appreciates a moaner or a screamer. You should score quite well this period, but pay more attention to the basket than the scoreboard.

ARIES:

Planetary conditions this month point to new attachments. See what's coming up on the horizon and go out to meet him half way. Don't be too eager to get it together, there might be some ointment in the fly. You should have a busy month, take it in stride and enjoy. Remember it's good to reverse positions once in awhile to find out how the other half lives. Are you in good shape for all this action? Check your health.

TAURUS:

You may be a gentle bull, but you're no gentleman. Look at yourself carefully from all angles and renew a few old duds here and there. First impressions count, even in a steam bath . . . so look your best. Take care of that assignment you've been putting off, even if it means a few hurt feelings. Your tenacity is commendable, but not everyone appreciates it. Get

things off your chest and back where they belong and you'll feel better.

GEMINI:

Being a charming host can bring you success . . . even at a backyard barbecue. So invite the crowd and show them where it's at before they get edgy. Your best friend may prove to be better than you thought . . . so give him a little more rope, he won't hang himself he's already hung. Financially things should look up and you may take that long awaited trip, but this doesn't necessarily mean you will travel. Relax and enjoy what's at hand . . . but make sure they are warm.



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The National Gay News & Entertainment Newspaper

Venice Boulevard. We opened these offices here with a nucleus of Roger Comiskey, Susan Howe, Mel Cain, Billy Glover, Tony Reyes and John Sybulski (who is now dead) and myself as the faction who could no longer work with the then existing organization known as ONE."

"Who were these people you broke away from? Can you give me names?"

"Yes I can. There was the founder, William Dorr Legg, Manuel Boy Frank and Joe Aaron."

"Who funded you here at this new location?"

"Nobody. We funded ourselves. I come from a prominent Pasadena family and I had money. Together Billy Glover, Mel Cain and I raised three thousand dollars to open our doors here in the Tangents Building. We remained an unincorporated association until 1968. But then we realized that no one would fund an unincorporated group so we decided to incorporate. We learned that Tangents Inc. was already doing business so we would have to select another name. We also knew that nobody would choose the name the Homosexual Information Center and, since that was basically what we were turning out to be, we chose that name. And we were instrumental in getting the telephone company to list it."

"What about this Playboy Foundation grant you acquired? Tell me about that."

"Burton Joseph, who is the president of the Playboy Foundation, said he liked what we were doing. We sent him material and he kept answering, asking how he could assist us. He suggested we send him our 501 C-3 tax write-off form and somehow we never sent it. His organization is set up to give away money for projects that require funding and whose work he approves of. Well, one day the group here prodded me into mailing him a request letter with the attached form and, true to his word, he immediately sent us a check for a thousand dollars (with an accompanying letter suggesting we send him a good proposal). This we have done with a further request for a grant of a hundred something thousand dollars with which to carry on

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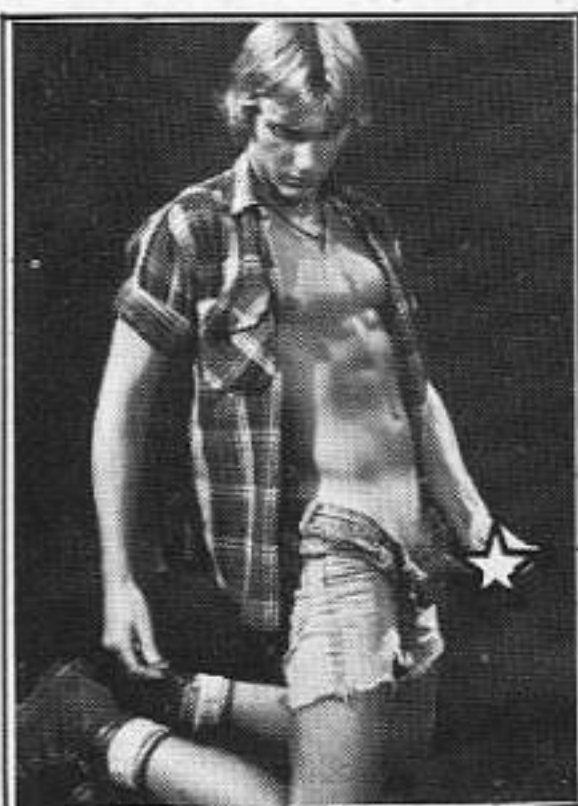
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our work and send our library bibliographies to all the colleges in the United States. We haven't received this grant as yet but we expect to get at least a portion of it. It looks good because Mr. Joseph continues to correspond with us."

"How many people constitute your group?"

"We have nine voting members and they run the corporation. We have some volunteers who give lay counselling just like the GCSC and the MCC."

"Do you approve of the work being done at MCC?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because the MCC is a ghetto church and I don't believe in the ghetto mentality. I think a gay Catholic should be going to a Catholic church. Integration is where I stand, not segregation. I do not believe in thigh-slapping gay revivalists. In fact I even wrote against the candidacy of the late Robert Stevenson for public office. Anyone who would actually go down and give credence to the antics of Troy Perry doesn't get my vote. I consider Troy nothing but a con man."

"Are you saying in essence, then, that you believe in closet queens?"

"No. I'm not saying anything of the kind! Does your mother announce to you what she's doing in bed with your father?"

At this point Mr. Slater's nostrils snorted fire and I think I actually detected some wisps of smoke coming out of them.

"If I'm fruity baby and you're fruity, then we make it! It's as simple as that!"

Mr. Kennedy decided it was time to voice HIS opinion.

"Mr. Perry has gotten out a book called The Lord Is My Shepherd and He Knows I'm Gay. I've been to that church down there and it seems to me that Troy is saying the Lord will let you be gay if you only ask him."

"Mr. Kennedy, what have you accomplished here in the ten years since your split with One?"

"O.K. For one thing we've got a bill through the Lower House legalizing Sodomy."

A young, goateed gentleman walked in and joined the discussion.

(continued on page 70)

Stylist King Curt of Hollywood

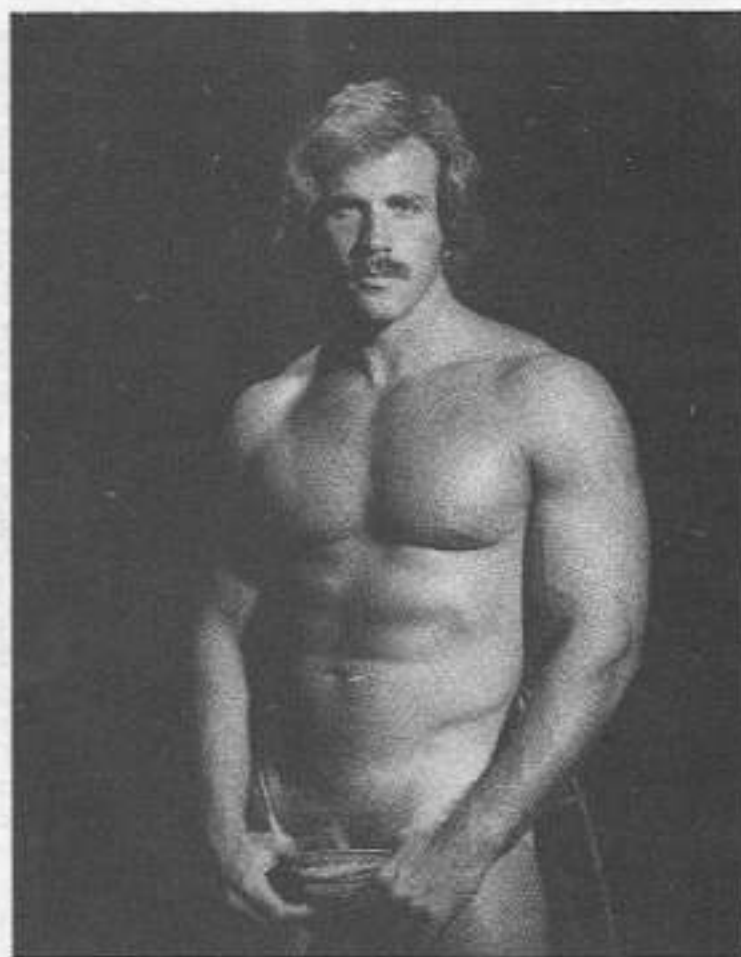
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Angry Men (continued from page 69)

"I'm Mel Cain, vice-president of HIC. If you were to sign up for any armed forces today you wouldn't have to admit to homosexuality. That question would no longer be asked."

Mr. Kennedy added:

"This is the whole point. Today, you would not only be less fearful of BEING a homosexual, other people, through our work, are becoming less fearful OF homosexuals."

"Mr. Slater, are your parents still alive?"

"My mother is. My father died in 1960."

"What does she think of what you are doing?"

"My mother, I must admit, is slightly distressed. In 1964 Life Magazine was the first to photograph the homosexual movement and I was included in that article. Now, my mother is an old Pasadena lady and she couldn't conceive as to why I would make such private information public. She couldn't care less that I was fruity."

"There's THAT word again. WHY do you use it?"

"Because it's a FUN word!"

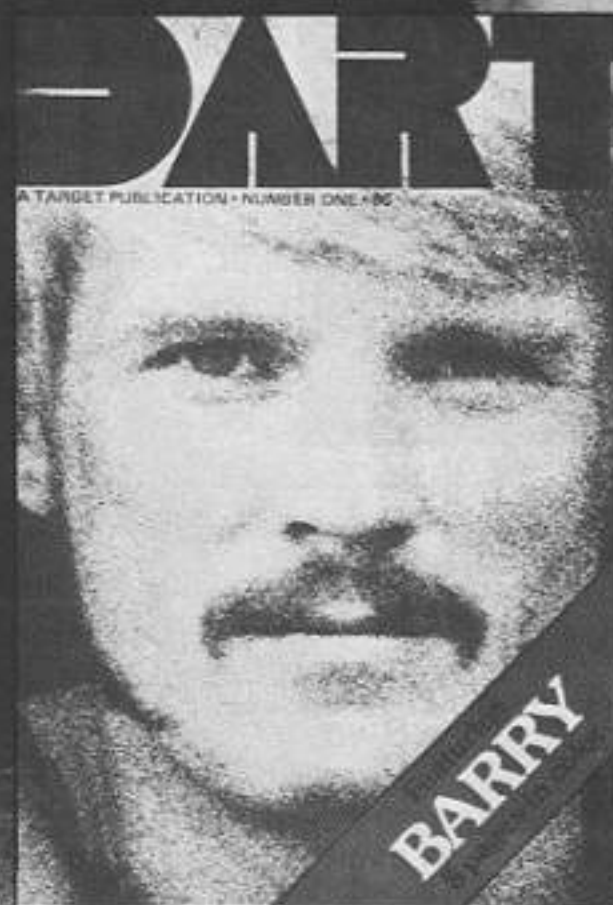
"You may find it fun but I find it thoroughly objectionable. But, to sum up, what are the future aims of the Homosexual Information Center?"

"I think the Center will probably become a permanent archive for the record of the homosexual movement. This may sound grandiose but, like the Huntington Library in San Marino, we have the best, the most astute collection of homophilia in the United States. We really do. It's highly selective and I would like to see this made permanent. Now, if we had a budget for collecting, we would start to expand. If Playboy comes through, we will move out of here and find a better place. I must say that we are not well liked. In fact, we are frequently ignored. Actually, you are the first gay publication in a number of years that has thought to come over and find out just WHAT we do. Most people, who receive our broadsides, think we are totally crazy and we've never disabused them of those views."

"Why do you think they feel this

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way about you?"

"Because we are largely eccentrics and revolutionaries."

"Do you think only progress is made by shooting out broadsides?"

"To the RIGHT people, yes."

"Then I think you people ought not to let another day go by before meeting with David Glascock in Ed Edelman's office. He is there for the express purpose of helping the gay community with their problems and to effect legislation that will correct current wrongs in local government."

"All right. We will consider that recommendation."

And with that, I bade goodbye to all the angry men of the HIC. ●



(continued from page 41)

knowledgeable gentlemen who have a lot to say on the subject of exploitation films, although they said very little of it at Filmex. Like all the special programs, the subject was simply too broad for proper coverage in three hours, and so the result left many in the audience dissatisfied. Some had come expecting to see lots of skin, of which there was very little, and others had come expecting to see something of the biker pictures, the horror films, or other favorite exploitation genres of which there were no mention.

What was included were lengthy excerpts from a dozen or so films, most of them pre-1958, which exploited sex (as subject matter rather than visually) or which spoke of the horrors of lethal addiction to that killer weed, marijuana. Among the surprises was a scene from the only feature film Lennie Bruce ever made, a 1955 cheapo-sleazo called "Dance Hall Racket," which also co-starred his mother. It was all quite fascinating to those few people seriously interested in the history of the exploiter, myself among them, but to the vast majority of the audience it was rather dull. In passing, it might be noted that nothing was said about the gay

(continued on page 72)



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Filmexcess (continued from page 71)

sexploitors, but then very little was said about ANY skin flicks of the present day, so the slight was negligible.

The centerpiece of this year's festival was a 50-hour marathon of science-fiction films, including an excellent selection of both often-seen and little-seen films from the past. It was kicked off by the world premiere of "A Boy and His Dog," a long-awaited picture starring Don Johnson. Unfortunately, by press time I was unable to have seen the film, and so a review will have to wait. However, for Don's own assessment of the film (he loved it — especially himself), I refer you to the interview with him in IN TOUCH, vol. 1, no. 8.

The remainder of the marathon was well chosen, but once again, excessive. It was a throw-back to what we called "film orgies" when I was a bright-eyed young film student and thought nothing of hopping out of bed at three in the morning to catch a screening of the original 3-D version of "September Storm." But even then, I didn't often care to sit up through an entire weekend of films just to be able to brag that I had done it. And that is what the Filmex marathon became — an endurance contest. By the middle of the second day, the auditorium was littered with dead-tired zombies, popping pills and pacing the aisles just to stay awake — not giving a damn what was on the screen, just holding out for the sake of holding out.

The science-fiction film is certainly worthy of a serious retrospect, but this marathon was merely a stunt on the level of swallowing fifty goldfish or stuffing two dozen pledges into a telephone booth. Neither the genre nor the audience was well served by it.

I realize that I have been sounding pretty negative about this year's Filmex, and in reality I did feel that there was more of interest to watch in the audience than on the screen. However, there were a few very good films and at least one or two outstanding ones. There was, for instance, "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime," a fascinating recreation of the mood of the 1930s in America, brought together by

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Philippe Mora, utilizing old news-reel footage, scenes from Hollywood films, and even apparently an occasional home movie, all in concert with radio broadcasts and popular recordings of the time. The result is a living documentary that holds the attention throughout.

And then there was the latest Monty Python film. Although I am not one to place films in a hierarchy based on genre, it certainly says something about the quality of the "serious" films this year when the artistic and commercial highlight of the festival was a British slapstick comedy. Of course, that's really an unfair description of "Monty Python and The Holy Grail" — rather like calling "Gone With The Wind" a moderate success. "Monty Python" is quite simply one of the funniest movies ever. It is the demented brainchild of a group of six writer/comedians known collectively (and for no discernable reason) as Monty Python's Flying Circus. Their humor is derived conceptually from such sources as the Marx Brothers and Olson and Johnson, with a liberal helping of Richard Lester thrown in.

A major retrospect was devoted to the films of James Whale, and it is high time this inventive director got some attention. His witty and eccentric Universal horror films of the '30s were far ahead of their time, and they can be readily enjoyed today not only for their genuinely eerie qualities, but for their intentional high camp value as well. Whale should be of particular interest to gay audiences, because he is widely acknowledged to have been "one of the boys" himself. His murder, in 1957, is usually attributed to a young hustler; however, two of the most famous underground filmmakers of the '50s, one of whom has since surfaced as a major director, will each tell you with ominous innuendo that he knows for a fact that the other was the last person around on the night Whale was killed . . . pause . . . you know what I mean? (God, I sound just like Joyce Haber, don't I?)

Finally, there was one film of specific overt interest to Gays this

(continued on page 74)

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Filmexcess (continued from page 73)

year — a Canadian entry called "Montreal Main." I have neglected mentioning it because I would like to give it more attention than I am able to do in this overview of the whole festival.

Otherwise, that, in a nutshell, is this year's Filmex. It has grown in size and complexity every year since it began, and it has finally outgrown the ability of its staff to control it. There was much grumbling in the audience during the fortnight about mismanagement, as patrons discovered that they held tickets to events that conflicted with each other, or that films were begun while more than half the audience was still filing in, or that films on which excellent 35mm prints are available were being badly projected in 16mm instead, or that the science-fiction marathon was oversold by an incredible sixteen-hundred tickets. But you can't really call it mismanagement when an event is so out of hand that it is beyond hope of ANY management, mis- or otherwise.

The Filmex staff is so busy trying to cope with the sheer magnitude of the thing that they no longer have time to devote to the thousand little details that make or break the whole festival for the audiences. Before he gets too far into planning next year's festivities, I suggest that Gary Essert familiarize himself with the Peter Principal. It was never more applicable. ●

"Seagulls" (continued from page 37)

large party is given and her Nemesis arrives, Count Vagram, who is very gay and who owns an enormous yacht at anchor in the harbor. All things considered, Van Thomas is persuaded to put to sea with him in one of the most hilarious comedy scenes on record. In the interim, the nurse's blind daughter arrives, tapping her white cane into the affections of the Colonel, who suddenly metamorphoses from a frail gazelle into a bull and leaves his wheelchair behind in a cloud of dust.

With the possible exceptions of

two players, the cast is absolutely superb. Arthur Peterson, as the Colonel, is one of those matchless veterans who can take a role and fill it with nuance, endless variety and extraordinary perception. Equally brilliant is Carrie Dieterich, as the blind girl, who is one of the most endearing young heroines imaginable.

Doris Martin, as the nurse, looks out bitterly at the world from behind her steel-rimmed spectacles and renders a microcosm of all the frustration private nurses are forced to endure at the hands of their calling. As the maid, Velma, Vivian Tann is quite marvelous and is delightful with such lines as:

"By the time I was 20 I had two abortions as well as shorthand and typing."

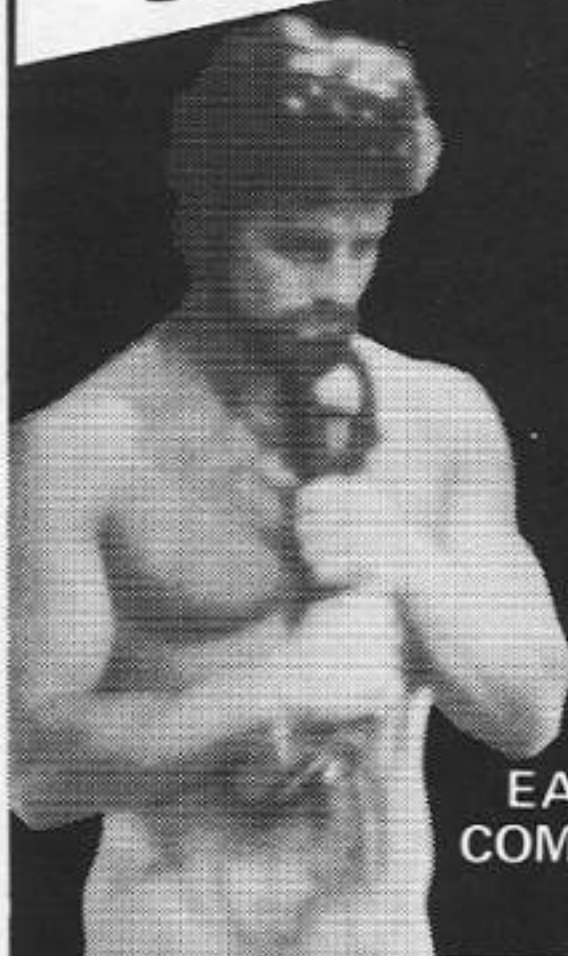
Margaretta Ramsey, who is always distinguished, outdoes herself as Francesca. Here is an actress with a sterling technique who can really make the sparks fly from a stage. Sandy Ignon, as the Count, is a comic genius and I cannot tell you the joy he gave me watching him. Just call him fabulous and let it go at that.

Ruth Marcus, as the schoolteacher, is somewhat dull. I know her character is, but I'm not so sure she is supposed to be. And George Cederberg, of course, is no actor. However, anyone who looks the way he does either nude on his stomach in bed or facing the audience in his jockey shorts doesn't really have to act. There are people from lofty echelons of our society who are coming back just to see his sensational body (he is supposed to be 20 and he is really 30).

Lastly, the prop man ought to be shot because you cannot, as an audience, work up much of a pitch of believability for actors having cocktails if they are so obviously drinking water. Writer Frank Salisbury tells me the title was just something he had in his attic and decided to use so don't read any significance into it. The attractive William Scherer sings and plays the electric guitar charmingly behind a gauze scrim. Of course you must go and see this play before it moves on to New York where the waiting line for tickets should encompass several city blocks. ●

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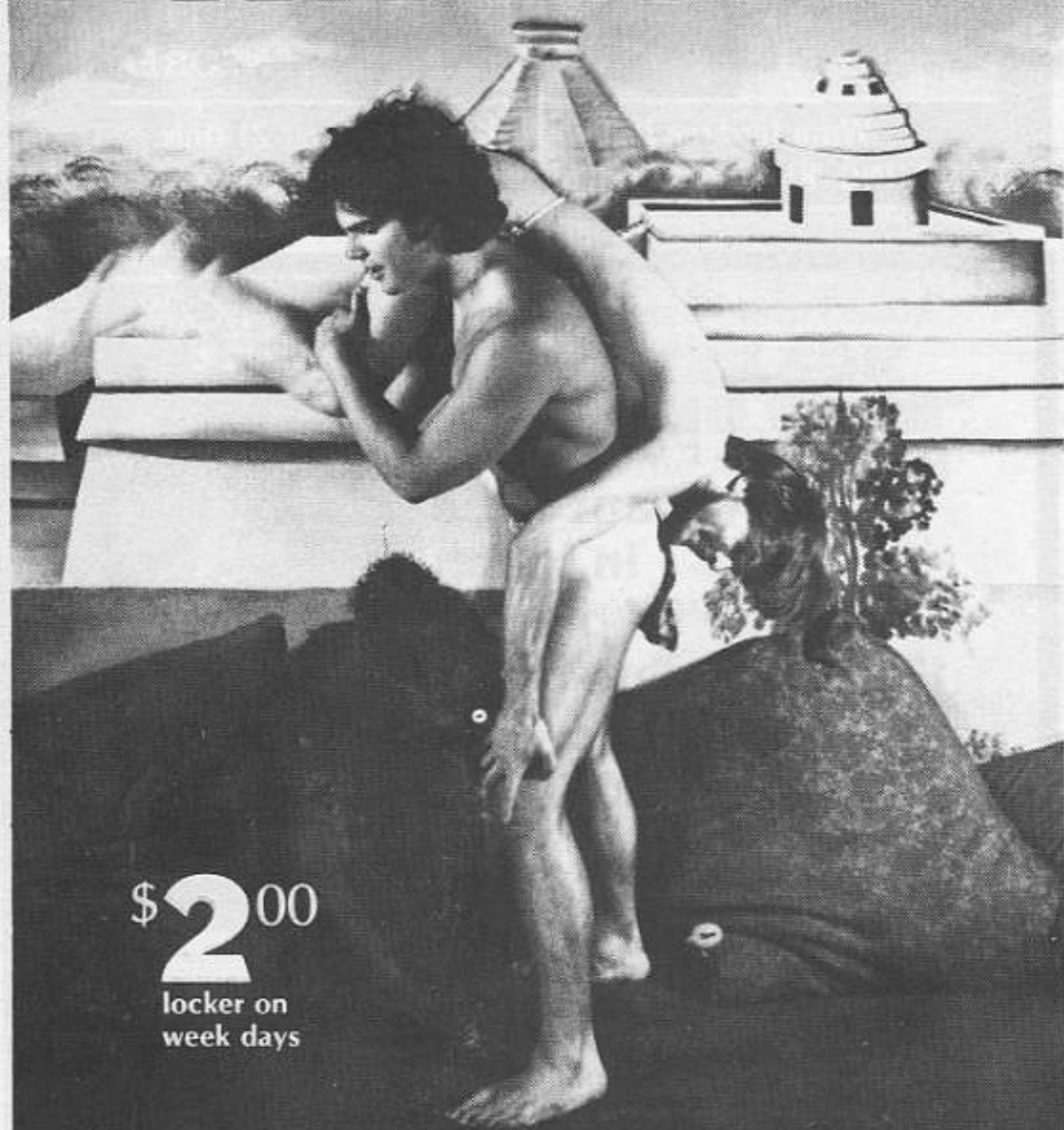




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Books (continued from page 39)

masturbation, and of course, several innocently involve the sort of lesbian postures which Victorian heterosexual males were so fond of. A fine book for the coffee table, but one wishes at least a few of Baron Von Gloeden's boys of Taormina had been included, or some of Delacroix's more pronouncedly homoerotic selections, or the photographs of Rolfe and Pluschow, or some of those many nude or near-nude shots that graced the early issues of NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC. Or for that matter, many ballet shots whose erotic content did not escape the Victorian sensitivity . . .

For many readers of IN TOUCH, PUMPING IRON, The Art and Sport of Bodybuilding, by Charles Gaines and George Butler, Simon & Schuster, \$15 cloth or \$6.95 paperback, will rank as a major publishing event. If you go pop-eyed over rippling abdominals, frog-like neck muscles and protruding veins, mushrooming deltoids and all that, this book is the most exciting thing since old STRENGTH & HEALTH grew stale. There's a lot of handsome beefcake here, and some of them talk about why they do it. Arnold Schwarzenegger is very much featured, along with some historic shots of earlier contenders in the iron game. And there are enough blond chicks shown hanging on to those bulging biceps that nobody will think that there's anything queer going on . . .

WE'LL DO IT OURSELVES: Combatting Sexism in Education, by Barbara Yates, Steve Werner & David Rosen, is a handsome paperback published at the University of Nebraska by the Student Committee on Undergraduate Education and the Education of Teachers, and printed with funds from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, along with a disclaimer letting us know that HEW didn't necessarily approve what was printed herein. It includes (twice) the American Library Association Gay Task Force's bibliography on homosexuality, lists several agencies where women and gays can get assistance, and in-

cludes several student papers and several charts which with repetitious jargon inform us that sexism exists. Most readers will find it tedious.

I'm sorry to sound negative here. There's a lot that's good in the book, but the organization is dreary and only a few of the articles have much spark to them (Lou Crompton on Literature and Our Gay Minority) and there's very little breaking of new ground. Of value nonetheless as a study manual, and that's what it is designed for.

What do you say about a book of verse whose author now says, "I wrote this . . . before I had admitted to myself that I was gay . . . this book thus will always stand as a monument to self inflicted loneliness . . ." **THE DOLL HOUSE & EIGHT SEASONS OF LONELY** by Ralph Paul, a country-and-western songwriter whose name has been associated with that of Kris Kristofferson and Tom Ghet, is available at \$4.95 plus 55 cents for postage and handling, from Gernhardt Publication, P.O. Box 181, Libertyville, IL 60048.

"Occupy that stool
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a glance around
look for a friendly face that might
glance back
from the mirror behind the bar.
Look for a smile from someone in
the mirror.
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be seen
not even your own image
as if even the mirror doesn't
want
to look at you."

The poet wears the heterosexual mask, but the spirit comes through. And now that the mask is gone, what will the poet have to say?

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My Days
of the Locust (continued from page 43)

smoke and I seized this opportunity to stroll over to Del Armstrong, the make-up man, to perhaps learn a professional secret or two.

"I assume," I began, "that Mr. Sutherland's skin is not actually being torn off. How do you do it?"

"We use an appliance known as an Extra Oral Prosthetic. This gives the illusion of pieces of skin being torn away."

I whipped out my notepad and was busily jotting this information down when I was tapped on the shoulder by Mike Maslansky. Conspiratorially, he beckoned me into a corner.

"I don't want you bothering our make-up man."

I nearly keeled over at this admonition.

"I'm interested in doing a story here," I began . . .

"I just invited you on the set to observe. You can't interrupt production."

Inasmuch as everyone was waiting around for the smoke machine, I was damned if I knew how I was interrupting anything.

Maslansky continued.

"You are very lucky to be on this very important set."

I was several light years beyond my oohing and aahing days on a movie set. I was here to do a story and a God damned good one and I could not see how standing quietly in the background of millions of people was going to get me

anything worth printing. The hairs on the back of my neck were beginning to feel hot but I quashed the urge to scream and withdrew into the shadows, biding my time.

The smoke machine duly arrived, the order for ACTION! was given again and the crowd began to surge forward. Mr. Sutherland's face was red from claw marks and his white shirt was drenched with his own blood (courtesy of Mr. Armstrong). Borne aloft to the center of the arena, the order of CUT! rent the air.

"Not enough smoke!"

Enormous wind machines were switched on and everything was suddenly inundated by smoke. It enveloped me completely and, whatever it consisted of, it smelled absolutely terrible. The scene began again only to be interrupted with the order:

"TOO MUCH SMOKE!"

And so it went. Now I know what smoked ham means when applied to actors. The scene began again and this time it was carried to its conclusion. During its shooting, I noticed an unfortunate tendency that I had suspected all along. The Waivers were desperately trying, in the crush of people, to protect their individual persons. This might easily find its way to the screen, making the whole thing and millions of dollars of Paramount's money, appear staged. Once that happens, you are in trouble. However, Mr. Schlesinger, in piecing together "Midnight Cowboy," ably proved he likes to over-

print images, one on top of the other, and to intercut various point-of-view angles into his final assembled footage. Working from this framework, he could easily mask the reluctance of his Waivers to give Professional Crowd Performances. After all, they have never been in front of a camera before in their lives.

After the scene was printed, the camera was set up for another shot and Mr. Schlesinger paused to chat with Kirk's son, Michael Douglas, who had come on the set to watch. Michael, the star of the TV series, "The Streets of San Francisco," is a fan of John's, as who isn't? After a brief conversation, Michael wandered off and I found myself standing next to the Great Man. Immediately I grasped the opportunity to tell him how much I wanted to interview him for IN TOUCH. He was charming and gracious and evinced an interest in the idea. He even went so far as to suggest I contact him upon his completion of the picture. Then he begged off to construct the new shot with Mr. Zinneman.

I could anticipate the cold presence of Mike bearing down upon me once again and, sure enough, he came on like Gangbusters.

"I told you, Mr. Leopold, you cannot annoy people on the set. Nobody else does and there must be a stop to this. I'll have no more of it."

I realized that War was now declared between us. The lines were clearly drawn and I would get as much of my story as I could before I was kicked off the set. I decided to play it Cool so I said nothing. Believe me, when aroused, I can say plenty but this was not the time to say it. I meekly batted my eyes, closed my notepad and went to lunch.

The scene to be shot that afternoon involved the arrival of the hordes to view Fredric March and Francesca Gaal in C. B. deMille's "The Buccaneer." I am ashamed to admit to you that I'm so old I actually attended that Premiere.

Mr. Zinneman called through the bullhorn:

"Get ready for the arrival of the star's limousines! Everyone not in the shot, clear the set, please."

(continued on page 81)

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That edict included me and, when the cameras rolled, I was so out of it I couldn't see a single thing. My attention was directed upward where a good-looking electrician had an unimpeded view. With fear and trepidation, I approached Mike for permission to climb the catwalk and view the proceedings from there. His leonine visage clouded over and the storm clouds broke.

"Why do you ask for special favors? Look around you at the other media. No one has asked me to use the catwalk."

"Perhaps not. But I have."

A thin blue vein throbbled in his temple and I thought he was going to have a stroke on the spot.

"Why do you have to be different from everybody else?"

"I can't see anything. And I believe that is what I'm here for. Besides, I have to be me. In writing my story, I cannot be anybody else."

Mike aged 20 years. He wearily pointed up.

"Go ahead. The stair ladder is over there."

I felt very smug as I climbed the perilous steps to the very roof of the sound stage. But it was a mistake because, the higher I climbed, the more worried I got. Suddenly I was paralyzed with fright. As a child I had fallen 50 feet from an apartment house under construction and, ever since then, I had experienced a gorgeous case of Vertigo. What I won't do to scout a story for IN TOUCH!

I reached my viewing point and I had to climb across a crossbar with a sheer drop of 45 feet into the action area. I couldn't look. Finally, I found myself next to 38-year-old George Croff who had just started on "Locust." Actually, it was his first day, although he has been in the picture business for 16 years.

My eyes were attracted to some gorgeous policemen directing traffic below.

"Those actors sure look like the real thing," I mused.

"They are. Those are real cops recruited from the LAPD and the Sheriff's Dept. They're Moonlighters."

"What's a Moonlighter?"

"A cop who works a film on his

vacation or his day off. All cops like to earn extra money."

I mooned over a couple of numbers and began to wish I wasn't so far above the action. Cars began to arrive, doors opened, flashbulbs popped and out stepped Nancy Lafayette who was playing one of the stars.

Bill Baldwin announced:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Miss Ginger Rogers!" and a mass of humanity surged forward.



DAY TWO: THE AFTERMATH OF THE RIOT

When I walked onto the set the following day, the stage was strewn with debris. Mutilated and dead bodies lay everywhere among the stuffed bloody dummies. The holocaust had been raging since 6 a.m., long before I put in an appearance. I rubbed the sleep from my eyes and looked around. The C from "Buccaneer" was hanging down where the stunt man had grabbed onto it to cushion his plunge through the red awning in front of the theatre. Even though a large mattress had been placed directly beneath that awning, he had fallen through it and broken his ankle anyway.

However, the scene had been captured on film. Mr. Schlesinger was pleased with it and the destruction of the set was continuing with clockwork precision. Little fires smouldered from Special Effects Cars that are used again and again

by the studio. They are specifically wired to catch fire and burn. As my eyes swept the scene, I noted that most of the upright Waivers of yesterday were now being paid to be prone. In one corner, famed MGM director, George Cukor, was studying the scene in progress.

William Atherton was draped over the fender of an old brown Chevrolet, dazed from the fierce carnage wreaked by yesterday's mob. Mr. Schlesinger was advising him about his close-up hysteria.

Suddenly a hush descended on the scene as Mae West, surrounded by her entourage, entered. Dressed in a white cloth coat that set off her ivory white hair, she was introduced to Mr. Schlesinger.

Schlesinger finally finished his conference and, at a signal, a towering sheet of flame shot straight up to the ceiling, enveloping everything in a gigantic tongue of fire. Before the crew knew what was happening, the top of the sound stage was ablaze. Schlesinger continued to shoot anyway. After enough of it was captured on film, Zinneman shouted:

"CUT!"

And the studio firemen leapt to hose down the area with a gusher of white chemicals. Quickly the flames flickered out but the ceiling remained charred like the aftermath of burned toast. After another conference, the camera moved in for a tighter close-up of Atherton. When the camera began to grind again, Atherton started to laugh

(continued on page 82)



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My Days

of the Locust (continued from page 81)

hysterically, showing an abundance of white teeth. The laughter seemed forced to me and not at all right and Schlessinger, brilliant technician that he is, sensed this at once. He called a break and conferred with the Special Effects people in the background.

Mr. Atherton went over for a make-up touch-up and then slumped into a camp chair. The time had come and I made a beeline for him. Brandishing my IN TOUCH card, I introduced myself.

"Mr. Atherton, I would so appreciate a brief interview with you after the completion of this picture for IN TOUCH."

I handed him my card and he looked at it.

"Might I know where you're staying?"

He volunteered:

"The Sunset Marquis."

"Thank you. I shan't bother you until you've had a few days rest after the picture is finished. And I'll certainly appreciate it."

"Fine," was his sole rejoinder.

From the corner of my eye I noticed Mike swooping down like a Manta Ray from the opposite side of the sound stage. I quickly melted into the scenery and was lost in the crowd. I further noted Mr. M. in heavy conference with Mr. Atherton and the upshot of it was I never did get my interview. Mr. A. checked out of the Sunset Marquis after the cast party and flew right back to New York. Since this was to be my final day on the set, I decided to murder Mike Maslansky. After all, his body could blend nicely with all the others hors de combat. It probably would never be noticed anyway. I deeply regretted coming on this set in the first place. What could I possibly hope to accomplish with a press agent that castrated me at every turn?

The scene began again. Extras ran screaming in the background, creating pandemonium, as old cars burst into flame around them. Other parts of Grauman's Chinese flashed fire and Atherton began to laugh again. Mr. Zinneman yelled:

"More Smoke! More Fire!"

The wind machines fanned the holocaust into an intense heat.

"Ease off on the smoke. Too

much!"

The technicians eased off and the camera stopped whirring as Mr. Schlesinger went into conference again.

I walked over and chatted amiably with Karen Wookey, the script girl. What a delightful creature she is! Smart as a whip, she exudes charm from every pore. No wonder she holds down such an exalted job.

"Hello," she smiled. "Enjoying the destruction?"

"I'm fascinated. Schlesinger certainly knows what he's doing, doesn't he?"

"John works in layers. His film can be cut in many different ways. He never edits in the camera."

I sensed Mike at my side again. Through his teeth he gnashed:

"You will never be on any set I have anything to do with ever again."

I said a silent prayer of thanks for that.

At this juncture, it was obvious the director was simply not getting the effect out of Atherton he wanted. He ordered the set cleared. Whereupon I turned on my heel and made for the nearest exit. As I progressed toward the Outside World, the cameras started up again. The fires were rekindled and flamed once more against Atherton's contorted, tortured face. His bloodcurdling cries followed me as I walked off that Closed Set. His hysteria climbed to fever pitch and, now, it tore believably from his anguished, beleaguered throat. I turned at the door feeling very much like Professor Higgins in "My Fair Lady":

"By George, I think he's got it!" I exclaimed to no one in particular.





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Stonewall

(continued from page 9)

philosophic enquiry, and not just play shopworn philosophic-school-games like most philosophers have done. The heterosexual grows up taking most things for granted, what it means to be a male, the idea of marriage as a purpose of life, acceptance of prescribed professional roles. It's the gay who has to ask fundamental questions, because some of the basic things his parents and peers expect of him just don't fit his life. It's also the gay impulse that feeds the arts and crafts, if only because those occupations aren't high in the hetero scale of values. Not that there aren't some hetero philosophers, poets and painters — but it's time people recognize that those professions are essentially our turf."

Bonnie, a horse-breeder, says, "It's like Jewish pride remembering coming up out of the land of Egypt, and Black pride remembering the slave block. Gay pride is our commemoration of our martyrs, our affirmation of what was denied, an affirmation that our spirits are beautiful, our talent productive, our minds determined and sharp, our bodies fine and strong, our sense of community warm and expansive. I felt a burst of pride in my heart the first time I learned there was a word for what I'd been feeling — and that first word I heard wasn't a very complementary one. And I overflowed with gay pride the first time I came into a roomful of gays. It was the sleazy old Open Door on Vermont — but they were my beautiful sisters. I believe that the spark that's at the heart of gay spirit isn't sexual desire at all, it's that desire to embrace an ever-expanding fellowship into our love, a world-wide sorority/fraternity. And by the time our love-spirit gets big enough to embrace all the world's gays, I think we'll be embracing a lot of non-gays as well — all women first, then our civil-rights allies, then our discriminated-against groups, then our genital families (to me my gay sisters and brothers are my real family), and finally even some of those who now spit on us. That's where gay love and Christian love



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are really the same thing."

Bartender Jerry says, "It comes, for me at least, from looking at what's been built in the last few years. Believe me, when I came out, there was nothing but the bars, beaches and bushes, and we didn't own any of them. Now we have our own churches, publications, businesses, service centers, and a lot of politicians who know that they owe us the margin that put them in office. We still have enemies, venomous, powerful enemies, but the real creme-de-la-creme of gay pride is knowing that we shall overcome, not someday-over-the-rainbow, but soon. Then gay pride won't have to be defensive anymore. It'll just come natural to us, because we and everyone will know how much we contribute to making life worth living."

Helen agrees. "I'm not an artist or a writer, not a gay leader either. I'm not the kind that's going to go down in history books, but I work hard at a useful job and do it well. I contribute money to gay causes, but I feel proudest when I as a gay can contribute to charities that help take care of their children. And I'm proud to hold up my part as a plain, conscientious citizen, voting for the good of the whole country."

Tina, a secretary in an insurance firm, says, "For me gay pride is knowing that if I suddenly turned lavender, it wouldn't shake me up. Gay pride is knowing that if someone offered me a pill to make me a 'good, normal heterosexual,' I'd tell him right where to stick his pill. Gay pride is not flinching when I hear someone behind me say dike or faggot or cocksucker or queer. I turn right around and throw those words back in their face — make the words positive. I'm one proud dike!"

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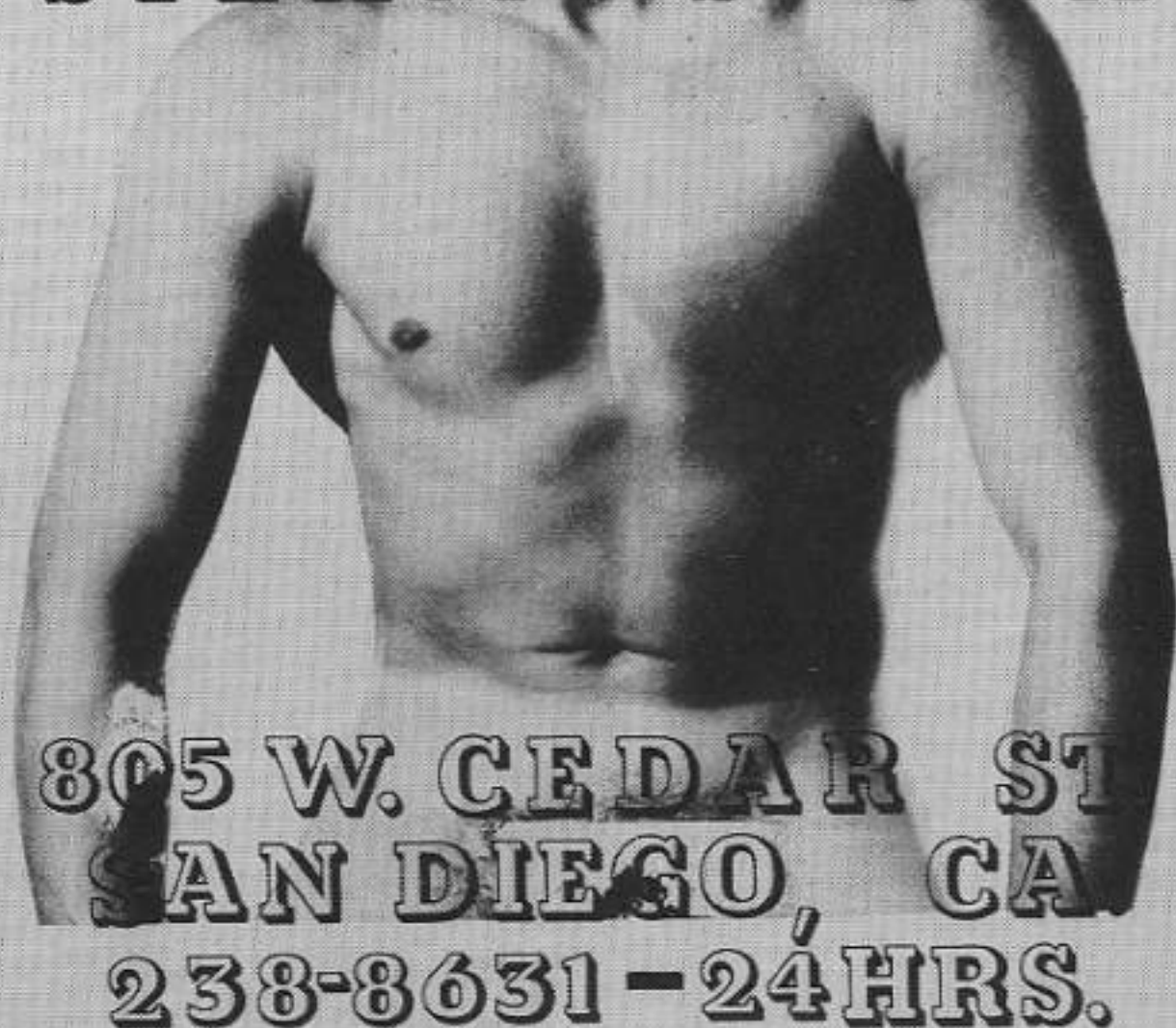
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Sharon (continued from page 25)

their home life — sharing a comfortable apartment in Culver City, filled with books, records and fine prints — demands a certain amount of time taken out of all those organizational meetings, demonstrations, etc. They were together in the UCLA class the first semester it was given. They were together in the 26-hour sit-in at TV station KCOP, brought on by Mort Sahl's slanders of the gay community (Sharon was a chief leader of that demonstration) and to an outside observer, the gap in their philosophies seems to be closing.

But where many lesbian activists see their prime commitment as being to the women's movement, with only a minor commitment to the cause shared by female and male gays, Sharon, by her temperament and the focus of her activities, is chiefly in the gay movement, and sees the push for gay power as something on which gay women and men must cooperate.

When she talks of her gay brothers, her warmth makes it obvious that she doesn't just see gay men as politically necessary allies, but really as brothers.

"We need to push the gay power thing," she says, with real determination. "That's where it's at, building up our political power, so that gays don't have to hide anymore. And as more gays come out of hiding, it means that much more gay power."

"Hedda Gabler (continued from page 37)

troublesome to the most gifted. Patrick Stewart, as the source of her passion, has a voice the texture of creamy caramel and he is a dead-ringer for George Maharis. Peter Eyre is fussy and suitably absent-minded as Tesman while Constance Chapman and Timothy West are, quite simply, the best Aunt Juliana and Judge Brack I have ever seen.

As is to be expected from the Royal Shakespeare Company, the ensemble playing is a joy. And, for at least half the play, their flawless techniques carries the day. But this song of Norway falters badly on the slopes of the high notes.

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"The Exterminator has just left my apartment and I'm exhausted from giving cockroaches extreme unction."

"I thought my Physical Education teacher had such character in his face but after seeing him standing there in that tacky Gay bar, I realized he'd had every character in New York in his face."

"Is SEX ALL you think about?"

"YES!"

"I don't know if I could even carry on a decent conversation with him."

"God gave us mouths for other things than TALKING!"

After the sailor leaves the navy:
"Now we can celebrate Bud's discharge."

"Maybe we should see a doctor instead."

"Maybe he should see a doctor instead."

"I've got a new apartment at Bleeker and West 10th."

"Vaseline Alley!"

"I don't want to waste the morning. I think it's best to get to the vegetable market before the Lesbians."

"For every kettle, there's a cover."

"John, you don't understand. My kitchen is complete. What I need is a husband."

In the row directly behind me sat a couple of boozed-up numbers obviously there because of the excessive nudity campaign to bring in the customers. They appeared restless and apparently had expected some explicit action a la "Deep Throat." If I can do this fine play a service let me warn you that

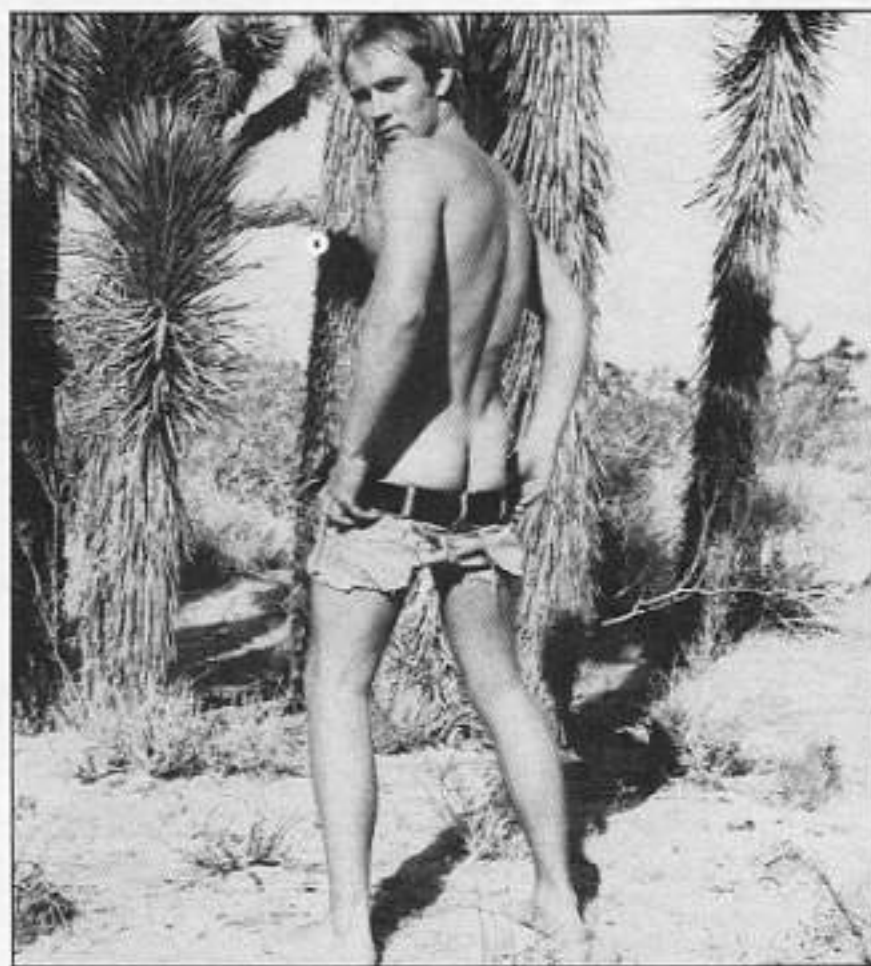
the most nudity you will see are a few bare asses. There is nothing outrageous about this play; in fact it is rather tame for Hollywood. Mores, of course, are different in Margaret Mitchell-mint julep country.

"Puppy Dog Tails" properly belongs in an intimate Playhouse without the onus of juiced-up bar characters. But, whatever the setting, it should be seen. As for the others in the cast, John Barrett as Carey-Lee Dunbar, is quite charming, creating a beguiling portrait out of the merest suggestion of a character. Not so fortunate are Peter Brandon as Bud Kelcorn, the gob, and Bill Leonard as John Hen-

drix. Neither, for openers, are nearly good-looking enough for my taste in leading men and, while Mr. Leonard appears to have had some experience on the stage, Mr. Brandon seems to be just getting his feet wet.

The set by Bob Lampel is serviceable but blue cretonne curtains, really! Mr. Devereaux's direction (he originated the show in New York) is deft and disarming and he is awfully good-looking in person. If you want to figure out how old he is, he tells me he was born January 31, 1942 and he was arrested in Atlanta on January 31, 1975. Quite a birthday present. ●

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and scared it into dealing directly with a large, vocal and angry gay minority. Local stations that aired "Welby" gave air time to gay groups to refute the program and voice our side of the story. National magazines and newspapers followed the story on a daily basis. Public opinion went against ABC for producing such an obnoxious episode and, more importantly, for turning a deaf ear to the complaints of an offended minority. The following month, short lead time made it difficult to coordinate a national protest of "Policewoman — Flowers of Evil" but local protests in several cities and a sit-in by Lesbian Feminist Liberation at NBC headquarters in New York convinced NBC that they had to listen to us. They became very contrite and, after the show aired, began holding meetings and trying to make amends. Suddenly, we were a force to be placated. As a minority, we had arrived.

The most important result of the

protests was the awareness gained by the gay community. We learned that we were not powerless, that we could fight the shit shows and push for decent, sensitive, accurate portrayals. We learned that we didn't have to be the victims and settle for the few good things that might happen; we could take the offensive, work with networks and local stations, and make some real progress.

Some of the specific accomplishments — NBC and CBS have both included gay people in their fair employment policy statements. If you work for either the networks or any of their Owned and Operated stations, it's now supposed to be stated policy that you cannot be discriminated against in hiring, promotion or other areas of employment. Of course, this new ruling has yet to be tested, but it is the official stated policy. Gay representatives have been approached by Tandem Productions (Norman Lear) and Mary Tyler Moore Productions about sensitivities towards regular gay

characters on their shows. A CBS Special based on the life and poetry of Walt Whitman will not ignore his homosexuality. Rather, it will explore Whitman's gayness and its effect upon his poetry. Other shows are in the planning stages and now, for the first time, networks are listening to some of our suggestions on what we'd like to see.

What can we do to keep the momentum going? Keep talking with local stations. Complain when something is bad and praise them when something is good. If you know gay people working in the industry, ask them to pass along information about shows in production. If there's something negative in the works, we can make contacts with production houses or networks to voice a complaint without having to reveal the source of information. All three networks say they want to air good gay scripts, but haven't been receiving the appropriate material. If you're a gay writer, now is a very good time to write a script and submit it.

The most important thing is that

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we communicate with each other and work together. Through the National Gay Task Force, I work on the media full-time on a national level. In the last two years, broadcasting has changed so drastically that no one could have predicted our growth and progress. If we work together now, the '75 season could possibly be the start of fair, accurate and consistent representation of gay people and lifestyles on the air.

Good heavens! They might even show us as human beings! ●



Polk St. (continued from page 29)

Pine Market, which acts as a general store for the neighborhood. Although the store will be serving up Chinese food as soon as their new oven arrives, the proprietors aren't Chinese but are from Thailand. The Paperback is one of the few purveyors of such books

which offers them at a discount. A multitudinous selection is stocked and they're on constant sale at 20% off which is nice in these days of rampant inflation. In keeping with the Polk Street style, you can browse the books and cruise the customers to your little heart's content. KJAZ fills the air and there is a large poetry selection at an even greater discount plus a pasle of paperbooks on the occult, a special collection of paperbooks on gay concerns, a complete shelf of feminist works, all the latest magazines and newspapers.

If you're making the Midnight Cowboy scene, the Fosters cafeteria is where the boys are during the wee hours. It isn't one of the most decourous Fosters, but the partying continues there until dawn although somewhat subdued. Since the bars close at two, there's a need for a late-night scene and The Sack, a "dance academy" at 1044 Post Street is doing its best to keep the late hours jumping. The Sack is hard to spot. It seems to be masquerading as an art gallery so you

have to keep your eyes peeled or you'll walk right by it. After paying the small admission charge, you'll find yourself in a small ballroom with a good sound system playing the latest rock records. There's one of those glittering chandeliers to add a prom-like ambiance and, wonder-of-wonders a real pinball machine with flippers! For some reason Polk Street features those dumb old-fashioned machines. The Sack is opening an upstairs room which promises untold delights including erotic movies, color television and everything but a swimming pool.

So, as you can gather Polk Street runs around the clock like an old auntie in search of pleasure and partying. It's an easygoing street to visit or to live on. The rents range from low, low at the tawdry hotels to moderate. The prices from rockbottom to too much. But even on nickels and dimes it's possible to have a very good time at any hour of the day or night on what may well be "the gayest street in the nation." See ya there. ●

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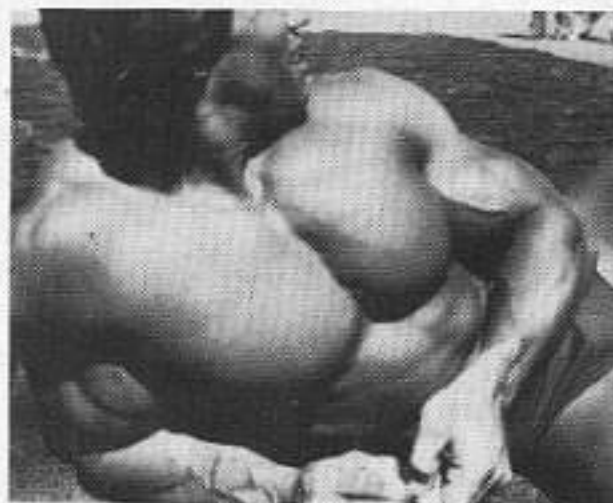
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evening air. Rusty was stopping at every other bush and tree to examine the buds and new leaves.

"I love you," Jeff said.

Rusty stood sniffing at a Lilac bush. He walked on.

"Did you hear me?" Jeff asked. "I love you."

"I heard you," Rusty answered.

"Do you love me?" Jeff persisted, with the slightest quaver in his voice.

"Isn't that a silly question?" Rusty looked at him. He was annoyed.

"No," Jeff said. He stopped walking. "You've never said you loved me, Rusty. I'd like to hear you say it."

"Jeff, I give you my time. Doesn't that say it all?"

"Not in words. Not in words. No one my whole life has ever told me they loved me."

Rusty put his arm around Jeff's shoulder.

"Nobody ever has to," he said. "People know when they are loved and when they are not. Words only lie. We don't need them."

"I need them right now!" Jeff was becoming angry and frightened. He shook off Rusty's arm.

"I'll never say them and you

should know me better than to ever have to ask me," Rusty said coldly.

A car filled with post-exam partying students turned the corner and slowed as it passed them. Someone threw a beer bottle from one of the windows. It shattered against the pavement close to Rusty's feet.

"Queers!" called a voice from the car. There was laughter and the car sped away.

Rusty hadn't moved. Even when the bottle fell at his feet. It was as if he had turned to stone. Jeff laughed nervously.

"We better get home," he said. There was a lump in his throat. He began walking up the street. "Rusty. Come on!" he called back.

Rusty stood where he was listening to the echoes of the shattered glass, and what it meant. Slowly, he turned and followed after Jeff.

The letter came before the damage had been repaired. Mrs. McKay handed it to Jeff at breakfast the following morning. Rusty was still upstairs. He had lain awake in bed until nearly dawn. Jeff had slept. They had not had sex.

Jeff tore the letter open. In the entire year he had lived at the McKay's he had never received a letter.

"This is great!" he said jumping up from the table.

Mrs. McKay smiled at him over her coffee cup.

"I've been offered a fellowship at the University of California in Berkeley!" He was out of the room racing up the stairs.

Mrs. McKay set her cup down and wiped the smile from her lips. She felt a strange ache in the pit of her stomach.

"Rusty!" Jeff jumped on to the bed and shook him roughly.

"What's the matter, Jeff," Rusty sat up instantly.

"I'm going — I mean we're going to California!" Jeff beamed. "Here! Read this!"

Rusty was fully awake now. He rubbed the sleep from his eyes slowly. "It sounds like a big break," he said looking down at the letter.

"Have you ever been to California?" Jeff said. "It's so beautiful. It's always warm. The ocean's right there. Think of all the wonder-

ful things you can paint. Aren't you excited?"

"I'm very excited for you, Jeff. If this is what you want."

"Of course it is. Wait until we drive to San Francisco. The mecca of gay life. We can be completely free to do what we want!"

"I'm free to do what I want now," Rusty said very quietly. "I don't need to go to California."

"What — what do you mean?" Jeff stopped. The color left his face.

"I mean this is my home and I won't leave it," Rusty said firmly. "I will not leave my mother. I will not leave my home. But this is your home too, as long as I am here." He touched Jeff's arm.

"Then you really don't love me, do you?" Jeff snarled.

Without a word Rusty got out of bed, put on his pants and left the room. Going downstairs he passed his mother in the hall.

"I'll be back in a few days," he said.

Jeff heard Rusty's truck start up. He watched from the window as Rusty drove off.

When he did not return that weekend, Jeff began to pack. He fought his tears. He began molding hatred out of love. By the time he had loaded his things on the bus he had become a stranger once again.

He stood looking at the house from the street and wondered if he'd ever lived there. He started to get into the bus — stopped — and went into the house.

Mrs. McKay was in her chair near the window, her hand on her locket.

"Goodbye, Mrs. McKay. Thanks for everything," Jeff bent down and kissed her on the cheek. "I guess you won in the end."

"Goodbye, Jeff. None of us win," Mrs. McKay said simply.


Jeff turned to go but stopped once more. He clinched his teeth, fighting to control himself. "Mrs. McKay, where is Rusty?"

"A place called Crumble Creek. It's fifty miles north of here on the highway. You can find it on a map at a gas station." She sounded relieved.

It was a beautiful place. Wooded. The trees had sprung into new leaf and everything was green. It was a small park with a huge cliff that

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seemed to rise out of nowhere for two hundred feet into the sky. Campsites lined the drive that circled the cliff but they were almost deserted. Only one or two cars. Jeff found Rusty's truck easily and parked next to it.

He got out and circled the park. His heart was beating madly. Rusty was nowhere to be found. Jeff looked at the cliff in the center. Of course, he thought.

There was no path. He had to climb up. It took almost an hour. Heights made him dizzy and he avoided looking down. By the time he neared the top, he was out of breath and he thought what if Rusty wasn't there? What if the truck suddenly started up and drove off?

But finally he was on top. There were birch and oak and fir trees growing out of green grass. Chipmunks and squirrels darting after acorns. The view was magnificent. Jeff could see for miles and miles. It was warm and the air smelled clean, fragrant with Spring. But where was Rusty!?

He started walking along a narrow trail, listening for the sound of Rusty's truck until he came to the southern edge. And there on a ledge below him sat the boy with the dark red hair, shirtless in the sun bent over a sketch pad, an army issue sleeping bag behind him.

"Hey," Jeff called, "Remember me!"

"It took you over an hour and a half to get up here," Rusty said sketching.

"I came to say goodbye," Jeff said.

"Come here," said Rusty.

Jeff climbed down to the edge and Rusty turned and put away the sketch pad. Things became right again. They made love on the ledge and only stopped when a small plane flew over them.

"I need you," Rusty said.

"Then why?" asked Jeff.

"I want to tell you something I've never told anyone else. It's about my father. My father lead a double life. He knew it and my mother knew it. He hated himself for it. She loved him in spite of it. He would go out and look for sex. And she knew. She knew and she understood. I told you once my mother has a great capacity for understanding. New ideas might take time getting

through to her. She may have a hard time with them, but damn if she doesn't make the effort. The next guy that rents your room can probably have his girl stay all night. Look how she went along with us. Brewster, that hypocrite, moved out in a week when he caught on.

"But my father — my father was a fine painter. One day he had sex with a sixteen year old kid in some forest he'd gone up to, to do some fishing and some sketching. He was disgusted with himself. I was about a year old. He wrote my mother a letter about it and told her he was sick of life and what he was. Then, he blasted his head off and when they found him the animals had gotten to him first.

"My mother gave me the letter when I was sixteen. She sat me down and told me that whatever I was I should be proud of it. That what you were inside was the important thing. I don't think she knew I was gay then. I don't think she ever really knew until you showed up with me that day at the cemetery. We have a unique way of communicating — she and I."

"I still don't understand why you're staying here, and I'm going to California," Jeff said.

Rusty turned to face him.

"Because you have work to do in the world. You need to go places where you can do the things you want to do. I'm afraid of the world. You can see it in my work. I'm safe at home with my mother's memories and my own boundaries. Until you and I can make love in a field, in a forest without any fear I don't want to see other places."

"I'm not afraid," Jeff said.

"I am," Rusty admitted.

"Things are changing," Jeff said in a low voice. "We can make them change."

"Yes," Rusty said, "yes. But I'm not a rebel. I don't have the bravery of a coward. You're a lot stronger than I am Jeff. A lot more willing to fight them than I am."

"Then you're really not proud of what you are," Jeff said.

Rusty thought. "I don't know. I can't answer that easily. I'm proud of my feelings for you, for us. But I don't like tags. I can't take on all the hatred in the world."

Jeff remembered the broken bottle striking the pavement.

"Maybe I'm my father's son, after all," Rusty said.

They both fell silent. They spent that night together. High on the Crumble Creek Cliff, perhaps closer than they had ever been. And in the still grey dawn, Jeff slipped out of Rusty's arms, climbed to his VW bus and started off to California.

"You have made a terrible mistake," said Katharine McKay when her son arrived home toward evening.

"Yes mother," said Rusty, "I know."

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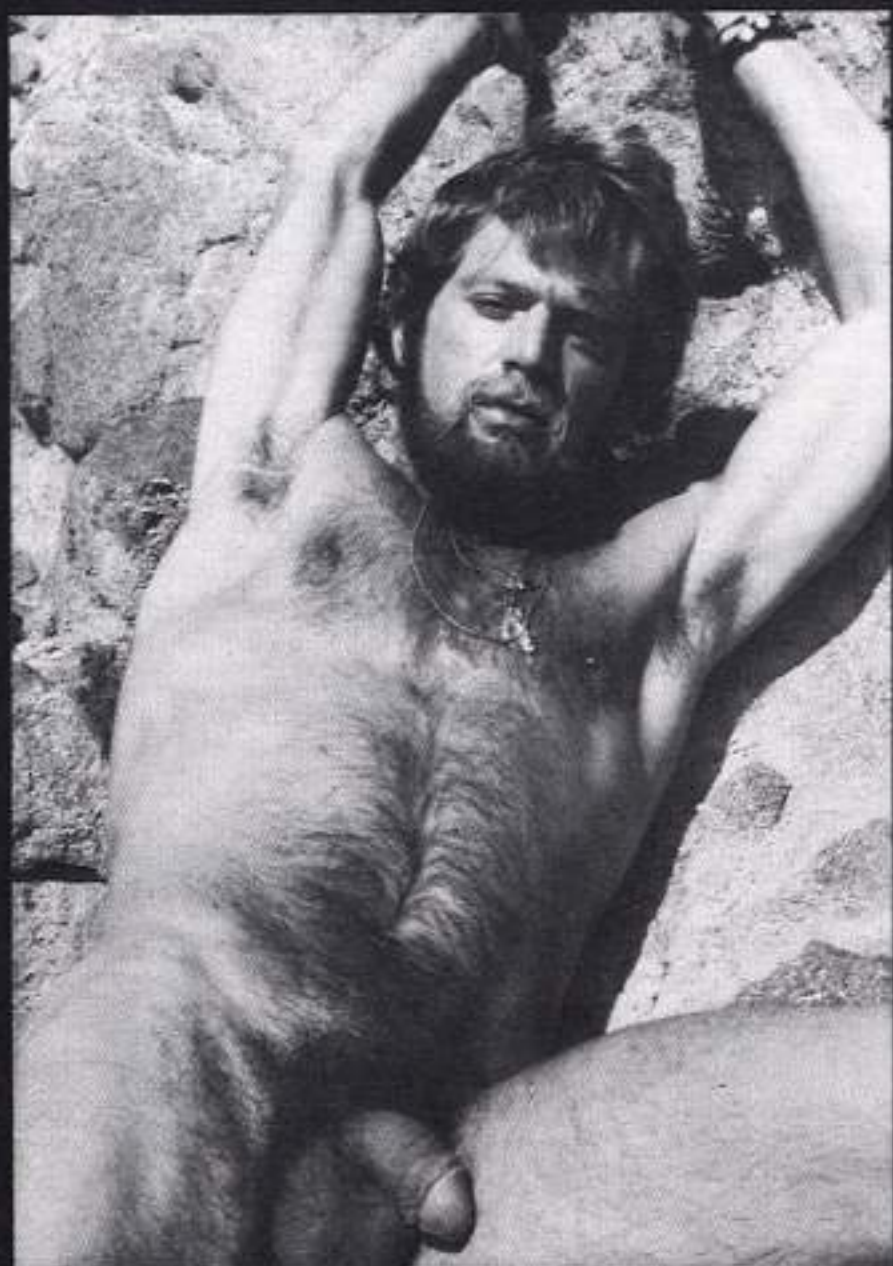
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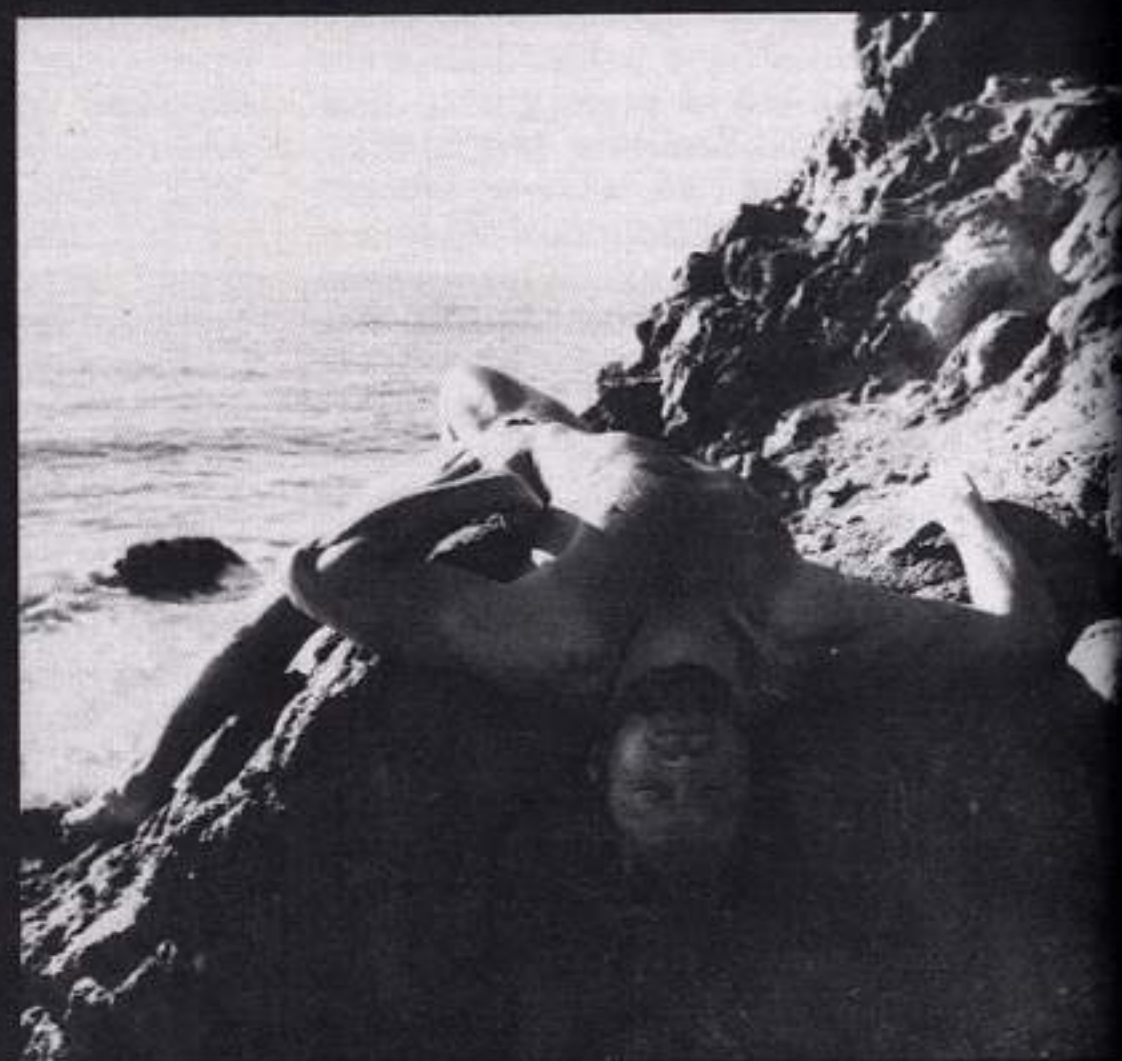
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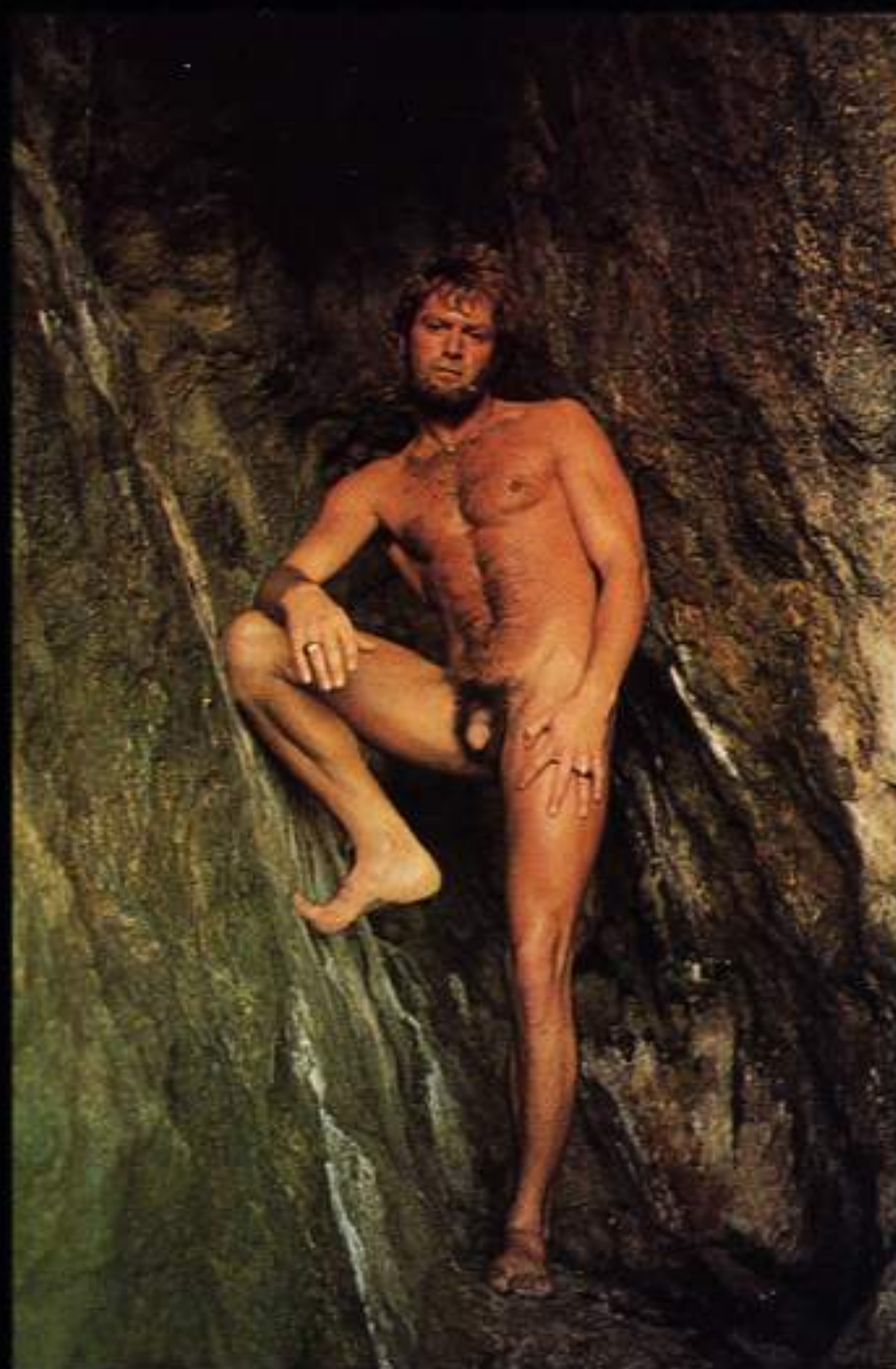
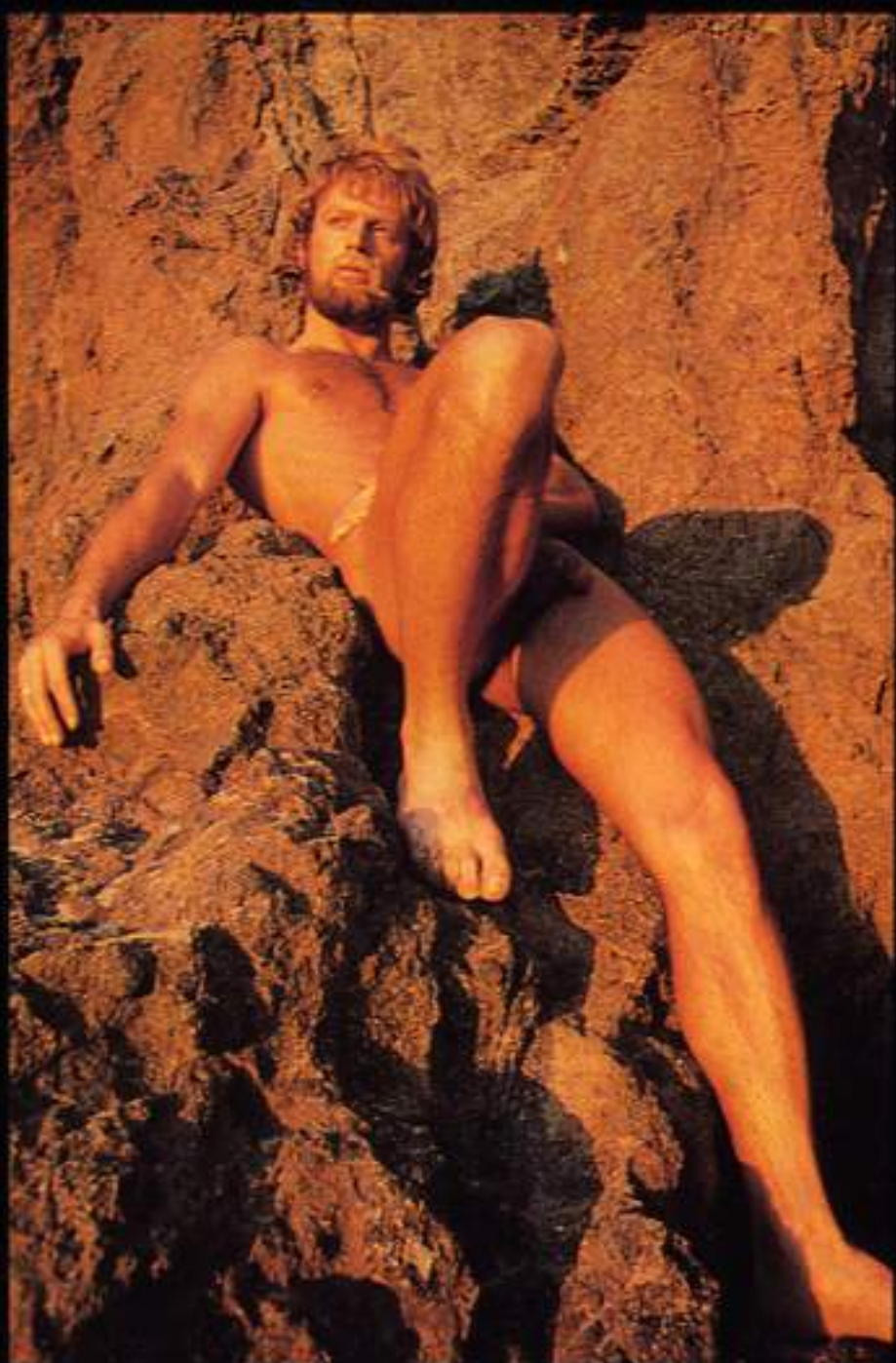
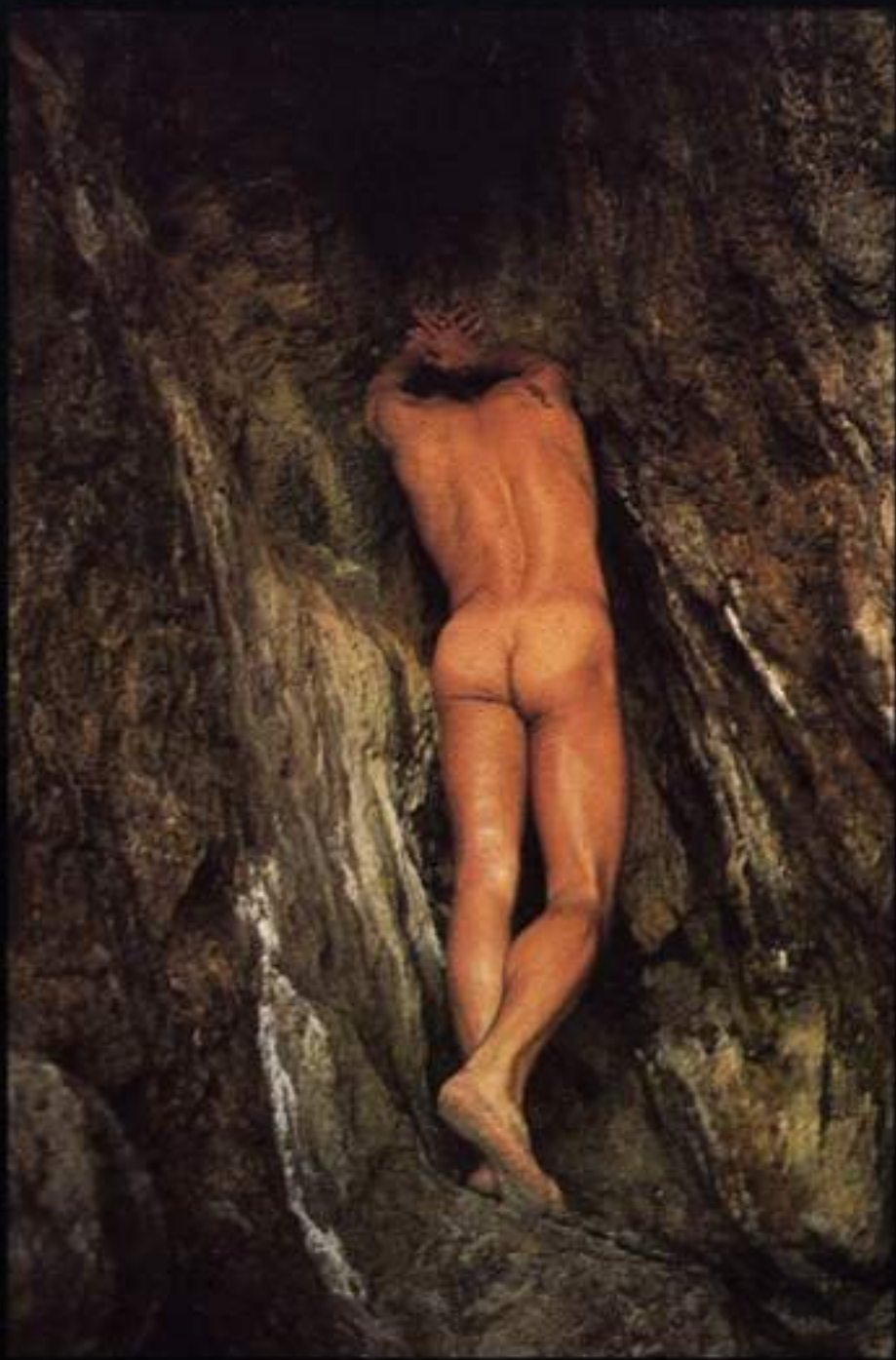


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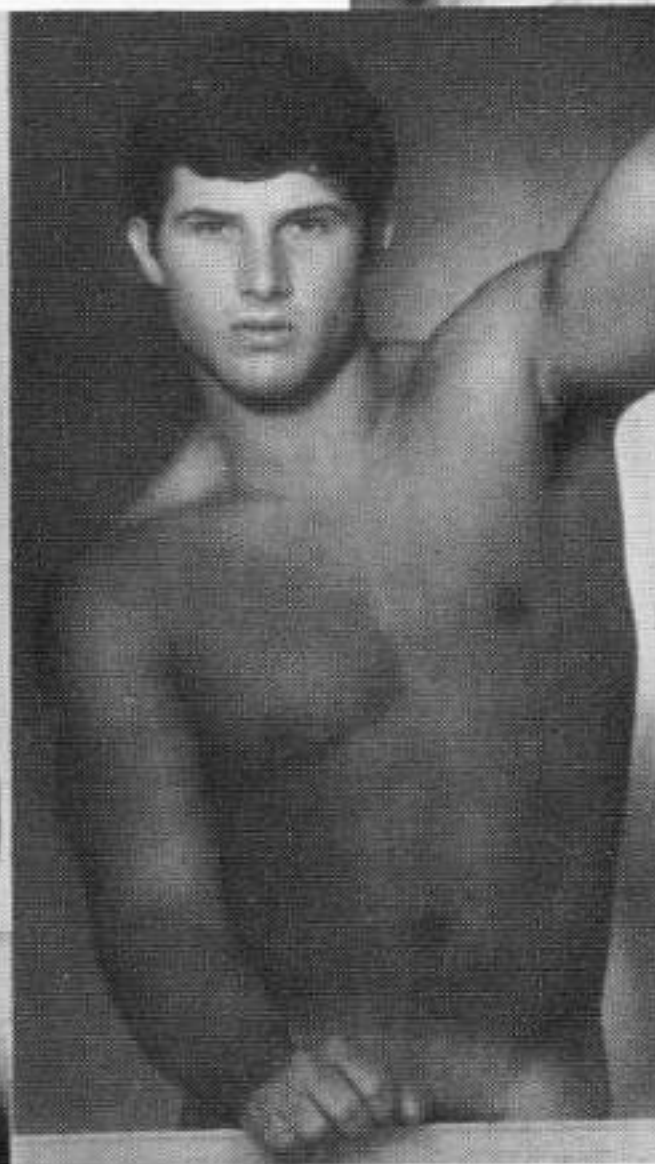
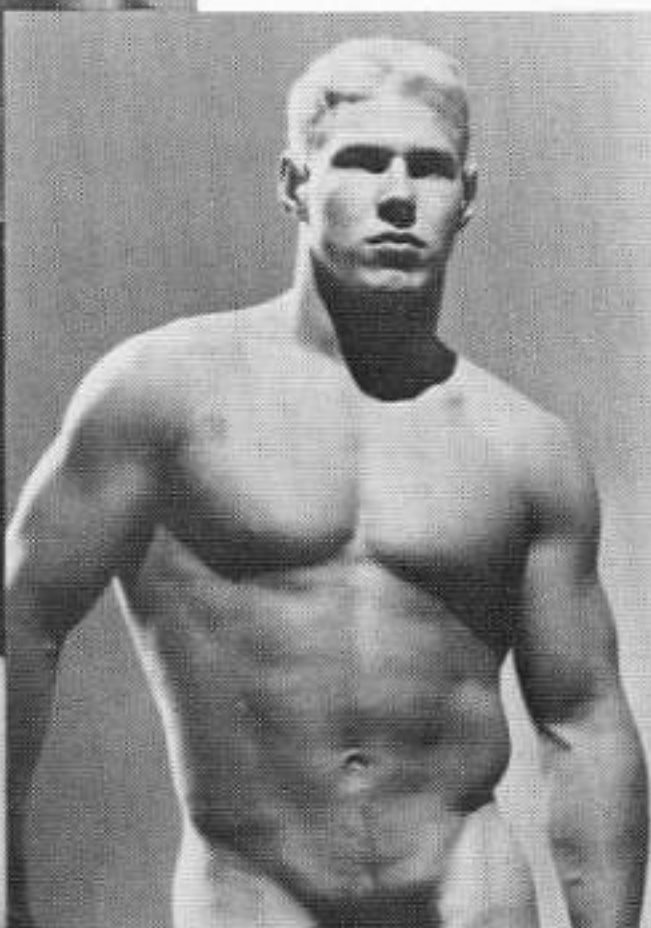
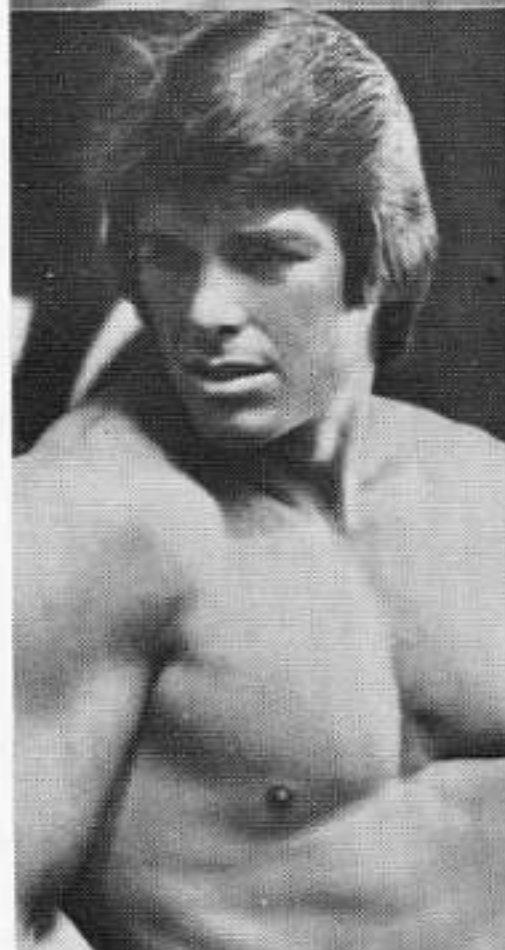
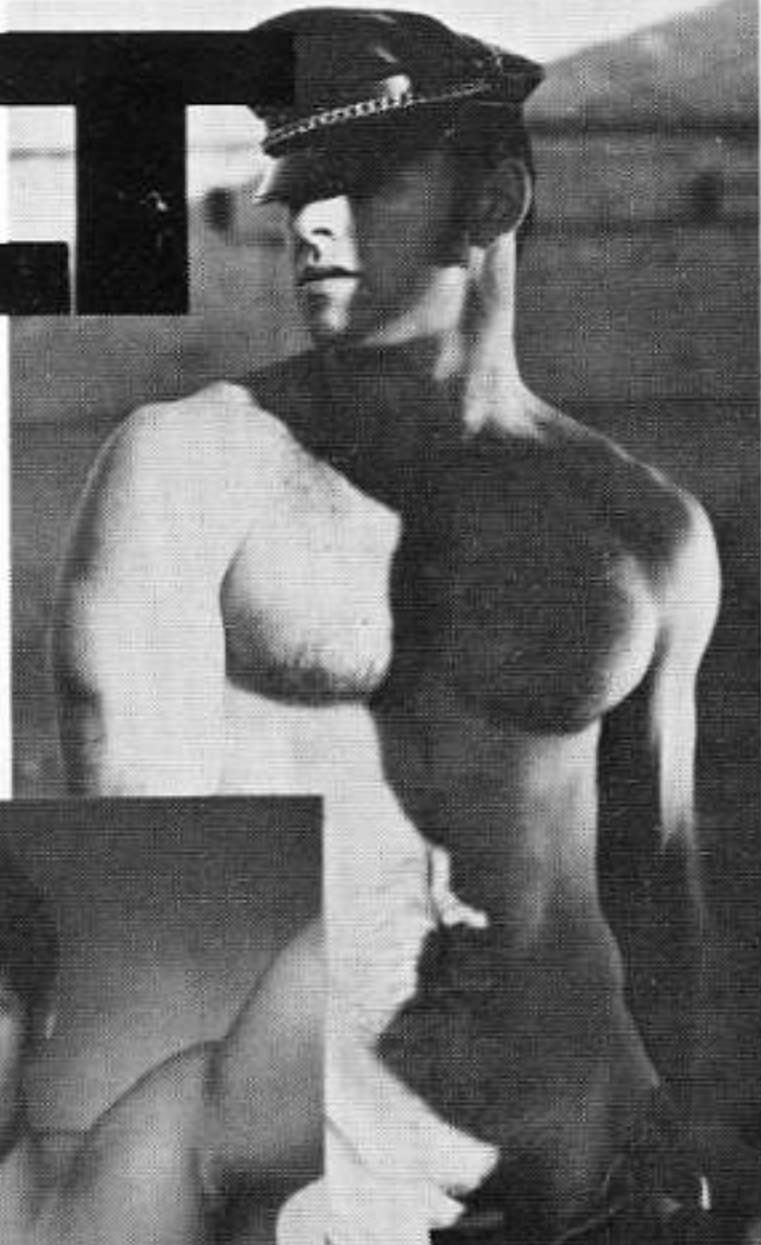
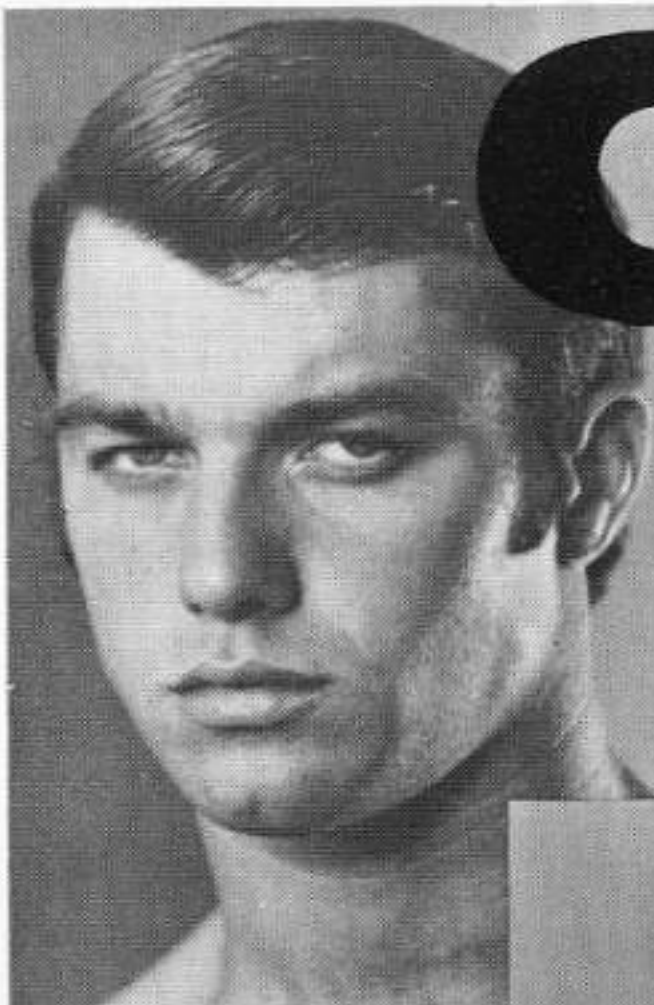




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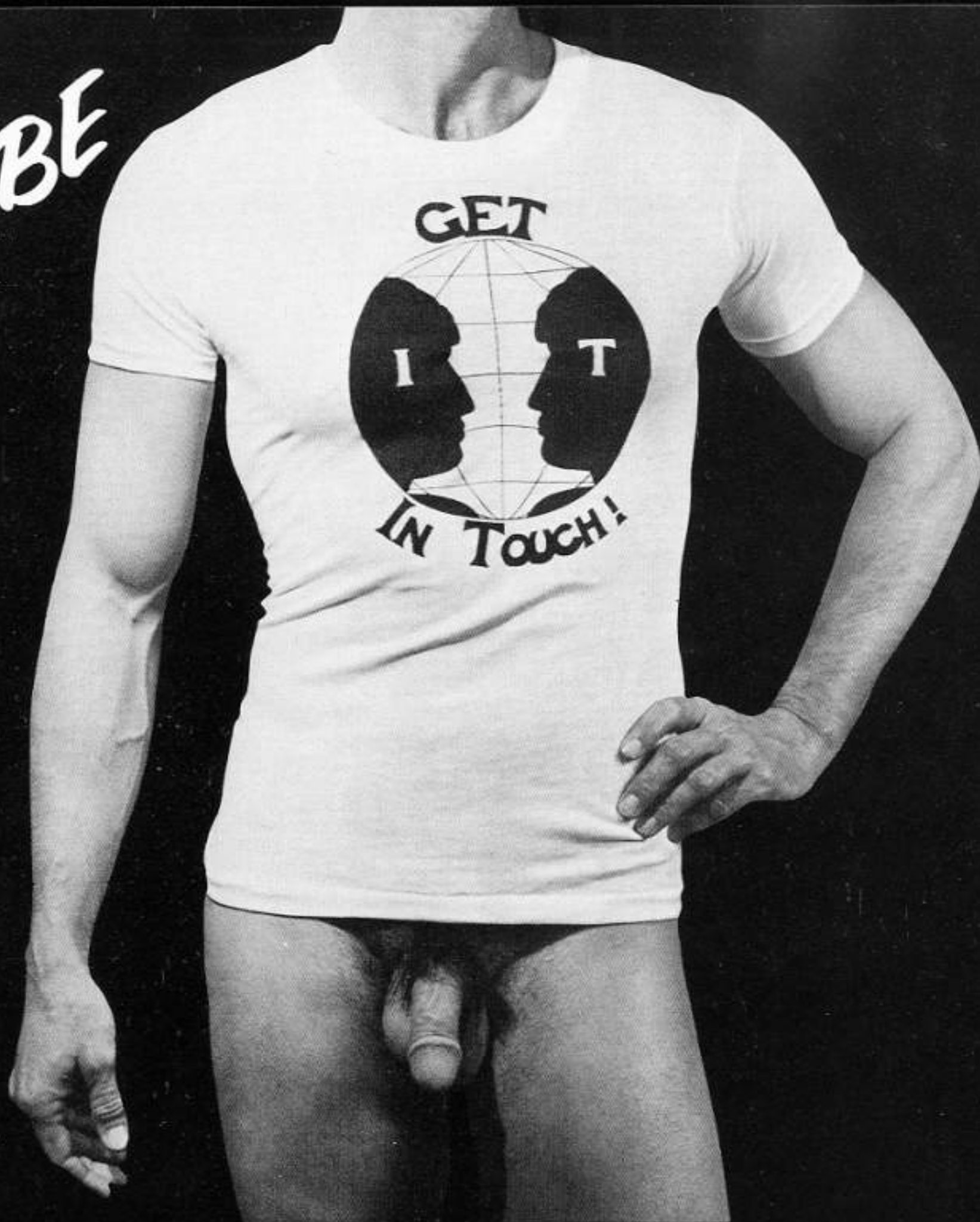
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